TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE.

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Poetry.

For the Blade.

MY FAVORITE POEM.

BY J. N. MATTHEWS.

It is a little volume, velvet-faced,
Lettered with blue, and flecked with pink and white,
With flowers of fancy, daintily bedight,
On leaves of lilied purity, and graced
With quaint designs, inwrought and interlaced,
That touch the critic sense with keen delight;
And on the first page Love's own copyright
In lines of beauty delicately traced!
A miracle of poetry! Each day
I re-peruse it, for within it lies
A dream of joy that charms my cares away,
And opes for me the gates of Paradise;
Nor can I from its sweet enchantment stray,
The woodrous epic of *my baby's eyes*.

Mason, Ill.

For the Blade.

NOT YET.

BY CELIA E. KING.

Not yet, my friend, not yet;
Be patient; wait
Till the radiant sunlight
Flood the world from its golden gate.
Night is dark but morn is near;
Wait for day, that makes all things clear;
Just wait, my friend, just wait.

Yet soon, my friend, yet soon
The change will come;
The morn of life goes quickly by,
And noon and night come gently on,
And through the portals gleaming white;
We see the stars of God's own light;
Yet wait, my friend, yet wait.

Right here, my friend, right here,
All is not true;
The glory-crowned, God's dear band,
The river changed in all its hue.
Life immortal we all wait
Is just behind high heaven's gate;
Beyond, my friend, beyond.

For the Blade.

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS CHANCE.

BY MAURICE BARRY.

My faith has taught me to believe
There's no such thing in life as chance;
And whether we rejoice or grieve,
It rises not from circumstance.
If happiness makes smooth my way,
Or trouble on my pathway fall,
I take them as they come, and say—
God's will be done. He sends them all.

I walk the busy, bustling street,
On no particular business bent,
And 'mid the crowd some friend I meet.
This is not merely accident,
No idle chance my footsteps led;
For He who notes the sparrow fall,
And counts the hair upon my head,
With loving care designed it all.

So in the rugged streets of life,
With all their busy, bustling throng,
'Mid songs of love or cries of strife,
Some joy or sorrow jogs along
And hails me where I least expect.
I think—when halting at their call—
A loving hand their ways direct;
This is not chance. God sends it all.

Travel.

NASBY IN EXILE.

SECOND SERIES.

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Various Matters Concerning Rome and the Romans.

LVVI.

I have already spoken of the freedom of the press in Rome, and for that matter all over Italy, since Victor Emanuel's day.

Suffrage in Italy is likewise free, the only qualification being that the elector shall read and write. The elector is compelled to write his own ballot, and to do this legibly is sufficient qualification for voting. As Rome has demagogues, the same as all other countries, there is much outcry against this writing test, for the Roman demagogues, like all others, want the handling of the lower classes for their own purposes. There are bosses in Rome who want to control armies of illiterate electors, the same as in America, but there is no danger of this safe-guard being broken down. The Roman voter will have to either learn to write or submit to be governed by those who can. In this particular our beloved country might learn something from Italy. Such a rule would lessen the vote of the great cities, but what an army of bosses it would kill off!

MANUFACTURES.

There is little or no manufacturing in Rome, what there is being connected almost entirely with art. There are great manufactories of bric-a-brac; there are manufacturers of curiosities without number, some few of macaroni, but articles of fancy engross the most of the little enterprises and skill of the City.

There are thousands of men whose sole business it is, when they are not busy at church festivals and other observances, to make Mosaics of notable buildings and ruins, still more engaged in making bronze casts of the famous statuary in the art museum of the City, and then there is an army who live by making copies in plaster or marble of whatever is notable in the way of sculpture. These are not artists, but simply mechanics who learn to carve or cast one thing, and do it all their lives.

Rome lives upon the world. It is the great museum of Europe, and as every one who travels at all comes to Rome, the City is busy eight months of the year fleecing them. This business is sufficient to support a very large population.

There are thousands of hotels and boarding-houses supported entirely by foreigners, and the vast army of cabmen and carriage proprietors live almost entirely upon foreign patronage. The manufacturer of jewelry and mosaics and the artists in painting and sculpture, the dealers in relics and the manufacturers thereof—for the manufacture of "warranted" antiques is a regular business—all draw their subsistence from tourists and those from other countries who come to Rome for the climate, and the society that gathers there in the season.

There are guides enough in the City to make a good-sized country town in the West, and the money spent annually for articles of pure fancy is something fabulous. With foreigners to fleece the manufacture of anything of use or utility, would be a very dull business.

WEATHER.

Any one of those who are habitual growlers at weather, and imagine that somewhere in the world is a paradise where the sun is ever shining, the skies ever blue, and the air always balmy, should come across the water and stay in different countries during all the seasons. He will find horrible fogs in England, with rains that are as uncertain as a rich old man's temper. He will go through raw, miserable weather in Scotland, cold dampness in Ireland, and all sorts of weather in France, with just as much in each country that is disagreeable, as in any part of the United States. In Germany he will find all the extremes of cold and heat and sudden changes that obtain everywhere, and in Austria, every variety of climate known to the civilized and uncivilized world. For instance in the middle of November we had four inches of snow on the sueets of Vienna, and the most disagreeable fogs and mist that any country in the world can produce.

In Hungary we had, early in December, snow and sleet that would do credit to Northern New York, with the nastiest winds that ever went through a thin overcoat, and were informed that four feet of snow might be relied upon in about two weeks.

"Sunny Italy" commenced with us at Venice, with the nastiest, coldest and most disagreeable rain we ever experienced, the heat alternating from the straw hat to the seal skin stage every four hours. There can be nothing more delightful than the climate of Florence when it is good, but it changes as quickly as a 16-year old girl from pleasant to disagreeable, and from disagreeable to very disagreeable. It is very warm at 10 o'clock, very chilly at 12, hot again at 2, and so on all day.

The climate of Rome is delicious at times, flowers in full bloom in the middle of January, and an atmosphere at that time as balmy as a June day in New England, but look out for a change. There comes down from the north a wind that makes the roses sick, and the poor human sicker, and then the fevers and the other ills that come from changes!

The Roman fever discounts Indiana ague in all respects. One is a shake, the other death. One implies an uncomfortable day or two which a dose of calomel and quinine overcomes, the other is suggestive of a funeral. Rome would be very well were there not so many things to "guard against." There are too many diseases in ambush to make it pleasant. What good is a sun in January, if there is death in its rays and every beam is a poisoned arrow? What good perpetual flowers if death lurks under their petals?

The climate of the United States is the best for all purposes in the world. When we have Winter we have it, and when it is Summer it is Summer. There is not half as much of sudden change anywhere north of the Ohio as there is in any European country that we have been in, so far, in our pilgrimage. It is not vouchsafed, in this imperfect world, for any one to have everything, and so America has its share of ills and evils in climate as in everything else, but when all things are considered, and the balance struck, it has a better climate and more of the comforts and delights of life than any country on the other continent. We have catarrh and Florence has not, but then their fevers are as superior in general destructiveness as our money is better than theirs. And then we know how to keep comfortable in all weathers, and have the appliances—they have neither the knowledge or the means. That means a great deal.

The climate is enervating even in winter. There will be days in January cool and bracing, but as a rule, in the sun it is hot and debilitating. In the winter months flowers bloom as freely as in an American or English June, and the sun beams upon one in altogether too friendly a way for comfort. There is a lassitude in the air, a luxury in the warmth that is not conducive to effort, physical or mental. Under the Roman sun even in winter, one wants to lie on his back, look at the fleeting clouds, and think, industriously, of nothing at all. It is the kind of climate for a lazy man, a velvety, insinuating air that makes you put off your work until tomorrow, and then perpetually, and simply enjoy existence. In that climate, when it is pleasant, you might lay and dream of building railroads, but you would never build them. To answer a letter is a burden, and to tie one's shoes becomes drudgery.

The old Romans built in this climate, but they did not do the work themselves. They captured their enemies, made slaves of them, and compelled them to do the actual labor, they simply overseeing it. It is just the kind of a climate to be an overseer in. Almost any man could build Colosseums in such a climate, under such conditions. It is a good thing to live by the sweat of other men's brows.

In the Summer the heat is not so very intense, but as there has been no frost-bracing of the system during the Winter, it is enervating to a degree. Then no labor is performed that can possibly be avoided, except by foreigners who have not resided here long enough to succumb to the laziness that prevails. The shops close at about 11 in the morning and stay closed till 4 or 5 in the afternoon, and open then in a lazy sort of way, the shop-keeper not caring a fig whether anybody comes to buy or not. In fact he had much rather no one would come, for should they he would have to wait upon them, and that would require movement.

Rome is by climate well adapted to the profession of religion. The church has its revenues sent in from countries where they do work, and they live upon it very comfortably. It is and always has been a favorite profession in Rome, and Victor Emanuel was guilty of cruelty to a great many thousands of priests when he broke up their establishments and compelled them to skirmish for a living as other men do. Begging is the next profession in importance and for the same reason. It does not require a large amount of energy to stand on a corner of a street, or the portico of a church, with a bad hat extended, and though the proceeds may be small they answer very well in a country where fires are unnecessary, and where clothing is only required for decency's sake, and whose population care very little for decency.

A BIT OF PHILOSOPHY.

So far as climate and natural advantages go, there is a general average. You have the good everywhere and the bad likewise, and mixed in equal proportions. As they say in Maine, "What you lose on the cod-fish you make up on the mackerel." The man of Maine has it rather cold, but then his sheep produce finer wool than in the milder climate South. The thermometer goes pretty well down, but plenty of fuel always accompanies extreme cold.

It would seem that there should be a climate that would exactly suit everybody; or else the system should be so constituted as to enjoy the climate. The climate should be adapted to the system or the system to the climate. If it is necessary to have 90 degrees in the shade in the Summer to ripen corn, then it would seem as though the inhabitants of that climate ought to be so constituted as to really enjoy 90 degrees, and that if necessary to have the cold at 20 below to kill the germs of disease generated by the extreme heat we should be so constituted as to revel in that cold.

But it isn't so at all, and the great "it is," is inevitable. Therefore the wise man will content himself with the other fact that no one country averages any better than any other country. Naples has oranges all the year round, but it has universal laziness and an assortment of diseases that make it anything but desirable. You escape catarrh only to rush into the fatal embrace of cholera and desperate fevers. The consumption which destroys slowly is very rare here, but here is the dysentery which populates cemeteries at a rate which we of the North know nothing. The man who can find a climate where death and disease is unknown has not turned up as yet. The ease of living in Rome brings about the worst conditions of disease and death, and severity of climate make a people who manage to get a delight out of its very disadvantages, and who take pleasure in the labor necessary.

And so it is about an even thing all around. People to whom the opera is impossible, do not enjoy the opera, as a rule, and they have other pleasures which they enjoy just as keenly. The young man of New Orleans woos his girl under orange trees, but he never knows the pleasures of sitting in a sleigh under a buffalo robe with his girl, keeping her warm while going 10 miles an hour over a crispy road. The one who has out-of-door gardens can't have an ice palace, and as for skating he must content himself with the bogus roller skates and die without the delight of skimming over real ice. He has wine, but he never felt the delight of hot whisky in the Winter, or sherry cobblers made with crystal ice in the Summer. It's an even thing. "What you lose on the cod-fish you make up on the mackerel."

THE HIGH MIX.

Rome is a City that has the new patched upon the old in a very curious way. You go through narrow streets by the mile, lined with great, massive buildings which date back centuries, half palaces and half fortresses, buildings with solid faces to the narrow street, with all openings originally 30 feet above the sidewalk, full of the pillars and ornaments of a long-gone period.

These buildings have been terribly changed and metamorphosed. From the upper stories now hang clothes to dry, and generally very bad clothes, and the lower stories have been pierced and openings made in them, little dens scooped out, as it were, and now used for shops. Little dens they are, 10 or 12 feet wide, and not more than 20 deep, scarcely deeper than the thickness of the wall, in which coopers, blacksmiths, grocers, second-hand dealers, and everything else ply their respective trades. Dismal, dingy dens they are, lighted only from the opening in front, and cold and cheerless. Here the artisans work Summer and Winter. They are cool enough in Summer, for the thick walls protect them from the sun's rays, but in the Winter, well, the Roman accustoms himself to getting on without heat. In January he works just the same, with the front all open, his only heat being the scaldino with which he occasionally warms his hands. He lives above the shop in apartments just as cold and cheerless.

Rome is intended as a Summer City—there is no place more uncomfortable in the Winter for dwellers in-doors.

These buildings were once the residence of the patricians of Rome, the nobility whose voices were heard in the forum, and who headed the legions that conquered all the world that was known then. From Prince to poultry-dealer is a tremendous step. Swarthy men are pounding on copper kettles in the places where the most powerful nobles of the earth banquetted or held solemn council. The pounder upon brass and copper is the most useful man of the two, only it would be well if he had some few of the qualities of the Prince.

In the old quarters of the City you notice everywhere old columns and capitals that date before Christ, built around by modern masonry, which is to say masonry not more than a thousand years old. A thousand years is considered modern in this hoary old City. These columns and capitals are the remnants of old temples or dwellings, or palaces, or what not, partially destroyed by fire, violence or earthquakes, or abandoned to be destroyed by time and the elements. In the various periods of trouble that the City has experienced, when it became necessary to occupy the ground, the old columns, with their capitals, were utilized without any regard for the fitness or the looks of the thing. The standing columns of the time of the Cæsars stood in the right place, and it saved so much masonry, and consequently it was built about and made a part of the wall.

You shall see a plain brick wall of the commonest kind of masonry, enclosing most beautiful columns of marble, with the richest possible capitals, and surmounted with a wonderful entablature on which is written in carving the history of some great event, which has passed from the memory of man, this monument being the only record. And beside this column and under these capitals, a Jew sells ready made or second-hand clothing, or the Roman dairy women feeds her cows.

The mixing of the past with the present in this incongruous manner, is one of the most striking peculiarities of Rome. The men who built the mean buildings upon the sites of the old ruins, cared nothing for the associations of the spot. They wanted stables for their cows, or places to display their second-hand wares, and the columns they found saved them just so much brick and mortar. It mattered not to them whether it was a temple or a palace. The temple and the palace was—they are.

THE MATTER OF POPULATION.

The first necessity of ancient Rome was population, the City having been started by a band of robbers and shepherds, who were without women. Every school boy knows the episode of the Sabine women. The city of men very naturally desired women, and having none, the proceeded to get them in the only way they ever got anything, viz.: stealing them. They advertised games of more than usual magnificence and invited their nearest neighbors, the Sabines, to come and witness them, without money and price, deadheading the entire population. The Sabines should have known that when a showman deadheads anybody he always expects to get twice the cost of the the ticket, but they didn't seem to have comprehended that. They had not served in the Legislatures where the railroads issue passes to the members, nor had they ever been in the newspaper business. So they came, especially the women. Then, as now, a woman would leave her cream to sour, or postpone a washing to go to a circus. There were thousands of Sabine women present, all in their best bibs and tuckers, and their fathers, husbands and brothers, coming for pleasure, were not especially well armed. The show went on. Several lions were killed, there was much chariot racing, and all that, when at a signal each Roman seized a marriageable girl and started toward the Citadel. The Sabines followed, but it was of no avail. The Romans had made their plans, and the execution thereof was sudden. They went up a narrow path, which is there to this day, which one man could defend against a hundred, and, as the Romans were good, healthy fellows, it may be set down as certain that the girls did not very much embarass them. Indeed, it is probable that they slipped out of the arms of their abductors and got inside the walls first.

The next day the Sabines appeared before the City and demanded their women, but the women themselves appeared and put a stop to all that nonsense. They had all been married, and however much they might revere their parents, their first duty was to their husbands, and as the Romans were ugly fellows to tackle, the Sabines, instead of fighting, made a treaty of perpetual peace with them.

The old circus ground is there about as it was, only a macaroni factory has been built upon a part of it, and the path up which the Romans carried the girls is precisely as it was.

From these women came the warriors who afterward subjugated the world.

The first rulers made marriage an object and the bearing of children a source of income. The Roman in the ancient days who married, was exempt from taxation, and he who persisted in remaining single was very heavily taxed. A premium was paid the family for every child born, a large family was accounted an especial honor, and immunities and privileges were given to those who distinguished themselves in this way.

The situation is reversed now, in Rome as elsewhere. The man of family pays the taxes, while the single fellow who lives escapes entirely. It is the man with the house, whose family compels him to have a house where the assessor can find him, who pays all the taxes while the others go scot free.

At first glance the old Romans were right, and the moderns wrong, but examination shows that both were right. It was entirely proper for the ancient Romans to desire children, for the more they had, of the kind they produced then, the better for the State. It is also proper, quality considered, for the State now to discourage children. When you invoice carefully the present Italian a law would seem to be necessary in the interest of humanity to make it a penitentiary offence to produce one of them, Laws to encourage increase are clearly not advisable Such as they are there are quite enough of them.

COOKERY.

There is a wild delusion in the world that the Italians are natural cooks, and that an Italian meal leaves nothing to be desired in the way to gustatory pleasure. It is a delusion of the wildest nature. Itallian cookery, at least such as we have found in hotels and private families, is anything but good, as compared with American or even English. Like the French, they have an intuitive knowledge of soups, which is natural, as soup is the foundation, the basis as it were, of Italian living. They take a very little bad meat, and a proper proportion of vegetables, and with the aid of salt and pepper and other condiments, make soups that are appetizing, if not especially nourishing. They are pleasant and piquant. But when they come to meats they somehow manage to make them insipid and tasteless, and their preparations, whether animal or vegetable, have a flavor of oil about them that is disagreeable. Oil is excellent in its way, but the flavor needs to be somewhat disguised to make it pleasant, especially as they use it in everything. They manage tolerable pastry and confectionery, but their efforts, even in this line, are not to be compared with those of the skilled American pastry cook. Their beans are a mockery, their roast beef a delusion, and there is in their cooking a lack of substantiability of flavor that is distressing.

There is more of the savor of life in an American buckwheat cake, a sirloin steak fresh from the gridiron, or proper ham and eggs, than can be found in the combined efforts of a brigade of Italian cooks.

Whoso goes away from America to get good things to eat wanders far from home. There is no country in Europe so well fed, either with respect to raw material or the methods of dressing it. It is a touching sight to see a party of Americans sitting in a hotel drawing room after dinner, discussing what they will have to eat the first night they touch the happy shores where nature has given man the proper material to eat, and the intelligence to properly use it.

ITALIAN WOMEN.

Poets have tuned their lyres to the ravishing beauty of Italian women to the extent that the youthful mind of the rest of the world pines for samples. There is a slight foundation of truth in this lyre twanging, but it is very slight. The Italian women of the upper classes are well-favored as a rule, but no more so than those of the better classes of all nations. They do not compare with the women of Hungary or Ireland. The women of the better classes are beautiful anywhere. Generations of hard work and scant living make hard-favored women in all countries, and generations of generous living and luxury makes beautiful women. The Italian women of all classes have good figures, and the picturesque peculiarity of their dress makes them striking objects. They have wonderful hair, and eyes to match, but there is a boldness in their manner that is not so pleasant. The beauty of the Italian woman, like everything else that has been built up by poetry, has a slender foundation to rest upon. The handsome ones are handsome, they are all rather picturesque, but there is no plethora of beauty in the abstract.

One peculiarity in the women becomes more and more common as you progress southward in Italy, namely, moustaches. Nothing is more common on the streets of Rome than women with a hirsute covering of the upper lip that a very young man would be proud of, black as jet and quite thick. The effect is not always unpleasing, because it fits the face. Their hair is always long, heavy and thick, and very black, the eyebrows very heavy, and almost always meeting across the nose. The skin a dark olive, the eye black, brilliant, piercing, luminous, and with with these peculiarities, a soft silken moustache is not at all unbecoming. It is common, so common in Rome and southward, that it is not particularly noticeable. If there were only one it would be, but as you see them at every turn it has not a surprising or unpleasant effect.

If moustaches were fashionable in America all women would cultivate them and these moustached women would be envied. It is all a matter of habit and in being used to it.

Our Story Teller.

Written Expressly for the Blade.

Jethro Throop's Night Thoughts.

No. 11.

SCENE—JETHRO'S room—JETHRO in a chair, with a bottle in his hand, and an open letter on the table before him.—TIME: 11 P. M.

Father nearly crazy, eh! Sheriff foreclosed on the land he bought, for the payment now due—land sold to highest bidder, and, times being close, it did'nt bring enough by $230 to pay the debt and costs—all of which balance is a lien upon the old homestead. Mother heart-broken—first, because of father's distress, and, second, because she has'nt heard from me for a month. "Do, for God's sake, Jethro, write your loving mother if only a line." . . . "Father, who had set his heart on having the land for which he failed to pay, might have made up the money had you [that's me] sent the $150 you begged of me." . . . "Your father, who has always been foolishly nervous about encumbering the homestead, is nearly crazy at the blow, which has not only swept away all that he has made for three years, but has left a load of indebtedness on him, under which he staggers."

[Jethro takes a long, steady pull at the bottle.]

Pleasant reading that. My mother, who never had a thought in which I was not uppermost; my father, who, stern and close as he is, was willing to risk the Sheriff to help me up in the world—both in sore agony and distress on my account. I swindled them out of the money which would have enabled them to weather the storm, and made their old age comfortable, I wheedled it out of my mother by means of a lie, or rather a brood of lies. I squandered it on the worst passions humanity has to contend with, and then lied, and re-lied and lied again, to account for it. Money which my father made guiding the plow through the rocks on his farm; money which my poor old mother made in the dairy, in the kitchen, and some of which she traded her eyesight for, sewing by a miserable light after all others in the house were sleeping; money painfully gathered, penny by penny, by the hardest of labor, and saved for a purpose they had had for years—this money I lied for, and when my fingers had closed on it, I wasted it among harlots, thieves, and gamblers.

[Drinks again—a *very* long draft.

And the possession of that money opened new ways to ruin myself, all of which I tried. The spending of it fastened upon me habits, to gratify which I became first the victim of thieves, and then a thief myself. Excellent youth! Dutiful son!

[Another and a longer pull.]

What a sly old dog Solomons is! When I took him the last three pieces of goods, and told him that I would positively steal no more for him, he laughed as he handed me my pittance.

"Ma tear boy, you musht bring me more goots, for oof you ton't I shoost makes troubles mit you."

"But two other fellows know of it, and the little you give me I am compelled to squander on them to keep their mouths shut."

"Who ish dem boys—Armsby and Mason, eh?"

"Yes."

"I tought ash much. Dere ish goots on my shelves from bote oof 'em, ma poy; shoost dell'em vat I say so. Dey shan't schwindle you, I vill stand py you Here dree tollars more for dish lot. I vill shtand py you."

He stand by me! The old villain wants *all* that I steal—steal is the word—he wants to have me get just enough so that I will continue to steal, and he wants no others to share plunder with. Mason and Armsby came to me for their shares last night, when I told them what Solomons directed me. They were not particularly chagrined at being made to understand that I knew they too were thieves.

"The old screw ought to have let us have Jethro a month at least," said Armsby.

"I don't know about that," replied Mason. "He took you out of my grip inside of a week."

From which I gather that both Armsby and Mason passed through my experience; that Solomons is simply a buyer of stolen goods of young men who have large tastes and small salaries, and that once in his hands, one so remains "till death doth us part." Well, so be it; I have my little race to run, and I suppose I must run it.

[Another potation.]

Mother ought never to have written me that letter. What does she bother me with her affairs for? Haven't I enough trouble of my own to look after. She begs me to make an effort to help them out of their sore distress. Help them out! That's good. Help them out! In debt everywhere that I could get credit; in the hands of a receiver of stolen goods, who compels me to steal, and takes all the proceeds himself, with the certainty being thrown out of a situation at the first breath of suspicion; and this secret in the keeping of two reckless scoundrels, who every night get as drunk as—as—I do, and who may let it out and kill me any moment. It's true I have the same hold on them, but prudence and whisky never got within hand-shaking distance of each other.

Help them! I may have to call upon them to help me out of a prison. I wonder if mother could wheedle father into doing it, after all that has passed?

[Drinks a long and particularly deep draft,]

I must stop drinking so much. I haven't been to bed really sober for two months, and I have got so far along that I have to go out three or four times a day for liquor. I'm getting shaky. I don't sleep well, and I have no nerve whatever unless I'm half full. Whisky is getting the better of me, and I know it. Dimity knows it, and so do all in the house. One of the fellows warned me this morning that my red and pimpled face was being made the object of comment, and that he heard Dimity say that it was getting to be time to clear out a parcel of young fellows who were getting too wild for their business. I am one of those young fellows, and Jim Mason is another. I must stop—[drinks again]—I must hold up, and try to get back again. Why, two months more of this, and—[the bottle again]—I shall be beyond help. I will stop to-morrow; I will turn—

[Once more he fastened his lips upon the bottle, and for the last time that night. He slid out of his chair to the floor, and slept without the trouble of disrobing—the bottle, empty, beside him.]

No. 13, and last.

SCENE—Jethro's room—Jethro in bed, very thin and very pale. The room in perfect order, indicating the hand of some woman other than a landlady or a landlady's satellite.—Time 9 A. M.

Good God! what haven't I passed through in the last two weeks! I have sailed very close to the shores of death—very close. It seems to me like a dream, but it isn't. I'm as thin and unsubstantial as a dream; but I've passed through a reality terrible enough.

I've been lying on this bed two weeks. Two weeks ago to-day, Dimity discharged me, and turned me out on the world I knew so little of. Jim Mason taunted me; I resented, and boiling with rage, went out to drown it in liquor. I drank too much (he does that who drinks at all), and came back drunk and crazy. I flung the word "thief" in Mason's face; he retorted; and the men standing about heard enough to satisfy them that we both had been stealing. There were enough ready to take it to Dimity's ears, and discharged us both at once, without a chance to make even a statement. They make short work of such as we in such houses.

I had but one thing to do—drink; and that I did fiercely. I drank till my enfeebled system would endure no more, and it broke down. How I got home I know not—in fact, I was unconscious a half hour after I left the store.

It was fortunate for me that Muslin, of Millburg, was in town, buying goods. He asked for me at the store t at day—not three hours after I left it—and on being informed that I had left, ascertained my boarding-place, and called the next day.

He found me raving in delirium—uncared for and unattended. My landlady had already seized my effects, and was preparing to send me to a hospital, when he found me. He stopped the proceedings at once. He made himself responsible for my indebtedness and for such expenses as might accrue, and telegraphed to my father of my condition. Had I been conscious, I should not have permitted that; but he did it, and they came as fast as steam could carry them to save me from the death I had invited and deserved. My father stayed till I had passed the crisis, and returned. Mother stays till I can return with her.

Mother knows every thing. Father knows that I am, or rather was a drunkard; but he does not know to what a fearful depth I fell. Mother did not want me to speak of myself; but I would. I confessed how I had deceived her—how I had wasted and squandered the money she sent me—how I went down, step by step, or rather leap by leap, till I had become a thief, a gambler, a sot, and every thing else that is vile. I did not spare myself; I told her the worst, which was the simple truth.

She did not cast me off as I expected she would, or as she should. As I told the dismal story, her eyes filled with tears, and she quivered with emotion. As I was closing—despising myself too thoroughly to even ask her to forgive me—she put her kind, loving old face close to mine, and told me to say no more.

"Up at home, my poor boy, we can mend all this. We will go back. You will leave here in the cruel city all the vices of the city, and forget that you ever passed through them."

"Forget!" said I; "they have left a stain that will stay forever. You can never forget what I have been an am."

"I have forgotten it now! To me you are the boy I parted with a year ago, to me you will always be that boy—no other If I ever think of what you told me just now, I shall say: 'It was the fever,' If others attempt to tell any thing of you that I would not like to hear, I shall not hear it."

"But father?"

"Your father will think as I think, and do as I do."

To-morrow, if I am strong enough, we go back to the quiet old farm-house in Millburg.

[Jethro did go back with his mother the next day. His father was disposed to treat him with some degree of severity; but so penitent was he that his anger was turned in a week.

Jethro never again murmured at his lot, or allowed a feeling of discontent to get possession of him. He set about zealously to repair the mischief he had done. He labored as never youth labored before. Within a year, he persuaded his father to buy back the land that had been sacrificed through his folly; and until it was paid for, and all the incumbrances on the home stead wiped off, the days were not long enough for him.

Muslin kept his counsel, so the Millburg people never knew that he had fallen: and as his residence in the City, even for a year, had given him a knowledge of men and things that he could never have got otherwise, it is possible that it worked good in the end. He learned that very important lesson, "All is not gold that glitters," and also that the shade of trees is more healthful to the moral as well as the physical man than that of big buildings. He is contented and happy. In due time, I suppose; he will marry Mary Benson—of whom mention was made in the first of these series—and when somewhat older, he will doubtless represent his county in the Legislature. If he does not achieve this human grandeur, he will at least be his own man, which is more than half of the wealthiest and greatest merchants and business men can say of themselves. FINIS.

THE YELLOW MASK.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "Percy and the Prophet," "A Rogue's Life," etc., etc.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER VI.

The next morning, when Nanina arose, a bad attack of headache, and a sense of languor and depression, reminded her of the necessity of following the doctor's advice, and preserving her health by getting a little fresh air and exercise. She had more than two hours to spare before the usual time when her daily attendance began at the Ascoli Palace; and she determined to employ the interval of leisure in taking a morning walk outside the town. La Biondella would have been glad enough to go too, but she had a large order of dinner-mats on hand, and was obliged for that day to stop in the house and work. Thus it happened that when Nanina set forth from home, the learned poodle, Scaramuccia, was her only companion.

She took the nearest way out of the town; the dog trotting along in his usual steady, observant way, close at her side, pushing his great rough muzzle from time to time affectionately into her hand, and trying hard to attract her attention at intervals by barking and capering in front of her. He got but little notice, however, for his pains. Nanina was thinking again of all that the physician had said the day before by Fabio's bedside; and these thoughts brought with them others, equally absorbing, that were connected with the mysterious story of the young nobleman's adventure with the Yellow Mask. Thus preoccupied, she had little attention left for the gambols of the dog. Even the buty of the morning appealed to her in vain. She felt the refreshment of the cool, fragrant air, but she hardly noticed the lovely blue of the sky, or the bright sunshine that gave a gaety and an interest to the commonest objects around her.

After walking nearly an hour, she began to feel tired and looked about for a shady place to rest in.

Beyond and behind her there was only the high-road and the flat country; but by her side stood a little wooden building, half inn, half coffee-house, backed by a large, shady pleasure-garden, the gates of which stood invitingly open. Some workmen in the garden were putting up a stage for fireworks, but the place was otherwise quiet and lonely enough. It was only used at night as a sort of rustic Ranelagh, to which the citizens of Pisa resorted for pure air and amusement after the fatigues of the day. Observing that there were no visitors in the grounds, Nanina ventured in, intending to take a quarter of an hour's rest in the coolest place she could find before returning to Pisa.

She had passed the back of a wooden summer-house in a secluded part of the gardens, when she suddenly missed the dog from her side, and, looking round after him, saw that he was standing behind the summer-house with his ears erected and his nose to the ground, having evidently that instant scented something that excited his suspicion.

Thinking it possible that he might be meditating an attack on some unfortunate cat, she turned to see what he was watching. The carpenters engaged on the firework stage were just then hammering at it violently. The noise prevented her from hearing that Scaramuccia was growling, but she could feel that he was the moment she laid her hand on his back. Her curiosity was excited, and she stooped down close to him, to look through a crack in the boards before which he stood into the summer house.

She was startled at seeing a lady and gentleman sitting inside. The place she was looking through was not high enough up to enable her to see their faces, but she recognized, or thought she recognized, the pattern of the lady's dress as one which she had noticed in former days in the Demoiselle Grifoni's show-room. Rising quickly, her eyes detected a hole in the boards about the level of her own hight, caused by a knot having been forced out of the wood. She looked through it to ascertain, without being discovered, if the wearer of the familiar dress was the person she had taken her to be; and saw, not Brigida only, as she had expected, but Father Rocco as well. At the same moment the carpenters left off hammering and began to saw. The new sound from the firework stage was regular and not loud. The voices of the occupants of the summer-house reached her through it, and she heard Brigida pronounce the name of Count Fabio.

Instantly stooping down once more by the dog's side, she caught his muzzle firmly in both her hands. It was the only way to keep Scaramuccia from growling again, at a time when there was no din of hammering to prevent him from being heard. Those two words, "Count Fabio," in the mouth of another woman, excited a jealous anxiety in her. What could Brigida have to say in connection with that name? She never came near the Ascoli Palace—what right or reason could she have to talk of Fabio?

"Did you hear what I said?" she heard Brigida ask, in her coolest, hardest tone.

"No," the priest answered. "At least, not all of it."

"I will repeat it, then. I asked what had so suddenly determined you to give up all idea of making any future experiments on the superstitious fears of Count Fabio?"

"In the first place, the result of the experiment already tried has been so much more serious than I had anticipated, that I believe the end I had in view in making it has been answered already."

"Well; that is not your only reason?"

"Another shock to his mind might be fatal to him. I can use what I believe to be a justifiable fraud to prevent his marrying again; but I cannot burden myself with a crime."

"That is your second reason; but I believe you have another yet. The suddenness with which you sent to me last night to appoint a meeting in this lonely place; the emphatic manner in which you requested—I may almost say ordered—me to bring the wax mask here, suggest to my mind that something must have happened. What is it? I am a woman, and my curiosity must be satisfied. After the secrets you have trusted to me already, you need not hesitate, I think, to trust me with on more."

"Perhaps not. The secret this time is, moreover, of no great importance. You know that the wax mask you wore at the ball was made in a plaster mold taken off the face of brother's statue?"

"Yes, I know that."

"My brother has just returned to his studio; has found a morsel of plaster I used for the mold sticking in the hair of the statue, and has asked me, as the person left in charge of his work-rooms, for an explanation. Such an explanation as I could offer has not satisfied him, and he talks of making further inquiries. Considering that it will be used no more, I think it safest to destroy the wax mask; and I ask you to bring it here, that I might see it burned or broken up with my own eyes. Now you know all you wanted to know; and now, therefore, it is my turn to remind you that I have not yet had a direct answer to the first question I addressed to you when we met here. Have you brought the wax mask with you, or have you not?"

"I have not."

"And why?"

Just as that question was put, Nanina felt the dog dragging himself free of her grasp on his mouth. She had been listening hitherto with such painful intensity, with such all-absorbing emotions of suspense, terror, and astonishment, that she had not noticed his efforts to get away, and had continued mechanically to hold his mouth shut. But now she was aroused by the violence of his struggles, to the knowledge that, unless she hit upon some new means of quieting him, he would have his mouth free, and would betray her by a growl.

In an agony of apprehension lest she should lose a word of the momentous conversation, she made a desperate attempt to appeal to the dog's fondness for her by suddenly flinging both her arms round his neck, and kissing his rough, hairy cheek. The stratagem succeeded. Scaramuccia had, for many years past, never received any greater marks of his mistress's kindness for him than such as a pat on the head or a present of a lump of sugar might convey. His dog's nature was utterly confounded by the unexpected warmth of Nanina's caress, and he truggled up vigorously in her arms to try and return it by licking her face. She could easily prevent him from doing this, and could so gain a few minutes more to listen behind the summer-house without danger of discovery.

She had lost Brigida's answer to Father Rocco's question, but she was in time to hear her next words.

"We are alone here," said Brigida. "I am a women, and I don't know that you may not have come armed. It is only the commonest precaution on my part not to give you a chance of getting at the wax mask till I have made my conditions."

"You never said a word about conditions before."

"True. I remember telling you that I wanted nothing but the novelty of going to the masquerade in the character of my dead enemy, and the luxury of being able to terrify the man who had brutally ridiculed me in old days in the studio. That was the truth. But it is not less the truth that our experiment on Count Fabio has detained me in this city longer than I ever intended, that I am all but penniless, and that I deserve to be paid. In plain words, will you buy the mask of me for 200 scudi?"

"I have not 20 scudi in the world, at my own free disposal."

"You must find 200 if you want the wax mask. I don't wish to threaten, but money I must have I mention the sum of 200 scudi, because that is the exact amount offered in the public handbills by Count Fabio's friends for the discovery of the woman who wore the yellow mask at the Marquis Melani's ball. What have I to do but to earn that money if I please, by going to the palace, taking the wax mask with me, and telling them that I am the woman. Suppose I confess in that way; they can do nothing to hurt me, and I should be 200 scudi the richer. You might be injured, to be sure, if they insisted on knowing who made the wax model, and who suggested the ghastly disguise— "

"Wretch! do you believe that my character could be injured on the unsupported evidence of any words from your lips?"

"Father Rocco, for the first time since I have enjoyed the pleasure of your acquaintance, I find you commiting a breach of good manners. I shall leave you until you become more like yourself. If you wish to apologize for calling me a wretch, and if you want to secure the wax mask, honor me with a visit before 4 o'clock this afternoon, and bring 200 scudi with you. Delay till after four, and it will be too late."

An instant of silence followed; and then Nanina judged that Brigida must be departing, for she heard the rustling of a dress on the lawn in front of the summer-house. Unfortunately, Scaramuccia heard it, too. He twisted himself round in her arms, and growled.

The noise disturbed Father Rocco. She heard him rise and leave the summer-house. There would have been time enough, perhaps for her to conceal among some trees if she could have recovered self-possession at once; but she was incapable of making an effort to regain it. She could neither think nor move—her breath seemed to die away on her lips—as she saw the shadow of the priest stealing over the grass slowly from the front to the back of the summer-house. In another moment they were face to face.

He stopped a few paces from her, and eyed her steadily in dead silence. She still crouched against the summer-house, and still with one hand mechanically kept her hold of the dog. It was well for the priest that she did so. Scaramuccia's formidable teeth were in full view, his shaggy coat was bristling, his eyes were starting, his growl had changed from the surly to the savage note; he he was ready to tear down, not Father Rocco only, but all the clergy in Pisa, at a moment's notice.

"You have been listening," said the riest, calmly. "I see it in your face. You have heard all."

She could not answer a word; she could not take her eyes from him. There was an unnatural stillness in his face, a steady, unrepentant, unfathomable despair in his eyes that struck her with horror. She would have given worlds to be able to rise to her feet and fly from his presence.

"I once distrusted you and watched you in secret," he said, speaking after a short silence, thoughtfully, and with a strange, tranquil sadness in his voice; "and now, what I did by you, you do by me. You put the hope of your life once in my hands. Is it because they were not worthy of the trust that discovery and ruin overtake me, and that you are the instrument of the retribution? Can this be the decree of Heaven—or is it nothing but the blind justice of chance?"

He looked upward, doubtingly, to the lustrous sky above him, and sighed. Nanina's eyes still followed his mechanically. He seemed to feel their influence, for he suddenly look down at her again.

"What keeps you silent? Why are afraid?" he said. "I can do you no harm, with your dog at your side, and the workmen yonder within call. I can do you no harm, and I wish to do you none. Go back to Pisa; tell what you have heard; restore the man you love to himself, and ruin me. That is your work; do it. I was never your enemy, even when I distrusted you I am not your enemy now. It is no fault of yours that a fatality has been accomplished through you—no fault of yours that I am rejected as the instrument of securing a righteous restitution to the church. Rise, child, go your way, while I go mine, and prepare for what is to come. If we never meet again, remember that I parted from you without one hard saying or one hard look—parted from you so, knowing that the first word you speak in Pisa will be death to my character, and destruction to the great purpose of my life."

Speaking these words, always with the same calmness which had marked his manner from the first, he looked fixedly at her for a little while, sighed again, and turned away. Just before he disappeared among the trees, he said, "Farewell," but so softly that she could barely hear it. Some strange confusion clouded her mind as she lost sight of him. Had she injured him, or had he injured her? His words bewildered and oppressed her simple heart. Vague doubts and fears, and a sudden antipathy to remaining any longer near the summer-house, overcame her. She started to her feet, and keeping the dog still at her side, hurried from the garden to the high road. There, the wide glow of sunshine, the sight of the City lying before her, changed the current of her thoughts, and directed them all to Fabio and the future.

A burning impatience to be back in Pisa now possessed her. The doctor was reported to be in the palace when she passed the servants lounging in the court-yard. He saw, the moment she came into his presence, that something had happened, and led her away from the sick room into Fabio's empty study. There she told himall.

"You have saved him," said the doctor, joyfully. "I will answer for his recovery. Only let that woman come her for the reward, and leave me to deal with her as she deserves. In the meantime, my dear, don't go away from the palace on any account until I give you permission. I am going to send a message immediately to Signor Andrea d'Arbino to come and hear the extraordinary disclosure that you have made to me. Go back to read to the Count as usual, until I want you again; but, remember, you must not drop a word to him yet of what you have said to me. He must be carefully prepared for all that we have to tell him, and must be kept quite in the dark until those preparations are made."

D'Arbino answered the doctor's summons in person; and Nanina repeated her story to him. He and the doctor remained closeted together for some time after she had concluded her narrative and had retired. A little before 4 o'clock they sent for her again into the study. The doctor was sitting by the table with a bag of money before him, and D'Arbino was telling one of the servants that if a lady called at the palace on the subject of the handbill which he had circulated, she was to be admitted into the study immediately.

As the clock struck four Nanina was requested to take possession of a window-seat, and to wait there until she was summoned. When she had obeyed, the doctor loosened one of the window-curtains, to hide her from the view of any one entering the room.

About a quarter of an hour elapsed, and then the door was thrown open, and Brigida herself was shown into the study. The doctor bowed, and D'Arbino placed a chair for her. She was perfectly collected, and thanked them for their politeness with her best grace.

"I believed I am addressing confidential friends of Count Fabio d'Ascoli?" Brigida began. "May I ask if you are authorized to act for the Count in relation to the reward which this hand-bill offers?"

The doctor, having examined the hand-bill, said that the lady was quite right, and pointed significantly to the bag of money.

"You are prepared, then," pursued Brigida, smiling, "to give a reward of 200 scudi to any one able to tell you who the woman is who wore the yellow mask at the Marquis Melani's ball, and how she contrived to personate the face and figure of the late Countess d'Ascoli?"

"Of course we are prepared" answered D'Arbino, a little irritably. "As men of honor, we are not in the habit of promising anything that we are not perfectly willing, under proper conditions, to perform."

"Pardon me, my dear friend," said the doctor; "I think you speak a little too warmly to the lady. She is quite right to take every precaution. We have the 200 scudi here, madam," he continued, patting the money-bag; "and we are prepared to pay that sum for the information we want. But" (here the doctor suspiciously moved the bag of scudi from the table to his lap) "we must have proofs that the person claiming the reward is really entitled to it."

Brigida's eyes followed the money-bag greedily.

"Proofs!" she exclaimed, taking a small flat box from under her cloak, and pushing it across to the doctor. "Proofs! There you will find one proof that establishes my claim beyond the possibility of doubt."

The doctor opened the box and looked at the wax mask inside it; then handed it to D'Arbino, and replaced the bag of scudi on the table

"The contents of that box seemed certainly to explain a great deal," he said, pushing the bag gently toward Brigida, but always keeping his hand over it. "The woman who wore the yellow domino was, I presume, of the same hight as the countess?"

"Exactly," said Brigida. "Her eyes were also of the same color as the late countess'; she wore yellow of the same shade as the hangings in the late countess' room, and she had on, under her yellow mask, the colorless wax model of the late countess' face now in your friend's hand. So much for that part of the secret. Nothing remains now to be cleared up but the mystery of who the lady was. Have the goodness, sir, to push that bag an inch or two nearer my way, and I shall be delighted to tell you."

"Thank you, madam," said the doctor, with a very perceptible change in his manner. "We know who the lady was already."

He moved the bag of scudi while he spoke back to his own side of the table. Brigida's cheeks reddened, and she rose from her seat.

"Am I to understand, sir," she said, haughtily, "that you take advantage of my position here as a defenseless woman to cheat me out of the reward?"

"By no means, madam," rejoined the doctor. "We have covenanted to pay the reward to the person who could give us the information we required."

"Well, sir! have I not given you part of it? And am I not prepared to give you the whole?"

"Certainly; but the misfortune is that another person has been beforehand with you. We ascertained who the lady in the yellow domino was, and how she contrived to personate the face of the late Countess d'Ascoli, several hours ago, from another informant. That person has consequently the prior claim; and, on every principle of justice, that person

must also have the reward. Nanina, this bag belongs to you—come and take it."

Nanina appeared from the window-seat. Brigida, thunderstruck, look at her in silence for a moment; grasped out: "That girl!" then stopped again breathless.

"That girl was at the back of the summer-house this morning while you and your accomplice were talking together," said the doctor.

D'Arbino had been watching Brigida's face intently from the moment of Nanina's appearance, and had quietly stolen close to her side. This was a fortunate movement; for the doctor's last words were hardly out of his mouth before Brigida seized a heavy ruler lying with some writing materials on the table. In another instant, if D'Arbino had not caught her arm, she would have hurled it at Nanina's head.

"You may let go your hold, sir," she said, dropping the ruler and turning toward D'Arbino with a smile on her white lips and a wicked calmness in her steady eyes. "I can wait for a better opportunity."

"With these words, she walked to the door, and, turning round there, regarded Nanina fixedly.

"I wish I had been a moment quicker with the ruler," she said, and went out.

"There!" exclaimed the doctor; "I told you I knew how to deal with her as she deserved. One thing I am certainly obliged to her for—she has saved us the trouble of going to her house and forcing her to give up the mask. And now my child," he continued, addressing Nanina, "you can go home, and one of the menservants shall see you safe to your own door, in case that woman should still be lurking about the palace. Stop! you are leaving the bag of scudi behind you."

"I can't take it, sir."

"And why not?"

"She would have taken money!" Saying these words, Nanina reddened and looked toward the door.

The doctor glanced approvingly at D'Arbino. "Well, well, we won't argue about that now," he said. "I'll lock up the money with the mask for to-day. Come here to-morrow morning as usual, my dear. By that time I shall have made up my mind on the right means for breaking your discovery to Count Fabio. Only let up proceed slowly and cautiously, and I answer for success."

CHAPTER VII.

The next morning, among the first visitors at the Ascoli Palace was the master sculptor, Luca Lomi. He seemed, as the servants thought, agitated, and said he was especially desirous of seeing Count Fabio. On being informed that this was impossible, he reflected a little, and then inquired if the medical attendant of the Count was at the palace, and could be spoken with. Both questions were answered in the affirmative, and he was ushered into the doctor's presence.

"I know not how to preface what I want to say," Luca began, looking about him confusedly. "May I ask you, in the first place, if the work-girl named Nanina was here yesterday?"

"She was," said the doctor.

"Did she speak in private with any one?"

"Yes; with me."

"Then you know everything?"

"Absolutely everything."

"I am glad at least to find that my object in wishing to see the Count can be equally well answered by seeing you. My brother, I regret to say——" He stopped perplexedly, and drew from his pocket a roll of papers.

"You may speak of your brother in the plainest terms," said the doctor. "I know what share he has had in promoting the infamous conspiracy of the Yellow Mask."

"My petition to you, and through you to the Count, is, that your knowledge of what my brother has done may go no further. If this scandal becomes public, it will ruin me in my profession. And I make little enough by it already," and Luca, with his old sordid smile breaking out again faintly on his face.

"Pray, do you come from your brother with this petition?" inquired the doctor.

"No; I come solely on my own account. My brother seems careless what happens. He has made a full statement of his share in the matter from the first; has forwarded it to his ecclesiastical superior (who will send it to the archbishop), and is now awaiting whatever sentence they choose to pass on him. I have a copy of the document, to prove that he has at least been candid, and that he does not shrink from consequences which he might have avoided by flight. The law cannot touch him, but the church can, and to the church he has confessed. All I ask is, that he may be spared public exposure. Such an exposure would do no good to the Count, and it would do dreadful injury to me. Look over the papers yourself, and show them, whenever you think proper, to the master of this house. I have every confidence in his honor and kindness, and in yours."

He laid the roll of papers on the table, and then retired with great humility to the window. The doctor looked over them with some curiosity.

The statement or confession began by boldly avowing the writer's conviction that part of the property which the Count Fabio d'Ascoli had inherited from his ancestors had been obtained by fraud and misrepresentation from the Church. The various authorities on which this assertion was based were then produced in due order, along with some curious particles of evidence culled from old manuscripts, which it must have cost much trouble to collect and decipher.

The second section was devoted, at great length, to the reasons which induced the writer to think it his absolute duty, as an affectionate son and faithful servant of the church, not to rest until he had restored to the successors of the apostles in his day the property which had been fraudulently taken from them in days gone by. The writer held himself justified, in the last resort, and in that only, in using any means for effecting this restoration, except such as might involve him in mortal sin.

The third section described the priest's share in promoting the marriage of Maddalena Lomi with Fabio; and the hope he entertained of securing the restitution of the church property through his influence over his niece, in the first place, and, when she had died, through his influence over her child, in the second. The necessary failure of all his projects, if Fabio married again, was next glanced at; and the time at which the first suspicion of the possible occurence of this catastrophe occurred to his mind was noted with scrupulous accuracy.

The fourth section narrated the manner in which the conspiracy of the Yellow Mask had originated. The writer described himself as being in his brother's studio on the night of his niece's death, harrassed by forebodings of the likelihood of Fabio's marrying again, and filled with the resolution to prevent an such disastrous second union at all hazards. He asserted that the idea of taking the wax mask from his brother's statue flashed upon him on a sudden, and that he know of nothing to lead to it, except, perhaps, that he had been thinking just before of the superstitious nature of the young man's character, as he had himself observed it in the studio. He further declared that the idea of the wax mask terrified him at first, that he strove against it as against a temptation of the devil; that from fear of yielding to this temptation, he abstained even from entering the studio during his brother's absence at Naples, and that he first faltered in his good resolution when Fabio returned to Pisa, and when it was rumored, not only that the young nobleman was going to the ball, that he would certainly marry for the second time.

The fifth section related that the writer, upon this, yielded to temptation rather than forego the cherished purpose of his life by allowing Fabio a chance of marrying again: that he made the wax mask in a plaster mold taken from the face of his brother's statue; and that he then had two separate interviews with a woman named Brigida (of whom he had some previous knowledge), who was ready and anxious from motives of private malice, to personate the deceased Countess at the masquerade. This woman had suggested that some anonymous letters to Fabio would pave the way in his mind for the approaching impersonation, and had written the letters herself. However, even when all the preparations were made, the writer declared that he shrank from proceeding to extremities; and that he would have abandoned the whole project but for the woman Brigida informing him one day that a work-girl named Nanina was to be one of the attendants at the ball. He knew the Count to have been in love with this girl, even to the point of wishing to marry her; he suspected that her engagement to wait at the ball was preconcerted; and, in consequence, he authorized his female accomplice to perform her part in the conspiracy.

The sixth section detailed the proceedings of the masquerade, and contained the writer's confession that, on the night before it, he had written to the Count proposing the reconciliation of a difference that had taken place between them, solely for the purpose of guarding himself against suspicion. He next acknowledged that he had borrowed the key of the Campo Santo gate, keeping the authority to whom it was intrusted in perfect ignorance of the purpose for which he wanted it. That purpose was to carry out the ghastly delusion of the wax mask (in the very probable event of the wearer being followed and inquired after) by having the woman Brigida taken up and set down at the gate of the cemetery in which Fabio's wife had been buried.

The seventh section solemnly averred that the sole object of the conspiracy was to prevent the young nobleman from marrying again, by working on his superstitious fears; the writer repeating, after this avowal, that any such second marriage would necessarily destroy his project for promoting the ultimate restoration of the Church possessions, by diverting Count Fabio's property, in great part, from his first wife's child, over whom the priest would always have influence, to another wife and probably other children, over whom he could hope to have none,

The eighth and last section expressed the writer's contrition for having allowed his zeal for the Church to mislead him into actions liable to bring scandal on his cloth; reiterated in the strongest language his conviction that, whatever might be thought of the means employed, the end he had proposed to himself was a most righteous one; and concluded by asserting his resolution to suffer with humility any penalties, however severe, which his ecclesiastical superiors might think fit to inflict on him.

Having looked over this extraordinary statement, the doctor addressed himself again to Luca Lomi.

"I agree with you," he said, "that no useful end is to be gained now by mentioning your brother's conduct in public—always provided, however, that his ecclesiastical superiors do their duty. I shall show these papers to the Count as soon as he is fit to peruse them, and I have no doubt that he will be ready to take my view of the matter."

This assurance relieved Luca Lomi of a great weight of anxiety. He bowed and withdrew.

The doctor placed the papers in the same cabinet in which he had secured the wax mask. Before he had locked the doors again he took out the flat box, opened it, and looked thoughtfully for a few minutes at the mask inside; then sent for Nanina.

"Now, my child," he said, when she appeared, "I am going to try our first experiment with Count Fabio; and I think it of great importance that you should be present while I speak to him."

He took up the box with the mask in it, and, beckoning to Nanina to follow him, led the way to Fabio's chamber.

CHAPTER VIII.

About six months after the events already related, Signor Andrea d'Arbino and the Cavaliere Finello happened to be staying with a friend, in a seaside villa on the Castellamare shore of the Bay of Naples. Most of their time was pleasantly occupied on the sea, in fishing and sailing. A boat was placed entirely at their disposal. Sometimes they loitered whole days along the shore, sometimes made trips to the lovely islands in the bay.

One evening they were sailing near Sorrento, with a light wind. The beauty of the coast tempted them to keep the boat close in shore. A short time before sunset they rounded the most picturesque headland they had yet passed; and a little bay, with a white sand beach, opened on their view. They noticed first a villa surrounded by orange and olive trees on the rocky hights inland; then a path in the cliff-side leading down to the sands; then a little family party on the beach, enjoying the fragrant evening air.

The elders of the group were a lady and gentleman, sitting together on the sand. The lady had a guitar in her lap, and was playing a simple dance melody. Close to her side a young child was rolling on the beach in high glee; in front of her a little girl was dancing to the music, with a very extraordinary partner in the shape of a dog, who was capering on his hind legs in the most grotesque manner. The merry laughter of the girl and the lively notes of the guitar were heard distinctly across the still water.

"Edge a little nearer inshore," said D'Arbino to his friend, who was steering, "and keep as I do in the shadow of the sail. I want to see the faces of those persons on the beach without being seen by them."

Finello obeyed. After approaching just near enough to see the countenances of the party on shore, and to be barked at lustily by the dog, they turned the boat's again toward the offing.

"A pleasant voyage, gentlemen," cried the clear voice of the little girl. They waved their hats in return, and then saw her run to the dog and take him by the forelegs. "Play, Nanina," they heard her say. "I am not half done with my partner yet." The guitar sounded once more, and the grotesque dog was on his hind legs in a moment.

"I had heard that he was well again, that he had married her lately, and that he was away with her and her sister, and the child by his first wife," said D'Arbino; "but I had no suspicion that their place of retirement was so near us. It is too soon to break in upon their happiness, or I should have felt inclined to run the boat on shore."

"I never heard the end of that strange adventure of the Yellow Mask," said Finello "There was a priest mixed up in it, was there not?"

"Yes, but nobody seems to know exactly what has become of him. He was sent for to Rome, and he has never been of since. One report is that he has been condemned to some mysterious penal seclusion by his ecclesiastical superiors; another, that he has volunteered, as a sort of a forlorn hope, to accept a colonial curacy among rough people and in a pestilential climate. I asked his brother, the sculptor, about him a little while ago, but he only shook his head, and said nothing."

"And the woman who wore the yellow mask?"

"She too has ended mysteriously. At Pisa she was obliged to sell off everything she possessed to pay her debts. Some friend of hers at a milliner's shop, to whom she applied for help, would have nothing to do with her. She left the City alone and penniless."

The boat had approached the next headland on the coast while they were talking. They looked back for a last glance at the beach. Still the notes of the guitar came gently across the quiet water; but there mingled with them now the sound of the lady's voice. She was singing. The little girl and the dog were at her feet, and the gentleman was still in his old place close at her side.

In a few minutes more the boat rounded the next headland, the beach vanished from view, and the music died away softly in the distance.

THE END.

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Written for the Toledo Blade.

PIONEER LIFE.

Recollections of Early Days in the West.

BY DR. H. SCOTT.

No. 21.

SINGING SCHOOLS.

Singing schools were a feature of every section of the Western country at a very early day. In the absence of other sources of pastime and social enjoyment, to a large extent, the singing school seemed well adapted to the requirements of all classes of people, with the exception of the Quakers, who, for some reasons best known only to themselves, but to others hard to conceive, never sang. Singing was at once rational, instructive and edifying, and therefore generally popular, unless to the few whom nature had failed to endow with a love of the concord of sweet sounds, and who therefore possessed no music in their souls. A few there are now, and everywhere. As a rule, it may probably be safely said, that the men or women, who are not moved to better and pleasant feelings by music, but on the contrary are disturbed and made uncomfortable, are little to be trusted, and not desirable as companions.

Singing schools were for the most part held at night and in the school houses. There were always singing masters in the settlements, and the schools were made up by subscription to an article of agreement, at about the average price per scholar of one dollar; sometimes as low as 50 cents; and the term was three months, of one night each week, the money being due on the last night of the term.

The books used were Smith & Little, Freemen Lewis, the Ohio Harmony, and a few others. A little later came the Juvenile Harmony, the Missouri Harmony, Western Lyre, and others. They were printed in the square, or patent notes, sometimes facetiously called "buck-wheat notes." The system of notation was the sylables, fa, sol, la, fa, sol, la, mi, fa, which constituted the octave, with mi as the center or governing note, so-called. In the major scale, fa was the key note; in the minor, la. The transpositions of the key was the same, and marked the same as in the modern music. In naming the keys we had such terms as the following: "Flat key on A," "Flat key on E," "Sharp key on G," "Sharp key on F," and so on through all the transpositions. C natural was always in the "sharp key."

The air of the piece was called tenor, and was always sung by the moderate male voice; the third part, set at the top of the page, was called treble, and was assigned to the female voices; the heavy male voices were put upon the bass, at the bottom of the page; the fourth part, next above the air, (now named alto) was styled counter. It was written on what was called the C cleff, and was set an octave above the tenor, lacking one interval. This part was sung, if at all, in the male falsetto voice; sometimes by the female voice. The counter was not always sung. The same part, now brought to the bottom of the staff, is alto, and sung by coarse female voices, or by boys in transition.

In the conduct of the singing school, the bass was seated on the right, the tenor in front, and the treble on the left, ordinarily, the master standing in the center. No special seat was assigned to the counter, and if it was sung at all, it was thrown in as a volunteer. It was the business of the master to "give the sound," and then "beat" the time through the piece. Some of them had a pitch pipe, which was a kind of whistle, with a slide, which could be drawn to the letter denoting the key wanted. The key-note having been sounded, the first notes of all the parts were easy. The words of command were, "Take the sound," and the first notes of all the parts having been sounded in full chorus to the satisfaction of the teacher, then "Sing," and off they went, while the master's hand, in plain view, marked the movements. The movements were indicated on the left end of the stave by characters, as, first, second, third and fourth moods of common time; first, second third moods of treble time, and first and second moods of compound time; and the movements were attempted to be regulated by seconds of time, so many seconds being allowed to the bar (measure) of the respective moods of time. Whatever may be said now of these primitive singing schools, they sometimes attained to a grand style of performance, particularly in the singing of anthems. Some of their singing would do credit to any time or place in the world. Their style would be old now; but it should not be forgotten that all old things are not necessarily inferior, or all new things necessarily better. In many things the reverse would be the truth. Sometimes there were visiting teachers. They were always invited to "take the floor"—that was the form used.

The country singing school was often rich with fun, incident and enjoyment, as were most of the gatherings of the pioneer people. They were attended by the middle-aged and aged as well as the young. It was the custom for the teacher to invite the scholars, or any visitor, to name any particular piece they wished to hear during the last part of the meeting. An old German lady said: "Mr. L., will you blease sing my tshune?" "What is your tune?" "Chesus, mine Cott, from Heaven is gone," was the answer. At another time the master, who was notorious for absent-mindedness, named "Cincinnati" as the next piece to be sung. The pitch was given, the sound taken, and he said, "Sing!" Three times in succession he lead off with the full strength of his voice on "Pisgah," which as often caused the school to break down and stop with the first or second line. At length some one lost patience, and called out to him sharply: "Sing 'Cincinnati!'" He then kept silent until they got well started.

There was in our settlement a bachelor and his girl, who had been courting about two years. They were together at all gatherings, and seemed very affectionate. He always put down two on the article; and they were seldom absent from any school. The common belief was that he was too timid to pop the question. He was a bass, and sat on the right; she was a treble and sat on the left. There was a stanza in common meter set to "Fiducia," that the school never failed to sing for their benefit. The last four lines were as follows:

Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But to abide in thine embrace,
Is infinite delight.

At the word "Sing," the entire school assumed the most solemn and grave countenance, by an understood arrangement, and went through the piece in slow and measured cadence, generally ending with long drawn, and some times audible breath and sigh. This was generally sung at the close of the school, after which these two parties received more shakes of the hand than the balance of the school, always with an anxious and sympathizing face. There were no reasons for believing that the parties ever suspected the joke of which they were the subjects, for there were none in the house who joined in the words and music with more zest than themselves. They married at the age of near 40; and both lived to a good old age.

There is yet a lingering echo of these old songs and tunes by the few survivors who practiced them, and who still love them, under the character of "Old Folk's Concerts." But they will soon cease to be heard "never more."

DEBATING SCHOOLS.

These were also a common pastime. They were held in the school house, and always after night. We discussed such grave and important questions as "Which is the best friend of man—the dog or the gun?" "Which has been the most cruelly treated by the white man—the negros or the Indians?" "Which is the strongest element—fire or water?" "Which is the mother of the chicken—the hen that laid the egg or the one that hatched it?" and many similar ones. We had a presiding officer, styled the "president," who decided in favor of the party producing the "strongest" argument. There were two leading disputants (captains) who chose the speakers—one alternately. The meetings were often attended by crawded houses.

In 1827 we were holding our meetings in the little brick school house on the east border of the Village. The community was intensely conservative, with a pronounced Methodist preponderance. Capt. Brown was over 40. He was fond of debating, and seldom failed to attend. He was called a castle builder. He was, at least, one who allowed his mind to go outside of the traces. One night he deflected from the main question and made a railroad speech. He said the time was not distant when railroads would be laid all through the West, and that men would travel 15 miles an hour by steam power, and heavy burdens be drawn over the roads by the same means. He said a road would sometime be made from Cleveland to the Ohio River, and that it must pass near that spot. I was the Secretary of the Society. Two days afterwards a letter was handed to me, with command to read it at the next meeting. It was subscribed by a number of the leading citizens. Following is a literal transcript of its subject matter:

"You are welcome to the use of the school house to debate all proper questions, but such things as railroads and telegraphs (the Captain had alluded to the telegraph) are impossibilities, and are not to be allowed. It is all rank infideiity, and is a devise of Saten to lead immortal souls down to Hell. If God had intended his intelligent creatures to travel at the frightful speed of 15 miles an hour, it would have been clearly foretold by the Prophets; but there is not one word about it in the Bible. It is the work of the Enemy of Souls."

I read the letter, and the railroad idea was squelshed for the time. I believe I regarded the matter myself, as a chimera, for I was under the ban of conservatism. Captain Power did not live to see the fulfillment of his prophecy, but several of those who signed the paper afterwards rode in the cars. The depot now is 400 yards from where the school house was then, and 20 trains sweep by daily, some of them at 30 miles an hour; and heavy freight trains, some of them 300 yards or more, in length, are constantly passing and repassing.

Humor.

Why He Talked Like a Liar.

Burlington Hawkeye.

He stood at the ticket window, slowly unrolling an old-fashioned leather wallet, while a dozen impatient men stood behind him, driven to madness by the shouting of the gatemen calling their trains. After he got about a yard and a half of wallet unrolled he suddenly stopped and said to the ticket agent, "Is that clock right?" "No, sir," promptly replied the agent, "T aint?" shouted the startled passenger, stooping down and making a sudden clutch at a lean and hungry carpet bag. "T ain't right? Well, what'n name of common sense do ye have it stuck up there for then?" "To fool people," calmly replied the agent; "that's what we're here for, to fool people and misdirect them." "Well, by gol," said the passenger, hurriedly rolling up his wallet, "then I've missed my train. I'll report you, I will!" "Won't do any good;" replied the agent; "it's the company's orders. They pay a man $85 a month to go around every morning to mix and muddle up all the clocks so that no one will be right and no two alike.' The passenger gasped twice or thrice, but could not say anything. The ticket seller went on—"It's the Superintendent's idea. He is fond of fun, enjoys a joke, and it does him good to see a man prance around and hear him jaw when he buys a ticket and then finds his train has been gone two hours. He saves the expense of going to the circus this way." "Which way is this clock wrong?" the passenger asked, in despairing accents, "fast or slow?" "Don't know," replied the agent. "That's part of the fun, not to let anybody in the building know anything about the right time. All I know is that it's about 90 minutes wrong, one way or the other." With a hollow groan the passenger dropped his carpet bag and wallet and made a rush for the door, upsetting every man who got in his way. About two minutes later he came back, crestfallen and meek, and took his place at the end of the line. When once more he walked up to the window he said, as he named his station and bought his ticket like a sane man, "What made you talk to me like a liar?" "What made you ask questions like a fool?" answered the agent and they glared at each other for a second, and then the passenger went his way, a madder, but probably not a wiser, man; for although the time-pieces at a railway station are always as nearly accurate as care and electricity can make them, and all the trains come and go by them, yet there are thousands of men and women in this land of free schools, who, whenever they travel, never fail to ask the ticket seller, station master, usher and gateman, one after the other, if "that clock is right?"

Her Brilliant Conquest.

Yonkers Statesman.

"Did you enjoy the past Summer?" said one young lady to another in the horse car one morning last week.

"Yes, indeed; I just had a charming time," replied the one addressed.

"And did you have any flirting where you were?"

"Plenty of it; and such delicious flirting, too."

"You made a conquest, I presume."

"Oh, yes; see my ring?"

"Is he a Duke, Lord or Count?"

"Better still. He is an American plumber."

"An American plumber? It can't be!"

"Oh, yes; but it is. And papa says we are going to have a terribly hard Winter."

And the engaged party, exhibiting a diamond ring as big as a plumber's bill, left the car highly elated at the surprise and jealousy of her less fortunate sister.

The Wrong Parent.

Detroit Free Press.

"You know Blank, don't you?" queried a citizen as he entered a Griswold street street office yesterday.

"Yes."

"Have you any influence with him?"

"Well, I may have."

"Then you are the man to go to him. He has a son about 16 years old!"

"Yes."

"That boy is on the road to ruin because his father is too good-natured and too much wrapped up in business. Seems to me it is your duty to go to that man and tell him in a friendly way that he must exercise more government or his boy will be lost."

"I don't think I'm the man," replied the other as he chewed at a blotting-pad and gazed out of the window.

"But why?"

"Well, I've got a boy about the same age, and I'm just going up to the Police Court to pay a fine of $20 for him smashing up saloon furniture! Try the next."

If His Coat Hadn't Come Off.

The time was midnight, says the Galveston *News*. The man was fearfully and wonderfully full. He walked up to the fire-alarm signal-box and placed a nickel in it. Then he sat down on the curb.

"Why don't the car start?"

He received no answer.

"Why don't the car start?"

Still no answer.

"Gimme back my fare, then."

It was not returned.

Then he jumped up, grabbed the telegraph pole around the waist, and attempted to trip it up. There was a spirited tugging for several seconds, and then he made a terrific kick at the "feet" of his adversary, and the result was that he kicked himself over on his own head.

As he executivized himself he moved off, saying: "Yer a smarter conductor than I thought yer wuz; but I believe now that I'd a throwed yer if yer coat hadn't come off."

Honoring Englishmen.

Burlington Hawkeye.

"Tug" Wilson threw down his paper in disgust, after reading an account of Chief Justice Coleridge's reception in this country. "Look hat hit," he exclaimed, "them bloomin' savages hover in the States a makin' hof a big fuss over a lawyer like he was a man like Jem Mace, even. They haint got no discrimination, them Hamericans. Hit's enough to disgust a honest Henglishman with the 'ole blarsted business. Oo is this duffer Coleridge, hany 'ow?" he demanded savagely, "an' wy doesn't 'e meet Sullivan, if he means business?" It is hard for the Hon. Mr. Wilson to realize that honors are easy among our English guests. All that any foreign gent wants, to insure a cordial welcome from the Statesmen, is a plaid suit, short coat and a glass eye, tied to a string.

Thoughts on the Burning Mountain.

Bismarck Tribune.

A few days since, while returning from a trip to the Yellowstone Park, a Bismarck family, consisting of father, mother and a bright little six-year-old son, stopped at Little Missouri to view the Bad Lands. They secured a team at the station and rode out six miles to see that wonderful curiosity, the Burning Mountain. While sitting upon the grass near by, watching the heated vapors arise from the burning pit, the little one asked:

"Mamma, who kindles that fire?"

"God does, darling."

The youngster sat for a moment in deep thought, and, looking up into the maternal eyes with a knowing glance, asked:

"Mamma, does God jump out of bed, and kick over the chairs, and slam the doors, and say He'll be dad-slammed if He'll stand this sort of thing much longer?"

There was a painful silence of several moments, and then the man gazed dreamity and abstractedly away off to the south and softly said that the Bad Lands never looked more beautiful than they do in September.

"Kinder Flustrated."

Wall Street News.

The train was within 20 miles from Albany, when the man turned around in his seat and queried:

"'Spose the Governor will be in Albany?"

"I guess so."

"'Spose I kin git to see him?"

"I presume you can."

"Well, I want to see him powerful bad."

"Anything wrong?"

"Well, I calkerlate there is. My son Bill is in jail!"

"That's bad. What for?"

"Fur shootin' at a skule-teacher who's bin and got a corner on all the cider in our County, and is holdin' on fur a rise."

"And what do you want of the Governor?"

"I want Bill pardoned out, in course, but I'm kinder flustrated about how to approach the old man. If he's down on corners and likes cider, and carries a revolver strapped to him, I'm all right; but if he's sweet on eddecashun, down on pistols and don't keer a cent for apple-juice when he kin git lager, then Bill kin prepare to roost behind the bars for the next five years."

Tall Stories Told by a Hostler Who Had Reformed.

"Yes," said the reformed hostler, "I had a horse once that jumped over 200 feet on a straight road."

"Did he make it in one jump?" said the converted mule driver.

"Yes, he made it in one jump," said the reformed hostler, "and he'd a jumped a thousand feet if they'd been there, as them was—pickled pig's feet in a barrel."

"I drove a horse once," said the honest stage driver, "that jumped through a wall four feet thick."

"Did it hurt the wall any?" said the reformed hostler, insinuatingly.

"No," said the honest stage driver, fiercely, "but it killed the horse."

"Talking of horse jumping," said the reformed hostler, "we had a horse that jumped every fence on the farm, and wound up by trying to jump over his own tail."

"Did he do it?" said the converted mule driver, breathlessly.

"No, he didn't," said the reformed hostler, calmly.

"Wuss than That."

Wall Street News.

The other day a lone man sat in the railroad depot at Elmira, having a lean grip-sack at his elbow and his battered hat drawn down over his eyes.

"Come from York?" queried an old chap in a gray wool suit as he sat down heavy on the bench beside him.

"Yes."

"They say the stock market down thar has bin raythar perturbed of late?" continued the old man.

"Yes."

"Happen to perturb you any?"

"Perturb! Perturb!" growled the Yorker—"why, you old ass, I was cleaned out of $48,000 inside of three days and am now hunting for a railway job in the West! Isn't that perturbed?"

"Well," answered the old man, as he scratched his head from north to south, "I should say it was wuss—considerably wuss, and I'm blowed if I don't travel with you! I've just lost $340 at bunko, and we kin squeeze hands and sympathize!"

The Future Historian.

Among those who left Chicago with Gen. Sheridan and became attached to his new establishment in Washington was Mike Sheridan, of Yellowstone Park fame. It is related of Mike that on his first visit to the National Capitol he was much struck by the appearance of the Washington Monument, and remarked to the clerk of the hotel where was stopping:

"Thim Potimacs flats is a bad place; there's a church just been after sinkin' in thim."

"You must be mistaken," said the clerk, with surprise.

"Faith I'm not," responded Mike. "I saw the shteeple stickin' out ov the mud."

The Way it Stood.

French Wit.

Madame Pitanchard was promenading on the Champs-Elysees with the maid servant of the family on the fourth flat. A superb victoria passed them. "Look!" said Madame Pitanchard; "do you see that blonde with that gentleman? She's my niece. Don't you think they are a handsome pair?" "Are they married?" "He is, but she isn't."

Texas the Land for Women and Babies.

Galveston News.

The Gatesville papers are engaged in a controversy as to whether ladies should take their young babies to the theater. A correspondent of the *Sun* is "agin it," but the *Advance* takes the part of the part of the women and children, saying: "It will be a dreadfully cold day when when we breathe the faintest syllable to abridge the pleasures of the ladies. It is a lonely life they lead at best, cooped up in the house from day to day, and when they have an opportunity to enjoy themselves, we would blush to tell them to stay at home on account of the baby. There are babies and mothers in heaven. Talk of excluding ladies and babies! We had as well exclude the dewdrop from the flower and sunshine from the earth."

A Smart Girl.

The town of East Turner, says the Lewiston (Me.) *Journal*, is bragging about a smart girl. The young lady's name is Eva French. She is 16 years of age. In consequence of scarcity of help in the haying season, Miss French, whose father is one of East Turner's well-to-do farmers, put on her broad brimmed hat and went into the hay-field. She has this Summer driven a pair of horses on the mowing machine to cut 25 acres of grass, and has raked the same with a horse-rake, and pitched it into the barn with a horse-pitchfork. The farm cut nearly 40 tons of hay. In addition, Miss French can bake as good a batch of biscuits, or do housework as well as any housewife in Turner.

SHEBOYGAN, WIS.—Dr. S. B. Myers, says: "I recommend Brown's Iron Bitters for general debility, loss of appetite and want of strength."

In Egypt a young man is not permitted to see his wife's face before marriage. America is better provided. Use the New French Process Soap to prevent the custom being introduced here.

Miscellany.

RECENT LITERATURE.

SNUG HARBOR. By Oliver Optic. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. Toledo: T. J. Brown, Eager & Co. Price, $1.25.

In the second volume of the "Boat Builder" series, Mr. Adams departs in a manner from his usual methods of story making. There is less adventure in "Snug Harbor" than in many of his earlier works, but his many admirers will take great pleasure in his new tack and will find both enjoyment and profit in following the fortunes of the pupils of the Beech Hill Industrial School, in the school-room and workshop. Mr. Adams has struck a good vein and he is working it in his inimitable style.

DREAM LIFE—WET DAYS AT EDGEWOOD. By Donald G. Mitchell (J. K. Marvel). Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Toledo: T. J. Brown, Eager & Co.

This is the second instalment of the Scribner's elegant revised works of J. K. Marvel. "Dream Life" and "Wet Days at Edgewood" are splendidly gotten up and will be warmly welcomed as old friends in new clothes by the host of admirers of the "Reveries of a Bachelor."

THE BEAR WORSHIPERS. By Edward Greey. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, Toledo, T. J. Brown, Eager & Co.

Mr. Greey has already established a fine reputation as a most entertaining writer, a reputation that will only be increased by his latest work. In his "Young Americans in Japan," he gave a very interesting description of the manners and customs of southern Japan; in "The Wonderful City of Tokio," that great capital was graphically described, and now he closes the series—which, though ostensibly written for young folks, contains a great deal of information that the older ones might be glad to get,—with a really valuable work, describing a strange people in a way that but few authors can. Mr. G. spent a great deal of time on the Island of Yezo, where the so-called "Bear Worshipers" live, and is thoroughly conversant with the manners and customs of the people, who are as hairy as bears, never feel the cold and are possessed of rare skill in all arts. The large book is embellished with numerous illustrations by native Japanese artists. It will be a great holiday present.

THREE VASSAR GIRLS IN ENGLAND. By Lizzie W. Champney, author of "Three Vassar Girls Abroad," etc. Published by Estes & Lauriat, 301 Washington street, Boston. Toledo, Faunce & Leland.

This is a breezy discription of a three months tour through old England by three college girls, keen, quickwitted and eager for everything that was historic, poetic or romantic. The story of their rambles is charmingly told and the text is illustrated by some very spirited drawings by members of the party who made the enjoyable trip. Those who have read "Three Vassar Girls Abroad" will need no introduction to Miss Champney. Those who have not have a rare treat in store.

A SYLVAN CITY; or, Quaint Corners in Philadelphia. Illustrated. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.

"A Sylvan City" is one of the series called "Our Continent Library," and was first published, like the others, in the magazine of that name. The book contains a description of many picturesque and curious old places in the Quaker City, given in a bright, gossipy way that is quite charming. The illustrations are profuse in number, but only fair in quality. It is a pretty and pleasant addition to the "Our Continent Library."

THE COTTAGE KITCHEN. A Collection of Practical and Inexpensive Recipes. By Marion Harland. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Marion Harland has already done so much good work in the way of teaching housekeepers how to prepare wholesome and palatable food that anything farther in the same line emanating from her will receive a cordial welcome without any words of recommendation. In the present case she claims to have made a collection of recipes that will give the poor family a variety of dishes that will tempt the palate and satisfy the appetite without costing a great deal of money.

THE SONNETS OF JOHN MILTON. Edited by Mark Pattison. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The introduction to this little collection is a long and elaborate dissertation upon the Sonnet, a description of its peculiarities and what constitutes a really fine work of this kind of poetry. Then follows the 24 sonnets, accompanied by notes and comments designed to explain the meaning of the poet in certain parts that may be doubtful, and to relate the incidents that gave rise to certain of the sonnets.

AN IDEAL FANATIC. By Hester Edwards Porch. Published by Henry A. Sumner & Co., Chicago.

As the title instantly suggests, this is a sensational novel of the most intense kind. The story is full of dramatic situations which will make the casual reader take little note of the absence of any really fine bits of word painting, either of places or character. The heroine passes through a martyrdom of sorrow, but comes out triumphant at last; there is the beautiful demon and the man who succombs to her fascinations, only to awake and find out his misery, but the awakening is in time to prevent the wreck of his life. It progresses to the usual conclusion—a happy marriage.

A COMPREHENSIVE BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY. By E. A. Thomas. Philadelphia, Porter & Coates. Toledo, T. J. Brown, Eager & Co.

In this convenient work the publishers have issued a very comprehensive dictionary of biography, which embraces accounts of the most eminent persons in all ages, countries and professions, living as well as dead, and in this manner have included many names that are not to be found in other dictionaries of biography.

SAUL. A dramatic poem. By Algernon Sydney Logan, author of "The Mirror of a Mind," "The Image of Air," etc. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co. Toledo, T. J. Brown, Eager Co.

The author has taken the story of the last days of Saul, as furnished by the old testament, and has built a strong, evenly constructed dramatic poem from it. It is full of fine writing and is very skilfully arranged.

DOCTORED HIS VALUABLES.

Rare Presence of Mind Displayed by a Burglar.

New York Morning Journal.

"You are home late, sir."

"Yes. My business keeps me out until this hour every night. Might I ask what your business is in this house?"

"I am a physician, sir."

"That does not answer my question."

"Well, sir, if you must know, I have been attending a lady upstairs."

"How is she."

"Very much better. I guess she'll be all right in the morning."

"Thank you; good morning," and the door was courteously closed after the "physician."

This conversation occurred in the residence of Mr. Henry Immerschitt, No. 159 State street, Brooklyn. Mr. Immerschitt keeps an oyster saloon at 393 Fulton street, in that City, and is kept out until after midnight every night. When he returned home last night the conversation just detailed took place between him and a man he met in the act of coming out in the hall.

Mr. Immerschitt rushed upstairs after his interview with the "doctor," and breaking into his wife's room found her fast asleep.

"Is there anything the matter with Katie?" he yelled, waking his wife.

"No," she replied; "why should there be?"

The excited father then rushed to the room of his daughter Katie and found her fast asleep. He began to smell a mouse. An investigation showed that a most expert burglar had gone through his house at his very elegant leisure, taking whatever suited him. All the jewelry of the ladies was gone, including gold bracelets, a pair of diamond earrings, a diamond stud, a diamond solitaire finger ring and a plain gold ring. All the bureau drawers had been carefully gone through, but no one was aroused by his work.

"It was that —— doctor," yelled Mr. Immerschitt.

"What doctor?" asked his wife and daughter.

"Don't bother me," he replied and started to notify the police. He could, of course, give a good description of the thief whom he met in the hall, but the police have as yet no clue to him.

No, He Won't Be Thrown.

Lexington, Ky., Press.

Ohio Republicans compensate themselves for losing their grip upon office by discovering fat gold mines. You can't down an Ohio Republican.

FOR THE LADIES.

Charles Dudley Warner admits that he is entranced by the beauty of the women of Seville.

Langtry sent large photographs of hersel to several gentlemen who had called upon her during her stay in New York.

The most fashionable shoes reach high up on the leg, and have 15 or 18 buttons. Some of them are bordered with fur.

"Give me the baby to hold, my dear," is the title and refrain of a new song. Bet it was written by an unmarried man.

A New York writer calls Rose Eytinge that "black-haired woman whose midnight eyes have tropic dreams in them still."

"No," said a new bride, "I don't anticipate any trouble in managing Henry. I have turned that job over to my mother. She has experience, she has."

Judge Black could not tell one tune from another, but whenever his daughter Becky, formerly Mrs. James Shunk and now Mrs. Isham Hornby, sang, he declared that tune his favorite.

Mrs. Edna D. Cheney's father taught his daughters how to manage property by giving each of them some bonds and railway shares and making them observe their fluctuations in the market.

Mrs. Cornwallis West has a rich complexion, a fine suit of rippling brown hair, Irish eyes, small stature and admirable figure. She dresses startlingly, rides dashingly, talks entertainingly, and loves a practical joke.

Queen Victoria's seclusion partly arises from the fact that she suffers from nauseau in hot rooms. The wearing of a diamond crown, which was particularly becoming, and had to be donned on State occasions, used to cost the Empress Eugenie 48 hours of headache.

The Queen of Roumania is about to give another book to the world. "Pilgrim-Sorrow" is the title. Coming events cast their shapows before, and even monarchs nowadays are shown the front door. When this particular Queen loses her present situation she can fall back on literature.

"It does seem that this child is a long time in learning to talk," said a lady to her husband, meaning their little girl. "Ah, well," said the cynical gentleman, "don't worry yourself about her beginning. She'll doubtless know how to talk many years before she knows how to stop."

Miss Maud Howe, the author of a "Newport Aquarelle," who is now engaged upon another and more serious book, is commonly considered a great beauty, of an intense and artistic character. Miss Howe had at one time designs upon the stage, but changed her mind and went for literature.

"What Shall We Do With Our Daughters? Superfluous Women, and Other Lectures," is the title of a new book by Mrs Mary A. Livermore. In answer to this pathetic appeal, we can only negatively reply, '*Don't* set them to decorating ginger-jars.' Ha! A thought strikes us. Marry them off.

On a steamer lately arrived from abroad during the prevailing high seas a traveler exclaimed to his very stylish but just then pale-looking daughter: "What, Grace, you seasick?" Looking around at the rest of the company hugging the rails, she faltered out, "Y-y-you don't s-s-suppose, papa, I'd be out of f-f-fashion, do you?"

Miss Annie Brewster, whose letters from Rome to the Philadelphia papers have attracted considerable attention during the past 15 or 20 years, is a small, delicate, elderly woman, whose hospitality is well-known. Miss Brewster is rather rough on the American girl, but she likes the budding American literary or artistic young man.

Two San Francisco women are at law about a wedding-dress, each claiming it; and the testimony is so mixed that the judge can't decide. Let him try Solomon's scheme with the woman and the baby! Let him threaten to spill a plate of soup or a dish of ice-cream on the dress; the woman who screams and calls him "a mean old thing" will be the real owner.

FASHIONABLE FOLLIES

London ladies adorn their note paper and corresponding cards with portraits of their pet dogs.

"John," says Mrs. Parvenu, "what's Rhine stone?" "What's what?" said Mr. Parvenu, lying aside his spelling-book. "Rhine stones," repeated his wife. "Oh, don't you know? They're the stones in the mush melons."

Royal purple velvet is a favorite material for walking costumes. The dresses are made with a plain skirt cut in deep points and bound with purple braid, and an overdress finished in the same manner, or they are trimmed with gray squirrel fur.

Remodeled eyebrows are made to represent continual surprise. The operation necessary to get them into this shape is painful, but the girl of the period will suffer anything if there is a chance of enhancing her appearance and keeping up with the procession.

Toilet sets for carriages contain all the necessary articles for "making up" the face in a hurry, including the stuff that gives the lips such a suspicious red. As we go visiting now-a days we can keep "made up" going from house to house. This is a progressive age.

In your drawing room you must have between the front windows a cabinet of ebony, with a large mirror, plush-bordered, in the center and shelves on either side. On these put such bric-a-brac as you have "picked up in Europe," and which you never let the hired girl dust under any circumstances.

PERSONS WHO ARE TALKED OF.

Tom Thumb's widow is melancholy.

Matthew Arnold has gone to Boston.

Gen. McClellan is rich and entertains well.

Gen. Sherman is 64, but can kiss like sixty.

Sec. Chandler likes to plow the raging main.

P. T. Barnum never owned a political elephant.

Freddy Gebhart, as a sensation, has somewhat subsided.

Gen. Basil Duke's 14-year-old daughter is a musical prodigy.

George W. Cable, the novelist, will soon resume his public readings.

"Sydney Smith," the novelist, is a daughter of Charles Lever.

Howard Kretschmer, the sculptor, is making a bust of Gen. Sheridan.

Mr. Villard is very kind to his old horses which have served him faithfully.

Mathew Arnold's face is not "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

It is again rumored that the Baroness Burdett-Coutts is coming to the United States.

Mary Anderson now thinks that the Prince of Wales isn't such a bad fellow, after all.

King Alfonso is suffering from rheumatism. Alf should carry a horse chestnut in his pocket.

Mrs. M. J. Pittman ("Margery Deane") is again confined to a dark room, with serious eye troubles.

Mrs. Kate Chase (late Sprague) is making a brief stay in Washington, preparatory to returning to Europe.

William Y. Buttes, the cowboy poet, is 30 years old, wholly without education, and spends all his time on the plains.

Miss Maria Van Zandt, the American prima donna, will not employ a manager, but attends herself to all business matters and engagements.

James Crow, who died recently in London at the age of 81, commanded the steamer "Edinburgh" in 1840, and was forced to land Prince Louis Bonaparte at Boulogne when he made his futile attempt to [illegible] the garrison to insurrection.

Theatrical People Say

That Charles Coghlan has $700 and Rose Coghlan $300 a week in their present New York engagements.

That Henry Irving is greatly annoyed by this newspaper talk as to his personal resemblance to Oscar Wilde.

That Clarkson, the theatrical wig-maker of London, has shipped 800 wigs to the Mapleson Company in New York.

That Lillian Spencer, who took a crazy fit on the stage recently, is reported as perfectly sane, but doing poor business.

That the Kiralfys have dropped "Enchantment" for the present. They are either unable or unwilling to shelve the "Crook."

That Effie Elsler has been called in by Brooks & Dickson. They did not have "Courage" enough to keep her out any longer.

That Louise Montague, the 10-cent beauty, was divorced last week in Philadelphia, from her husband, Paul Allen, of Lester & Allen.

That the actors call the west side of Broadway, New York, "the dollar side of Broadway," because it is tread upon by the tone of the Metropolis.

A Kentucky Suggestion.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Boston *Post* says that Irving's New York audiences nearly bellowed their heads off. Perhaps the acting was bully.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

"This is my plug cat," said the boarder as he picked up his bootjack and hit a feline in the music-box.

The President should not fail to mention in his message the meritorious services of Col. Mike Sheridan as a pen-painter of picnic pictures.

Henry M. Stanley, the great explorer, is called by a tribe of Africans, "father and mother of his country." Henry is a bigger man than old Washington.

A young doctor, upon being told that a certain patient was convalescent, said "Why, that is nothing; I can cure convalescence in three hours."

Monsignor Capel did not play poker during his recent visit to St. Louis. It will be remembered that that game has been declared a felony in Missouri.

Mr. John G. Whittier says that he cannot write poetry without suffering. It would be a blessed good thing for the world if some would-be poets were affected in a similar manner.

Gossips are already at work marrying the Princess Louise Victoria Alexandra Dagmar, eldest daughter of the Prince of Wales, now 16 years old. The Duke of Portland is the happy man selected. Vanity Fair doubts the rumor.

A young man writes to the New York *Journal*: "Will you be kind enough to tell me how long a time a young man should visit a young lady before he may venture to kiss her? I've been going to see a girl six months, and every time I begin to pucker she flirts up her nose and glides to the other end of the room."

Prosecuting Attorney—"How long have you known the prisoner?" Policeman—"About four or five years." Prosecuting Attorney—"Is he, in your opinion, sane or insane?" Policeman—"I think he is perfectly sane." Attorney for Defense—"Do you know that as a policeman, or from *materia medica*?" [Police faints, Sheriff rushes for a bucket of water, and the spectators all spring from their seats in a panic.]

Scissor editors wear paste diamonds.—A freak country—The land of monstrosities.—When at work sculptors should wear cutaway coats.—The man who was imprisoned for stealing sheep concluded to leave wool enough alone.—"How's business?" asked a Spiritualist of the car conductor. "Quite fare," replied the bell-puncher; "and how is it with you?" "Medium, as usual."—*New York Journal*.

AN UMBRELLA.

Odd Proposal to Buenos Ayres.

RIO JANEIRO, Oct. 12.—Two German mechanical engineers have sent to the municipality of Buenos Ayres the following proposal to cover the City with an umbrella:

"Mr. Intendant: Aware of the spirit of progress of the Intendant of the municipality of Buenos Ayres, we propose to construct what will undoubtedly be a convenience—an umbrella of immense size, to cover this honorable capital, with the object of protecting it during rain—an umbrella of every profit to it, and that will make this City the most remarkable in the universe.

"The base or foot of the umbrella will be placed in the Plaza de Lorea, and thence it will extend eastward to the pier, westward to Almagro, northward to Palermo, and southward to the Plaza Constitution.

"The foot or base of the said umbrella will be 670 feet in diameter and have the hight of 1,500 feet; the ribs will be of cast iron and 31 inches in circumference, and be placed eight feet apart. It will hoist upward upon the system of Harsibenticsburc. The lining will be made of wrought iron, one and one half inches thick, of the best make—that is, of the iron made by Herr Artimboterskin, of Prussia.

"When hoisted the umbrella will be over a mile and a half wide, and around it will be a canal communicating with the river Plata, to carry away the water that might inundate the City."

The proponents, Messrs. W. Bournhofer and John Fluckigen, offer to do the work for $5,750,000, and to hand it over ready within 30 months.

Origin of Billiards.

American Sports.

The game of billiards was invented about the middle of the 16th century by a London pawnbroker named Wm. Kew. In wet weather this pawnbroker, was in the habit of taking down the three balls and with the yard measure pushing them, billiard fashion, from the counter into the stalls. In time the idea of a board with side pockets suggested itself. A black letter manuscript says: "Master William Kew did make one board whereby a game is played with three balls; and all the young men were greatly recreated thereat, chiefly the young clergymen of St. Pawles; hence one of ye strokes was named a 'canon,' having been by one of ye clergymen invented. The game is now well known by the name of 'billyard,' because William or Bill Kew did first play with the yard measure. The stick is now called a 'kew,' or 'kue.'" It is easy to comprehend how "bill-yard" had been modernized into "billiard;" and the transformation of "kew," or "kue," into "cue" is equally apparent."

An Autographic Munchausen.

Prince Joseph Lubomirski deserves passing notice as the owner of one of the most interesting libraries in Europe. It contains about a thousand volumes, and they are all presentation copies—apparently. On the title page of the "Nouvelle Heloise" one finds: "To my old comrade, Lubomirski—J. J. Rousseau." In "Childe Harold" appears: "To Prince Lubomirski. An offering of admiration from Byron." Moliere sends "to my excellent friend, Lubomirski, this first copy of Tartuffe," and actually there is a volume in which one may see: "To you, my dear Joseph, I dedicate the 'Cid'—Corneille." It only remains to be added that these inscriptions are all in Lubomirski's own hand writing. Yet he actually takes pride in showing the library to his friends—or did until he found one day a copy of the Pentateuch in which some visitor had written: "A token of esteem to my old schoolmate Lubomirski.—MOSES.

Evolution Run Wild.

A celebrated German professor, Gherke, has put forward a new origin of the human race. He says that the aboriginal Americans and people of the North of Europe are descended from bears. Towards the end of the glacial season these bears floated south on icebergs. They could not return and were forced to make the best of their quarters. Gradually they shed their furry coat, and in order to keep one pair of feet dry they walked on their hind legs. After the lapse of innumerable years these bears, undergoing the process of modification, ultimately were developed in the form of a man. The professor bases his theory or argument on the structural similarities between the man and the bear.

A Remarkable Sermon.

Commercial Travellers' Magazine.

The following narrative comes to us in cold blood from the honest old "Wooden Nutmeg State:" A little girl attended church for the first time and listened to an elegant sermon from the text, "An angel came down from heaven and took a live coal from the altar." She was afterwards asked what the text was, and delivered the following astounding rendering: "An Injun came down from New Haven and took a live colt and jerked him out of his halter!" The girl's mother was unconscious at last accounts and rapidly sinking.

A Strange Cat.

Boston Star.

At the great American cat show to-day, there was a greater attendance even than last week. There are several new features introduced, among them the famous India Court cat, owned by Mr. Michael Fallon. This cat has a history. It is purely white with one clear blue eye and one dark brown, with a bushy tail, and is valued $500. It escaped from a sailing vessel and swam for a long time until an ocean steamer took it up. Upon being presented to Prof. Agassiz, the professor pronounced it a phenomenal cat. It is of Persian birth and rejoices in the name of "Blue Eye."

Enlisted in the Good Cause.

Fremont Journal.

The Toledo BLADE is enlisted in a noble cause. Having put its hand to the plow we trust there will be no turning back. It is the echo of over 323,000 voters of Ohio in the late election. "Pulverize the Liquor Power."

Correspondence.

NEW YORK LETTER.

The Wealthiest Street in the World—How a Candidate Made Votes—The Fresh Air Fund—Romance of the Horse Show.

Correspondent of the Toledo Blade:

not complying with this rule will be consigned to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE's endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

E. F. R., Clarion, Pa.:

Please give the address of Judge A. E. Tourjee.

Philadelphia.

S. D., Catlin, Ill.:

Please give address of the Lamb Knitting Machine Company.

Chicopee Falls Mass.

J. M., Geneva, Minn.:

Please inform us how ships are propelled through the Welland Canal.

They are taken through by tugs, the charge being 20 cents per ton.

B. F. D., (no postoffice):

If a recipe which has all the ingredients of another which is copyrighted, and one or two more, is sold to the public, is it an infringement?

That is our understanding of the law.

Empire (no Postoffice:)

What course ought a person pursue in relation to a party making application for a pension who is known to be a deserter?

Write to the Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C.

Old settler, Webster, Ill.: Write to Spencer F. Baird, Washington, D. C., for pamphlets relating to German carp and fish culture generally. We have given all the information in our possession on the subject.

H. C., Spiceland, Ind.:

Will you give names of the members of the Supreme Court of the United States, the date of their appointment and state?

	Appointed from.	Date of Commission.
Chief Justice Morrison R. Waite	Ohio	Jan. 21, 1874
Justice Samuel F. Miller	Iowa	July 16, 1862
Justice Stephen J. Field	California	Mar. 10, 1863
Justice Joseph P. Bradley	N. Jersey	Mar. 21, 1870
Justice John M. Harlan	Kentucky	Nov. 29, 1877
Justice William B. Woods	Georgia	Dec. 21, 1880
Justice Stanley Matthews	Ohio	May. 12, 1881
Justice Horace Gray	Mass.	Dec. 20, 1881
Justice Samuel Blatchford	N. York	Mar. 22, 1882

F. H. K., Adamsville, O.:

1. Who were the Greenback members in the last Congress? 2. Did Gov. Foster appoint any Democrats to office? 3. Can the Legislature just elected redistrict the State for Congress? 4. Who publishes Blaine's book?

1. George W. Ladd and T. H. Murch, Maine; I. S. Hazeltine, T. M. Rice, N. Ford, and J. H. Burrows, Missouri; C. N. Brumm and James Mosgrove, Pennsylvania; G. W. Jones, Texas. Of the nine, six were classed as Republicans and three as Democrats. 2. A few. 3. Yes. 4. Don't know. He will no doubt advertise in the BLADE at the proper time.

H. J. C., Custer, Neb.:

1. Is there such a place as Toledo, where swords or sabers are made, called the Toledo blade? If there is such a place give a description of it. 2. Which is called the best, the Toledo or Damascus blade?

1. The celebrated Toledo blades are made in the royal sword manufactory two miles from the town of Toledo, Spain. The town is said to have been founded by Jewish colonists in the sixth century B. C. It had a population at one time of 200,000; the population now is about 18,-000. We have heretofore given a description of the place. 2. The true Damascus blades have never been surpassed, nor the secret of their manufacture fully mastered.

M. S. G., Monroe, Wis.:

Please tell us what kind of a book "The Prince of the House of David" is.

The "Prince of the House of David" was written by Rev. Joseph H. Ingraham, an Episcopal Minister, born in Portland, Me., in 1809 and died in 1860 in the South. He became Rector of a parish and of St. Thomas' Hall, an academy for boys in Holly Springs, Mississippi. The Prince of the House of David is not an actual character. He is supposed to have lived at the time our Savior was preaching to the multitudes at Jerusalem. The "Prince" tells how he saw the Savior, and gives incidents relating to him. It embraces sketches of people that lived in the time of Christ, as well as happenings during his life in and about Jerusalem. The work is a very readable one. Mr. Ingraham also wrote in the latter part of his life "Pillar of Fire" and "Throne of David."

J. H. E., Meta, Ind.:

1. Please tell us the origin of tin; of what it is composed, or where found. 2. Can we write to the different departments of the BLADE and mail to one address?

1. Tin must have been one of the metals earliest known, as it enters into the composition of bronze, of which the most ancient metallic weapons and tools were made. Cornwall, England, is the greatest tin-producing country. It is found associated with arsenical pyrites, iron and copper pyrites, bismuth, zinc, blende, wolfram, etc. Tin veins also occur in Brittany, Finland, Spain, Mexico, Bolivia and New South Wales. Tin ore in veins, dikes or beds of dark porphyry is found in Southern California. Specimens are also said to have been found in Idaho. Chesterfield and Goshen, Mass., and Lyme and Jackson, N. H., are localities of stannite; and tin has been detected in the magnetic iron ore of the highlands of New York and New Jersey, and in some of the auriferous ores of Virginia. The theory of the reduction of tin ore is very simple. The stannic oxide must be deprived of its oxygen by contact with carbon at high temperature and reduced to metallic form in fusion, while the earths and metallic oxides accompanying it must be collected in the slag. The lead, bismuth, copper, antimony, arsenic, zinc, iron, tungsten, etc., are removed as far as practicable, before smelting. Wolfram, which cannot be completely washed out, is sometimes removed by a preliminary smelting of the ore with sodic carbonate or sulphate. Muriatic acid will leach out from roasted tin ore the chlorides of iron, copper and bismuth. 2. Communications for the different departments may be enclosed in one envelope, but should be written on separate sheets. This rule is constantly violated, and hence many communications are mislaid or lost.

J. C. W., Roanoke, Ill.:

1. Who were the five persons appointed on the Committee to draft the Constitution of the United States? 2. What is the Court of Claims? 3. Where can I get the area and population of all nations? 4. Give a description of the great wall of China and the Colossus of Rhodes. How was the latter moved?

1. The Committee of Detail, that reported the rough sketch of the Constitution, consisted of Rutledge, Randolph, Gorham, Ellsworth and Wilson. 2. A Court to determine all claims founded upon any law of Congress, or upon any regulation of an executive department, or upon any contract, express or implied, with the Government of the United States, which may be suggested to it by a petition filed therein, and also all claims referred to it by either House of Congress. Before the establishment of this Court, the only remedy persons having claims upon the Government had, was by petition to Congress for relief, a long, tedious and expensive process. 3. American Almanac. 4. The great wall has been described. The colossus represented the god, Phœbus, or the sun, standing astride, with one foot firmly resting on each pier of the entrance harbor. The figure was made, and of such vast proportions that full-rigged ships could enter the port with all their tackle set, sailing under its huge legs. The god was simply armed with an arrow in his right hand, and in the left, which was raised, he held a burning cresset; his head was girthed with a spiked crown, and a quiver of arrows hung from his shoulder. Its hight was 105 Grecian feet; within its bulk was a winding staircase by which the head could be reached, from whence an eastern view could be had of Syria and her cedar-crowned hills. An earthquake, less than 100 years after its erection, threw down the grand statue, 224 B. C., where it lay for 894 years, till the Saracens carried the Kingdom of Rhodes by storm, and sold the spoil to a Jew, who broke up the prostrate god and loaded 900 camels with his splintered pieces.

Point loomed up in the distance and soon we were in the harbor and in front of the City, when a pilot came aboard and we were landed.

The harbor is a good one, having a depth of 23 feet and accommodation for several hundred vessels, and is protected by a shoal of corals. As guides to the harbor there are several fine light houses and lighted buoys, and others not lighted, which are painted red. Lying in the harbor were many vessels and the steam frigate "Pensacola," U. S. man-of-war (which gave many a sense of safety) which gave the harbor an attractive appearance.

The intelligence of our coming was conveyed to the City by means of telegraph from a telegraph station, situated in a fine cocoanut grove, just before we rounded Diamond Point.

LANDING.

I joined a few friends at once, on landing, all bent on seeing all that could be seen. After some little pariance with driver of carriage (here I may mention that there must have been several hundred carriages or more, and all asked Chicago prices) we took a trip up the main streets, and a run of several miles inland, and halted at a Chinaman's well filled acres of tropical fruits, nuts, etc., and here nothing would do but to get a young Kanaka or native boy to ascend a tall cocoanut tree, and drop half a dozen of partially ripe fruit, and these with several ripe ones, together with a couple bunches of bananas and some sugar canes of great size, were placed in our carriage, all costing a couple of dollars. Returning, we stopped at a Mr. Yeager's residence, a fine built frame and eight acres, all complete, the result of six years work upon a barren tract.

Here we were shown an artesian well which is of great value for irrigation purposes, and for furnishing the best of drinking water. All kinds of tropical fruits and plants adorned his once barren acres. A most peculiar tree, called Traabosa, which does not require any care or water, and its green wood burns as well as if dried. It is an excellent shade tree. Some of the fruits here tasted were anything but luscious and eatable, yet natives and old residents thought otherwise. Bidding our courteous friend adieu for his kindness we took our leave.

EXAMINING THE CITY.

From this point we visited the Postoffice, a neat two-story building, decidedly American in arrangement and appearance. The King's Palace, a fine three-story cut stone, costing about $200,000, is enclosed by a stone wall about six feet high, having a length and depth of 800 or so feet. Opposite the same are the specious two-story Government buildings. Nearer town is Queen Emma's Palace, hardly to be called such, a building two and one-half stories in hight, built some years ago and somewhat dilapidated. Next in order is the Young Men's Christian Association building, a fine two-story brick, and a great credit to Honolulu. At a little distance from here the school house, and home, and grounds for reforming idle boys, who learn farming, which would do well in America. The hospital has our attention next. It is nicely situated and well conducted, and is sustained by a tax of $2 on each person (adult) arriving at the island and remaining 30 days, and also $1 for each time any one leave the Kingdom. Among the

HANDSOME DWELLINGS

are Messrs. Speckels and Judd's, which are very large, and quite American. The former is the first sugar exporter of the Islands, the latter Supreme Judge.

THE STREETS

are not laid out regularly, and are narrow and macadamized with broken iron, stone and slate, the former making excellent streets. Most of the buildings are only two stories high, on account of the frequency of earthquakes, and are built of wood, and that all from California, and of course expensive; yet not moreso than in Southern California.

Foreign Consuls are represented here from most every quarter of the globe. All denominations in the spiritual way are represented also, as Chinese and several native churches.

SUNDAY LAWS.

It being Sunday the liquor laws are very stringent and are enforced to the letter. All places are closed except a few absolutely necessary ones.

THE POLICE SYSTEM

is good, some 26 'men-of-wars-men' off of the "Pensacola" having been arrested the day before our arrival.

Telegraph lines are in good working order throughout the City and Island. In fact the City may be called American. Only American money is received. English shillings are no good.

THE "PENSACOLA."

Returning to our ship at 1 P. M., we had lunch, and afterwards got a native to row us over to the "Pensacola," one of our training-ships-of-war, and learned they arrived on the 19th of August from Callao, Peru after a sail of 36 days and were never fortunate enough to catch sight of a sail.

Our short sojourn on board this vessel was a most enjoyable one, Officers were most attentive to our wants, and showed in many ways during our stay aboard of her the discipline of all aboard. I learned from Capt. Henry Esker that their next point of destination was Yokohama. We took our departure and she left at 2 P. M., steaming out of the harbor. I afterward learned they had waited for the mail which our steamer brought, and were the first letters they had had in 50 days.

On our return to the City, we made a further inspection into the beauties of Honolulu, and, with carriages paid a visit to

THE HAWAIIAN HOTEL,

a very nice three-story building, which is situated in a very large garden, with all the tropical plants, as in the royal palace, cocoanuts, pineapples, bananas and many other varieties. The hotel is planned and run on the American plan.

From here we drove through the City's garden and found this spot to be grand and enchanting, and needed only the fairies to make it fairyland itself. Our next journey led by

A ROYAL GRAVEYARD,

and a noticeable circumstance was that feathers were used exclusively as decorations. From here we continued up a fine valley lying east and west from the City, and about seven miles long by one-half wide at the north and narrowing at the end, is called Nunnau Valley. Climbing up one of the hills we made several stops, driver walking. We took soda by the wayside, and by custom got a garland of flowers put about our necks. At last we reached the summit of the hill, which bears the name of Pali. An iron fence here encloses the edge of the cliff to protect one from falling off. Many islands are seen from here on either side, and a beautiful sub-tropical valley below. Clouds cover the upper portion of the valley, and many rivulets are made, and uniting, form one of the means of irrigation.

At this place some years ago the native chief of this island defeated and drove up this hill and over its cliff, 1,100 feet high and very abrupt, the enemy coming from the neighboring islands.

This was one of a series of wars, and was virtually the closing scenes of bloodshed of the islands.

Our trip up here and return required three hours including stops; distance, six miles; charges for party of three, $9. On our return we went through

THE CHINESE PORTION

of Town, which is quite like China Town of San Francisco, yet one noticeable difference is that tin pails are hung out in front of each building. These are to be used in case of fire. Some of the peculiarities of this island are that the Kanaka women ride like men,—straddle,—and the Kanaka ladies ride the same, yet dress better and wear a long scarf of red or scarlet flowing by their sides. Many Chinese have white women as wives and many are well to do and have fine residences.

POI.

A most peculiar dish, said to be of great fattening qualities, is called "Poi." It has three grades, as one, two and three finger, the latter being the best, being of a thicker consistency. It is made from a bulbous portion of a plant called kalo, which is beaten up to a paste. All eat out of the same dish. I learned that the leprosy is caught in this way, yet how true the information is I cannot say.

A FEW PROVERBS

of the islanders may be of interest, as "*Ma manu kolea kau ahua*," meaning "Birds of a feather flock together." "*No heie i ke alamaa wei-ki*," meaning: "He has gone along the untrodden path,"—when one dies.

SPEED THE PARTING GUEST.

Our steamship steamed out of the harbor at 4:30 P. M., and King David Kalakaua came out in his pleasure yacht, and we gave him a hearty cheer. He in return took off his hat, and his crew took up the cheer.

The geographical position of the Islands are 19° to 22° north latitude, and 155° to 160° west longitude.

The most important island is Oahu, or called Woahoo, the second largest, and 46 by 20 miles in area, and a good maritime port. Sugar cane, sugar, and recently the making of taho and banana flour, are the principal products. The Pacific coast of America is supplied from here with its sugar. Honolulu is the capital, population 17,000 or 18,000, and about one-third foreign born. Temperature 77°, seldom over or under. Chimneys are rarely found on houses. Thawiian Kingdom is composed of eight islands. In 1872 the population stood 56,897, and they claim now about 70,000.

The Hawaii Island, the southeastern

of the gooseberry, Ill.:

and comparative value of beets (if any) to feed stock of any kind?

The mangel-wurzel is considered one of the most valuable plants on which cattle can be fed in Winter. Fieret Brothers, the model farmers of France, cultivate 515 acres of land, growing oats, rye, hay, beets, and wheat in rotation. They are sugar manufacturers, and fatten 800 head of cattle and 3,000 sheep every year. They attribute their success to the immense amount of fodder and manure their "pulp" enables them to make, and to the improvement of the farm consequent upon beet culture. Beet pulp, the residue of the beet after the sugar has been extracted, is worth at least two-thirds as much per ton as hay for feeding stock, and will keep for two years or more in good condition. Beet leaves are also an excellent fodder, and can be preserved in layers, with salt sprinkled between the layers; and fed to milch cows with the pulp, they increase the flow of milk.

B. G., Abilene, Kan.:

Give a brief sketch of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

There are various versions of the deplorable affair. The following is copied from Chambers' Encyclopedia: After the death of Francis II. in 1560, Catharine de Medici, as regent for her son, Charles IX., a minor, in order to annoy the Catholic party of the Duke Francis of Guise, had granted an edict of toleration to the Reformed, at whose head was the Prince of Conde. Both parties took up arms, and there ensued a war which lasted for eight years, the cruelties of which, through mutual exasperation, are almost incredible. The Duke Francis of Guise was murdered by an assassin, and the Prince of Conde was taken prisoner in the battle of Jarnac, in 1569, and shot. The young Prince Henry of Bearn, afterwards King Henry IV., a nephew of Conde, then became leader of the Reformed, along with Admiral Coligny. It was not till the strength of both sides was exhausted, that the peace of St. Germain-en-Laye was concluded in 1570, whereby the Reformed obtained the free exercise of their religion. Catharine de Medici now expressed much friendliness toward the Reformed, and even endeavored to lull them into negligence by the marriage of the youthful Henry of Bearn with her daughter Margaret, 18th August, 1572. Admiral Coligny was drawn to Paris, and the King not only made him costly presents, but gave him an important office in the council of state. However, all this was only the basest hypocrisy. When, by means of the marriage of Prince Henry, the most eminent of the Reformed had been allured to Paris, Admiral Coligny was wounded by a shot from a window of the palace on the 22d of August, 1572. The King, indeed, hastened to him, and swore to avenge him; but on the very same day, the King was persuaded by his mother that the Admiral sought his life. "By God's death!" he exclaimed, "let the Admiral be slain, and not him alone, but all the Huguenots, till not one remain that can give us trouble!" That night, Catharine held a council, and appointed St. B. D. for carrying into effect the long-contemplated massacre. After Coligny had been murdered, a bell in the tower of the royal palace, at the hour of midnight, gave the signal to the assembled companies of citizens for a general massacre of the Huguenots. The King himself fired from the palace upon those that were fleeing. Last, The Prince of Conde and the King of Navarre only saved their lives by going to mass, and appearing to conform to the Catholic Church. The provinces were at the same time summoned to similar slaughter; and although in some of them the officials were ashamed to publish the murderous commands which had been transmitted to them, there were found bloodthirsty fanatics enough, who perpetrated the greatest horrors for several weeks together in almost all the provinces, so that it was reckoned that 30,000 (some authorities make the number 70,000) persons were murdered.

Delayed Subscriptions.

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It sometimes happens that persons order the BLADE mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following list of persons sending money for the BLADE and failing either to sign their names or give their address:

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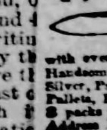

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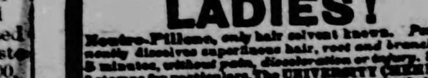

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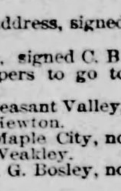

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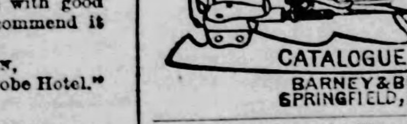

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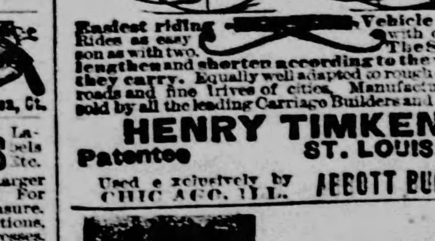

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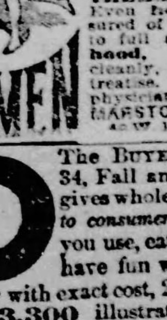

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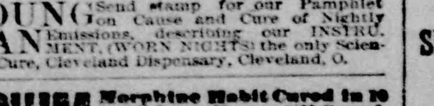

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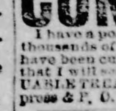

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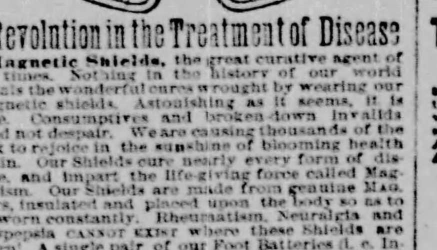

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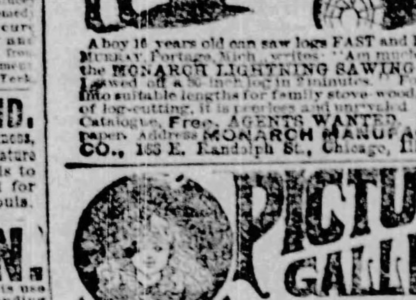

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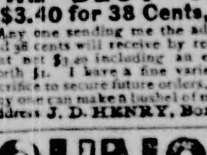

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The subscription price of the TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE is now only ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR to everybody, postage prepaid. Other newspapers have adopted the ONE DOLLAR war cry, but none so large and well adapted to THE PEOPLE as the Old Reliable BLADE. Compare this copy with any publication, and then wisely remit us your dollar. We shall shortly commence a new series of sketches, entitled "NASBY IN THE SOUTH," to succeed "NASBY IN EXILE." Many new interesting features will rapidly follow.

Circulation Last Week, 115,000.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.
"Nasby in the South."

About the first of December, Mr D. R. Locke, the Editor of the Blade, will start Southward, the intention being to make a most thorough tour of the Southern States.

The result of his investigations will be embodied in a series of papers under the above title, which will appear regularly in the Blade.

The letters will be non-political, and will aim to be truthful in every particular. An especially thorough examination will be made of soil, water-power, mineral, agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial facilities, climate, and everything pertaining to the physical, social and educational progress of the South.

Not only the Cities and Villages, the newly-developed mineral and manufacturing centers, but the purely agricultural sections will be visited.

Those who have followed Mr. Locke in his wanderings in Europe will understand something of the scope and design of this proposed tour.

The reading people of the Northern States know more of France and Germany than they do of the South, and it is to give them a better idea of the capacity, development, advantages and resources of the Southern States that this pilgrimage is undertaken.

The series will be commenced in the Blade about the middle of December, and will be continued six months or more.

No more important task has ever been undertaken by any newspaper, and it is expected that the series will be not only instructive but entertaining.

The Weekly Blade, the largest and best family newspaper in the United States, is only one dollar a year, six months 50 cents, and three months 30 cents. Clubs of four, for three months, 25 cents each.

Specimen copies sent free to any address upon application.

"THE CAMP FIRE."

In next week's paper we will accede to the expressed wishes of the many thousands of old soldiers among our readers, and begin a new department devoted wholly to them. This will contain letters from old soldiers in all parts of the country on incidents and history of the Great Rebellion, and on matters of present interest to the veterans. Special attention will be given to G. A. R. matters. Ex soldiers everywhere are invited to contribute to it sketches of adventures and incidents, occurring within their knowledge—these to be written out very plainly, and as *briefly* as possible, with special attention given to writing proper names. The department will be called the "Camp Fire," and all correspondence intended for it should be addressed to that name. We expect to make it the most interesting department of the kind that appears in print anywhere.

Gov. Cleveland's little boom was just a year old when a snow-bank fell on it.

Mark up one for the lawyers. A villain in Rock Island, Ill., who kicked his wife to death, could not get an attorney to defend him, though he offered one $200 as a retainer.

Those not yet subscribers to the Blade who may receive this number will notice the advertisement of the offer of the engraving of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" in connection with the paper. It is the most liberal offer ever made. We warrant the engraving to even excel the description of it. It is the greatest work of art ever produced in steel, with one exception.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The results of the elections held in the various States do not differ materially from the apparent results given in our last week's issue. Massachusetts went solidly Republican, with about 25,000 majority against Ben. Butler, and more than that on the rest of the State ticket. The General Court is overwhelmingly Republican. In Connecticut the Legislature is strongly Republican. In New York the Republicans elected their Secretary of State by about 25,000 majority, and secured a good working majority in both Houses. In New Jersey, Leon Abbett, the Democratic candidate for Governor, has a majority of 6,808. Parsons, the Temperance candidate, polled about 6,000 votes, and Winer, the National, about 3,000. The official returns from Pennsylvania show that Niles, for Auditor General, and Lives, for State Treasurer, have majorities of 16,726 and 19,886 respectively. Both were the Republican candidates, no officer except Auditor General and State Treasurer being chosen at this election. The Legislature is overwhelmingly Republican. In Maryland and Virginia the Democrats made a clean sweep of everything, with a majority approximating 20,000 in each State. In Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas, and Colorado, the Republicans were everywhere successful with increased majorities. The Democrats carried Mississippi apparently without opposition, but when the returns came to be added up it was found that 25 Republicans had been elected to the Legislature.

These results were a severe blow to the towering hopes of the Democrats, and brought them into the dust with one fell swoop. Butler was destroyed as a Presidential possibility, and Massachusetts redeemed from Democratic control. The great Democratic majority of 200,000 in New York last year, has been obliterated, and New York put again among the Republican States. Pennsylvania is made a certain Republican State, as is Colorado, and the backbone of the Democratic prestige is crushed. The Republicans have taken new hope and begun again to count confidently on carrying the Presidential election next year.

As the time for the assembling of the 48th Congress is now but a little over a fortnight distant, the struggle over the Speakership has become quite exciting to the adherents of the three leading candidates—Messrs. Randall, Carlisle and Cox, whose chances are about in the order named. Randall has the advantage of being the shrewdest politician of the three, Carlisle has an earnest support in the Free Tradres and the Solid South, and Cox has the support of those who like neither of the other candidates. The most capable observers are quite certain of Randall's success. They believe that after a complimentary vote is given Cox, nearly the entire New York delegation will go to Randall, Ohio will also support him almost solidly after Cox is complimented by some of the delegation because of his being an Ohio man. Pennsylvania is, of course, for him, without a break; also New York and Maryland. In the South he will have between 40 and 50 votes. This will be enough to bridge him over, and have votes to spare.

One of the interesting foreign topics of the week past was the grand celebration of the 400th anniversary of Martin Luther's birth, in Germany and elsewhere, wherever the Reformation is regarded as a great step forward in the history of the world. Services were held in the churches in the principal Cities. At Eisleben, the place of Luther's birth, there was a grand procession, witnessed by thousands of spectators. A colossal statue of the great Reformer was unveiled at Ash, Bohemia.

Considerable excitement has been caused by the announcement of the contemplated visit of the Prince Imperial of Germany to King Alfonso, of Spain. The visit is to be made in great state. He will go by way of Italy and the Mediterranean to Barcelona. It is thought that this movement at the present time is in consequence of Germany's jealousy of the improved relations between France and Spain since the new Cabinet took office and since France granted full satisfaction for the insult to the King. The sympathies of the latter are all with Germany.

The French-Chinese matter remains unsettled. France still pretends to believe that China will not fight and treats the affair as of little consequence. The whole European press is filled with expressions of amazement at the course the French Ministry has taken. Meanwhile China is preparing for war as rapidly and extensively as possible. All of the arsenals are busy, and troops are going forward to the frontiers of Tonquin as fast as they can be forwarded.

The Irish National League has been lately holding a Convention in Melbourne, Australia, which is declared to have been a success. Mr. Parnell's program was unanimously adopted.

There can be no more appropriate Christmas present than the beautiful engraving of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Its price was $10, and it has never been sold for less. You can get it and the Blade one year for $2. Those already on our books may secure it by remitting $2, and having the time of their subscription extended one year. If you want it for holiday presents order it at once, as only a limited number can be printed in time. We warrant the plate to be all that is represented, and it will never be sold only in connection with the Blade.

Even in Berlin the authorities find it necessary to pulverize the Liquor Power. They are doing it by ordering the saloonists to not sell on credit. Treating is unknown in Germany, and if a man cannot buy liquor, two of the great incentives to drunkenness in America are unknown. At the same time it shows what a firm grip the authorities in free-drinking Fatherland keep on the Liquor Power. In place of allowing it to rule them, they rule it with a rod of iron, whose rigidity knows no bending.

Gen. Sherman says there will always be work for the military, because there will always be war upon the earth. A foreign war is easy enough taken care of, but it is the civil war that is worse. Before another quarter of a century goes by there will be 200,000,000 people in this country, and "an army which will form a sort of hardened center" will be a necessity.

UNIVERSALITY OF THE CURSE.

It is the veriest stuff to talk about any attempt to restrain liquor-selling being the offspring of "intolerance," "fanaticism," "Puritanism," "muckerism," etc.

The man who argues such a thing is either an intentional liar, or one hopelessly ignorant of the history of other lands.

There is not a people on the face of the earth—be they Christian, Mahometan, Jew, Buddhist, or Confucian—whether they worship in the "meeting-houses" of Presbyterianism, in the gorgeous cathedrals of the Latins or Greek, in the mosques of Turkey or Central Asia, or the temples of Bood and Kong-fu-Tse—but what recognize the measureless evils of liquor-selling, and liquor-drinking, and endeavor to control or eradicate them by stringent measures.

Nor is it a matter of ecclesiastical concern merely. It is not something that only clergymen, priests, rabbis, sofis, brahmins and bonzes sorrow over. There is no form of government under the sun—there has hardly been one since the beginning of time—but what has recognized intemperance as one of the most frightful sources of demoralization of the people, and fought against it with severely stringent laws.

Whether the people are ruled by President, Emperor, King, Prince, Sultan, Sheik or Chief—whether they sail the seas, or toil in work-shops, whether they till the soil, or dig in mines, or follow the chase, whether they are Europeans, Turks, Jews, Arabs, Hindus, Chinese, Japanese, or American Indians, they have one and all groaned under the woes and miseries of the frightful trade in intoxicants, and sought by teachings and by law to mitigate the frightful curse.

It is a lamentable fact to confess, but to-day, in this boasted land of progress and morality, there is less legal restriction of the Liquor demon than in any other civilized or semi-civilized land. We send missionaries to Turkey, but in Turkey the degradation and misery which exist in this land on account of unrestrained liquor-selling is unknown.

Even in Germany, where "muckers," "fanatics" and "Puritans" are unknown, liquor-selling and liquor-drinking is held in control by laws the rigidity of which has no parallel in the world.

The universality of these repressive laws shows not only the universal recognition of the frightful evils of Liquor, but the universal desire of men to curb its pestilental power by law.

To bring ourselves up abreast of the civilization of the word we must bend every energy to

Pulverize the Liquor Power.

FORECASTING 1884.

The special importance of the recent elections is their bearing upon the Presidential election next year. The way they have gone this year shows the drift of the tide, and gives a pretty fair basis for calculation as to how they will go next year. The Electoral College of 1884 will have 401 votes, and 201 will be necessary to an election. Taking the results this year the Republicans can count with tolerable confidence on carrying:

Colorado	3	Nebraska	5
Connecticut	6	New Hampshire	4
Illinois	22	Ohio	23
Iowa	13	Pennsylvania	30
Kansas	9	Rhode Island	4
Maine	6	Vermont	4
Massachusetts	14	Wisconsin	11
Michigan	13		
Minnesota	7	Total	174

The Democrats can confidently expect to carry:

Alabama	10	Missouri	16
Arkansas	7	South Carolina	9
Delaware	3	Tennessee	12
Georgia	12	Texas	13
Kentucky	13		
Louisiana	8		112
Mississippi	9		

The doubtful States are:

California	8	North Carolina	11
Florida	4	Oregon	3
Indiana	15	Virginia	12
Maryland	8	West Virginia	6
Nevada	3		
New Jersey	9		115
New York	36		

Of these the Democrats stand the best chance of carrying:

California	8	Virginia	12
Maryland	8	West Virginia	6
New Jersey	9		
North Carolina	11	Total	54

If they carry all of these they will have 166, or 35 less than a majority. There still remain unassigned:

Florida	4	Oregon	3
Indiana	15		
Nevada	3	Total	61
New York	36		

It is thus apparent that if the Democrats carry all these doubtful States, except New York, they will still be 25 short of a majority. The Republicans will win, on the other hand, if they carry New York, or they can afford to lose New York if they carry Florida, Indiana, Nevada and Oregon—in all of which they have a better show than the Democrats—and one other doubtful State. The Republicans have a "good fighting chance" in California, Maryland, New Jersey, North Carolina and the Virginias, and will be more than likely to carry one or more of them.

There is therefore every probability that the next President of the United States will be a Republican, but the campaign of 1884 will probably be one of the hottest on record.

The country can just make up its mind that Geo. R. Hoadly will be the Democratic candidate for President. Nothing except a blunder on his part—something than is not unlikely to happen—or his death can prevent his nomination next year. In fact he can scarcely be said to have opponents. New England has no man who is even spoken of for the nomination. Neither has the South, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Missouri, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Oregon or California. Delaware has Sen. Bayard, and possibly New Jersey might put forward Sen. McPherson, but neither of them will receive any consideration. This narrows the selection down to candidates from New York, Ohio and Indiana. Counting Tilden out of the game, as he assuredly is, there is no one in New York of any prominence, or whom he will allow to become prominent. Indiana has McDonald and Hendricks, neither one of whom has availibility to compare with the Governor-elect of Ohio. Tilden's influence will be thrown, it is rather sure, for the man who pleaded his cause before the Electoral Commission. That is the way the thing looks since November 6.

Every person receiving this copy of the Blade is invited to read carefully the advertisements of the offer of the Blade and the engraving of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress on the 5th page. The engraving is the very best ever made with one exception, and we guarantee more than satisfaction. This $10 engraving and the Blade one year for only $2. No one who orders it will be displeased. It is an ornament worthy of any home, as well as an instructive study for all who ever read the immortal allegory of the great Bunyan.

THE REVISED OLD TESTAMENT.

A good deal of curiosity is felt in regard to the revision of the Old Testament which has been completed and will soon be given to the public, on account of the great change which has been made everywhere in the book—a change much more sweeping than any found in the revised New Testament. Indeed, it can hardly be called a revision, but a new translation, and the book will be hardly recognizable.

It may be asked why this difference in the two parts of the Bible. The meaning of the New Testament is scarcely changed at all in the revision, while that of the Old is entirely. This is the reason: The New Testament was written in Greek; the Old in Hebrew. The translators in King James's time were very fair Greek scholars, but knew little or nothing of the Hebrew. The consequence was that in the latter they were obliged to guess at the meaning of the old writers, and the only wonder was that they did so well, being without any of the help which a modern Hebrew scholar considers indispensable.

Among the changes which will help to make the meaning of many passages clear is the uniform spelling adopted for proper names when found in different chapters, and referring to the same places or individuals, as Gazza and Azza, for the first, and Enos and Enosh, the last.

The Rochester *Post and Express* has given quite a number of the changes made, among them the following:

Some proper names are marked down and some proper nouns are marked up. Rab-saris and Rab-meg (Jer., xxxix., 3) were not men but offices. The "Gammadims" were not a tribe, but only "warriors." Hazzab was not a Queen, but a declaration that the fate of Nineveh "is decided;" that "the temple should melt away." Sheth (Num., xxiv., 17) is not a man, but a "tumult." He did not go up to Bajith to weep (Isa., xv., 2), but up to the "house." On the contrary, "that was in jaw" (Jud. xv., 19) becomes "that was in Leih." "Populous" becomes Ammon (Nah., iii., 8). "The south" (Gen., xii., 9) becomes "the South," a tract of country. The Palestina of Isaiah (xiv,) and the Palestina of Joel (iii.) becomes Philistia, the land of the Philistines. Mount Ephraim (Josh., xxiv., 33) is the "hill country of Ephraim;" and Samuel's father was an Ephraimite, not an Ephrathite, from Ephrata. "All that work for hire are sore at heart," said Isaiah (xix., 10) but this world-wide summary of the life of the poor, which might well be taken as the key-note in the study of all social problems, is rendered by the 25 Jacobites, "all that make sluices and ponds for fish." The wo denounced by the same prophet upon "the nation scattered and peeled whose land upon the rivers have spoiled," reads now "the nation tall and shaven whose land the rivers divide." The men cast into the fiery furnace were bound in "their trousers, their tunics, [a comma] and their mantles"—not in "their coats, their hosen [no comma] and their hats." One of the most noticeable of the changes is in Job's description [xl., 19-24] of the hippopotamus: "His Maker gives him his horn [sword]," says the writer, but the old version put it, "He that made him can make his sword to approach unto him." "Behold he drinketh up a river and hasteth not; he trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth" is nonsense, if not drivel. What Job said was this:

"Though a river swells, he is not afraid;
Fearless, though Jordan washes to his mouth."

He could swim. Isaiah has suffered more than any other by translation, and the changes that are made, particularly in the xxviii. chapter, transmube nonsense into sense and darkness into light. The reader of the English text can see that two writers were engaged on this poem.

* * * * * * *

The mistakes in the meaning of single words have been the occasion of errors that would be amusing elsewhere than in sacred text. God did not command the Israelites to "borrow" from the Egyptians, but to "ask for" gifts. Huldah did not dwell in the "college" (II Kings, xxii., 14), but in the "second ward." Ruth carried her barley in a "mantle," not in a "veil." The psalmist does not "sing with the harp"—"I will play with the harp," he says. Job does not call the serpent "crooked" nor does Isaiah call it "piercing," but both consider it "fleet." Deborah did not praise the Lord for the "avenging" of Israel, but for the "leaders" of Israel. Samson went to the "cleft," not "top" of the rock. "Chariots with flaming torches" are less easy to recognize than "chariots with flashing steel," and "cypress lances" are better weapons than "fir trees" (Nah., ii., 3). "Untempered mortar" is too stately a term for "whitewash," and so is "wild beast of the island" for the ordinary "wolf." Isaiah's "satyrs" were nothing but "goats," and his "dragons" but "jackals."

Many things which have become as familiar as the alphabet, have been left out entirely, and others again so strangely altered that their most familiar friends will not know them.

The child will miss Joseph's "coat of many colors," and will not be comforted with the "tunic with long sleeves." He will hunt in vain for the first reference to "mules," and for many a tribe and person and place. The familiar Belial has vanished utterly and his sons are not. The Gammadims, who hung their shields upon the walls, have neither a local habitation nor a name left to them. Metheg-Ammah has been blotted from the map, and Huzzab from the list of Queens of Nineveh. The "artillery" (I. Sam., xx., 20) has been surrendered; the "fats" no long overflow; the book of Jasher is not only out of print, but closed forever to speculation; the vanity and self-importance are taken from the hippopotamus; the pride and superciliousness from David; the apparently impossible is shown to be quite in accordance with the ordinary laws of Nature.

One of the great sources of error in the old translation lay in using the wrong tense, that is, employing the language of assertion for that of faith, by the substitution of the present or perfect for the future. As an example, "I will cry; He will hear; the Lord will sustain me;" instead of, "I cried; He heard; the Lord sustained me." In fact one of the greatest improvements of the new version lies in the changes in grammatical construction.

The finest scholarship has been employed upon both sides of the water, but it has been said the strongest has been the American. The latter has been "radical, brave and iconoclastic," while the British was conservative and careful. No change could be made without the consent of both Committees, so that as a consequence, no change has been made for the worse. Whether the new translation will be received with favor or not it is yet difficult to foretell. It will probably be some considerable time in the future before it will come into general use.

The unexpected death of Col. J. Condit Smith will be a severe shock to the soldiers of the Army of the Tennessee, of which he was the Chief Quartermaster. He was a man of herculean size, and with heart and brain in proportion. The duties he performed for Sherman in moving, feeding and clothing troops were of enormous responsibility, and to his capable performance of them was much of Sherman's success due. He was trusted and beloved by Sherman, as that grim old chief loved and trusted but few, and he was universally popular. Since the war he had been engaged in railroad enterprises on a large scale, and had been unusually successful. Six months ago he married Miss Swearinger, a sister-in-law of Justice Field, and had apparently a long lease of life before him, with all that could make life pleasant and joyful.

Those not subscribers who receive this copy of the Blade, are invited to scan it carefully, and see if anywhere in the world they can get so much good reading for $1. There is no paper so good and so cheap published in the world. 115,000 families who have paid for it read it weekly, to say nothing of the untold thousands who borrow it of their neighbors. It only costs $1 a year.

BUTLER'S FAILURE.

Butler has made another of the Greatest Failures of His Life.

No man has had so many of them. They are more numerous than Roscoe Conkling's Greatest Efforts of His Life, or Clara Louise Kellogg's Farewell Tours.

The amazement is that any man should survive a score of utter and humiliating failures, any one of which should have been sufficient to crush him into irredeemable obscurity.

Butler's first Greatest Failure was when he took an expedition out to Great Bethel and mismanaged the arrangements so that the regiments fired into each other in the dark, and fought furiously. Generals of less political influence than he were shelved permanently for much smaller blunders.

His next Greatest Failure was when he was sent with a fine army to surprise and capture Petersburg, a thing which he could and should have done very easily, but instead he let himself be "bottled up" at Bermuda Hundreds by an inferior force. Considered with reference to results, this was incomparably the Greatest Failure made by anybody during the war, for if he had been a man of even ordinary military ability he would have accomplished what he was sent for, and shortened the war many weary months.

His next Greatest Failure was the humiliating *fiasco* at Fort Fisher, where a strong army, and the most powerful fleet ever assembled—the command of which he gained by a trick—were compelled to turn away from the stronghold they had virtually captured, and sail home again, owing to Butler's shallow incompetence.

These exploits caused him to be generally called in the Army "Bethel-Fisher" Butler, or "Bermudas-Fisher" Butler.

His next Greatest Failure was when he entered Congress with loud proclamation of having a "hatful of brickbats," with which he was going to smash everything, and retired discomfited by every one he attacked.

His last Greatest Failure culminated yesterday. Elected Governor of Massachusetts a year ago by a large majority, he filled the air with promises of sweeping reforms he would institute, and since then has kept up a clamor of vituperation against everything decent and respectable in the State. At least 50,000 men who voted for him last year have become so disgusted as to be his bitter opponents this, and he is snowed under by an enormous majority.

Of course he is not finally disposed of. Barnum says the American people love to be humbugged. They apparently like it as well in politics as anywhere else, and as Butler is the most brilliant political humbug of the day, he will come up at regular intervals as long as he has life and strength.

"PURE INADVERTENCE."

Of course, the negros were wholly in the wrong during the recent "race troubles" in Virginia. We knew this would be made manifest as soon as the Democratic papers of that State came to hand. There is no chance for the negros of the South being anything else, so long as they wickedly and malignantly persist in voting the Republican ticket.

People so hardened and perverse as to insist on voting as they please are capable of any enormity, and it is only a question of a very short time when they will commit it.

But though we have had advantage of some scores of years of industrious descanting by the Democratic press upon the utter vileness of the negro, we were hardly prepared for the evidences of total depravity they now present to us.

It seems, say our Virginia exchanges, that a young white man—a Democrat of course—of Danville, Va., had been out hunting, and on returning, met an inoffensive negro in the road, and "through pure inadvertence fired at him, and scattered a load of buckshot into his body, doing him no serious harm, however."

The negros were so totally depraved as to get angry at a trifling thing like this. They were so perversely wicked as to object to being banged away at by any half drunken youngster, who had a curiosity as to the effect of an ounce of BB shot on a "nigger's hide." They were getting so insufferably haughty and insolent as to resent being classed with telegraph insulators and switch signs, as tempting marks for a young fellow out for a day's shooting to empty his gun at. When informed that any use of them by jovial young whites was an "inadvertence" (*inadvertence* is so good) which they should not remember for an instant, they, with a low brutality that was insufferably irritating, reminded their white fellow-citizens that it was death for a negro to so much as point a gun at a white man, and they thought things should be more nearly evened up.

Of course this was not to be endured, and any farther manifestations were promptly discouraged by the slaughter on the streets of Danville of five colored men whose views on politics and the rights of their race were distasteful to the class of whites, of whom the sportive youth with the shot-gun was a representative.

This "rebuke" was administered on the eve of a hotly-contested election, where large numbers of these negros were about to repeat their henious offense of voting the Republican ticket. The "rebuke" was so sharp and timely that a sufficient number of them were frightened away to give a majority for the Democrats, and so the State has been "redeemed."

THEY WILL NOT STAND IT LONG.

We are quite ready for any ostracism which the Liquor Bosses may determine upon. We are quite willing that they continue as they have been doing, to cut the throat of every candidate whom they even suspect of ever having entertained the mildest form of a Temperance idea. In no other way can they compass their own destruction more certainly. It is charged, and there is much truth in the charge, that nothing can shake the adherence of the time-tried Democrats to their party, that they will vote its ticket—though it be loaded down with all the vileness that the Liquor Bosses can heap upon it. But there will come a point—even with Democrats,—beyond which servility to evil domination will not go. This was shown in 1856 when tens of thousands of Democrats marched out of the camp of the Slavery Bosses into that of the Republican party. We can well afford to have the Beer Lords march their minions into the lines of the Democracy. It may defeat the Republican party for a year or two, but for Beer minion that it loses, it will gain 10 Democrats who can no longer stomach the insufferable arrogance of those whose whole horizon is bounded by Free Beer. Then will come the time to—

Pulverize the Liquor Power.

MARTIN LUTHER.

Last Saturday was celebrated many and wherever Germans have found a home the 400th anniversary of the birth of one of the greatest men who have ever lived and made themselves famous in history. To him Protestantism owes its birth. From him came the mental freedom which has grown with the centuries until it is what it is to-day. In honoring his memory the whole world should be kin, for the whole world is his debtor. Whatever his faults of character, and he had them, they fade away in the mist of years, and undimmed the glory of his work shines down the path of the centuries.

Way up in the mountains of Thuringia, where there were but little hamlets set in the hearts of wild forests, a baby boy was born, and his peasant parents called him Martin. It is a simple record, but means much. Little love or tenderness was lavished upon his childhood, for to the father and mother life had but a stern meaning, and they repressed by words and blows every tendency to enthusiasm. His father possessed the rugged strength of the mountains among which he lived with not a softening touch of sentiment or imagination. His mother, of a smaller nature, yet reflected the character of her husband, and between them both, the boy's youth was a season of the severest discipline.

It may be that this training made him the man he was afterward, that with brighter and softer influences, he would have been less well prepared for the work he had to do. We cannot tell. He says of himself, that he was "rough, boisterous, strong and altogether warlike, born to fight innumerable devils and monsters, to remove stumps and stones, to cut down thistles and thorns, and to clear the wild woods."

Three pictures come before the mind's eye in thinking of Martin Luther today. The first is of the boy grown aweary of the wood-chopping of his father, and longing to become a scholar. The basis of his life, which Carlyle said was "sadness and earnestness," was already laid, and he was ready for earnest work. Wandering along the highway, begging his bread by singing hymns in the street, the boy sought a way to the University. One dark night, while the music of his voice rose upon the clear air, a kindly dame opened her door to the wayfarer, and, as he thought and said, God then gave him a home and friends, and the opportunity to win the education he had so longed for. We see him studying and thinking at the University of Erfurth, the stripling boy growing mentally and physically into the strong man.

The next picture is one which, painted in varied colors, has yet in all lights thrilled the whole world with its sublimity. In the stern discipline of the Augustinian monastery which he had entered, there had come to him a conviction of the simplicity of the Gospel, and its power alone to save. Shocked at the evils that had entered into the Catholic Church, he began to thunder forth the denunciations which shook Europe to its very center. Excommunicated for his heresies by the Pope, he dared to burn the papal bull with the canon law and several books before the gate of the City of Wittenberg. And then a few months after came that scene, one of the grandest ever painted upon the records of time. In the great cathedral at Worms, on a bright day of April 1821, sat the Emperor Charles V., the most powerful monarch in all Europe. Germany an Spain were controlled by his scepter; it reached over the Spanish Empire in America; Austria and the Netherlands owned his sway, and he was the first sovereign who could say with truth that upon his dominions the sun never set. Before this man the monk Martin Luther was summoned to appear. Surrounded by the princes and nobles of his empire, the mighty dignitaries of the church, and a vast concourse of spectators, in his magnificent robes of state, the monarch awaited the approach of the man who had dared so much.

He came, daring still more. As he was entering, one, a military chieftain, who knew the danger of the hour, touched him upon the shoulder saying: "Little monk, thou art on a passage more perilous than any which I and many other commanders ever knew in the bloodiest battle fields. If thou art right, fear not; God will sustain thee."

He spoke to a man who knew no fear of man, only of God. Luther quailed not. With steady step and dauntless mien he walked forward confronting the imposing array. He could not have borne himself with greater dignity had he known that his act and words would set the seal to a movement that was destined to give religious freedom to a whole world. In the face of that august assembly he defended his doctrines. Recant he would not. With flashing eye, and in deep, sonorous tones that vibrated upon the ears of the breathless throng, he uttered those memorable words that can never pass away: "I cannot and I will not retract anything, since I believe neither the Pope nor the Councils alone, both of them having evidently often erred and contradicted themselves, and since it is neither safe nor advisable to do anything against the conscience. *Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise. God help me! Amen.*"

Grand words, grandly spoken. History can give nothing finer, now or ever.

And then this picture, whose colors never fade, gives place to another, that of the great Reformer in his last days, when weary with the struggles and turmoils that had been a part of his life always, discouraged with the impiety and immorality of the age, and not yet seeing the benefit of his great work, he laid down his armor at 63 and prepared to die. Then as always his thought was of God, his last word the reverential utterance of His name. And thus he passed away.

Well may the Germans reverence his memory, this open-hearted, honest countryman of theirs, who, for conscience sake, passed thro an ordeal sufficient to appal the bravest; and well may all who love liberty unite in celebrating the anniversary of the birth of a man who rolled back the tide of bigotry and intolerance which held all Europe in chains, and set influences at work which have revolutionized the world.

The engraving of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," offered in connection with the Blade, is the finest specimen of steel engraving ever produced, with one exception. That exception is Sharp's "Death of Nelson." The great steel engraver, Joseph Andrews, was engaged upon it the most of the time for eight years, and the cost was $20,000. The picture always sold for $10. We send perfect prints from this matchless engraving and the Blade one year for $2. No such offer was ever made before, and never will be again. The reason why we do it is because we want a circulation for the Blade of 300,000.

FOR THE LADIES.

Charles Dudley Warner admits that he entranced by the beauty of the women of ...ville.

...angtry sent large photographs of herself several gentlemen who had called upon during her stay in New York.

The most fashionable shoes reach high up the leg, and have 15 or 18 buttons. Some them are bordered with fur.

"Give me the baby to hold, my dear," is title and refrain of a new song. Bet it s written by an unmarried man.

A New York writer calls Rose Eytinge t "black-haired woman whose midnight s have tropic dreams in them still."

"No," said a new bride, "I don't anticipe any trouble in managing Henry. I ve turned that job over to my mother. e has experience, she has."

Judge Black could not tell one tune from other, but whenever his daughter Becky, merly Mrs. James Shunk and now Mrs. ...am Hornby, sang, he declared that tune favorite.

Mrs. Edna D. Cheney's father taught his ...ghters how to manage property by giving each of them some bonds and railway ...res and making them observe their fluctuations in the market.

Mrs. Cornwallis West has a rich complexion, a fine suit of rippling brown hair, ...sh eyes, small stature and admirable ...ure. She dresses startlingly, rides dashingly, talks entertainingly, and loves a ...ctical joke.

Queen Victoria's seclusion partly arises ...m the fact that she suffers from nauseau ...hot rooms. The wearing of a diamond ...wn, which was particularly becoming, ...d had to be donned on State occasions, ...ed to cost the Empress Eugenie 48 hours headache.

The Queen of Roumania is about to give ...other book to the world. "Pilgrim-Sor...w" is the title. Coming events cast their ...apows before, and even monarchs nowa...ys are shown the front door. When this ...rticular Queen loses her present situation ...e can fall back on literature.

"It does seem that this child is a long ...ne in learning to talk," said a lady to her ...sband, meaning their little girl. "Ah, ...ell," said the cynical gentleman, "don't ...orry yourself about her beginning. She'll ...oubtless know how to talk many years be...re she knows how to stop."

Miss Maud Howe, the author of a "Newport Aquarelle," who is now engaged upon another and more serious book, is commonly ...nsidered a great beauty, of an intense ...d artistic character. Miss Howe had at ...e time designs upon the stage, but changed ...r mind and went for literature.

"What Shall We Do With Our Daughters? Superfluous Women, and Other Lectures," is the title of a new book by Mrs ...ary A. Livermore. In answer to this pa...etic appeal, we can only negatively reply, *Don't* set them to decorating ginger-jars. ...a! A thought strikes us. Marry them off.

On a steamer lately arrived from abroad ...uring the prevailing high seas a traveler ...xclaimed to his very stylish but just then ...ale-looking daughter: "What, Grace, ...ou seasick?" Looking around at the rest ...f the company hugging the rails, she fal...ered out, "Y-y-you don't s-s-suppose, papa, ...I be out of f-f-fashion, do you?"

Miss Annie Brewster, whose letters from ...ome to the Philadelphia papers have at...racted considerable attention during the ...st 15 or 20 years, is a small, delicate, ...derly woman, whose hospitality is well-...own. Miss Brewster is rather rough on ...e American girl, but she likes the bud...ng American literary or artistic young ...an.

Two San Francisco women are at law ...out a wedding-dress, each claiming it; ...d the testimony is so mixed that the ...dge can't decide. Let him try Solomon's ...heme with the woman and the baby! Let ...m threaten to spill a plate of soup or a ...sh of ice-cream on the dress; the woman ...ho screams and calls him "a mean old ...ing" will be the real owner.

FASHIONABLE FOLLIES

London ladies adorn their note paper and ...responding cards with portraits of their ...t dogs.

"John," says Mrs. Parvenu, "what's ...ine stone?" "What's what?" said Mr. ...rvenu, lying aside his spelling-book. ...Rhine stones," repeated his wife. "Oh, ...n't you know? They're the stones in the ...ush melons."

Royal purple velvet is a favorite material ...r walking costumes. The dresses are ...ade with a plain skirt cut in deep points ...d bound with purple braid, and an over...ess finished in the same manner, or they ...e trimmed with gray squirrel fur.

Remodeled eyebrows are made to represent continual surprise. The operation ...cessary to get them into this shape is ...inful, but the girl of the period will suf...r anything if there is a chance of enhanc...g her appearance and keeping up with the ...ocession.

Toilet sets for carriages contain all the ...cessary articles for "making up" the face ...a hurry, including the stuff that gives ...e lips such a suspicious red. As we go ...siting now-a days we can keep "made up" ...ing from house to house. This is a progressive age.

In your drawing room you must have be...ween the front windows a cabinet of ...bony, with a large mirror, plush-bordered, ...the center and shelves on either side. ...n these put such bric-a-brac as you have picked up in Europe," and which you ...ever let the hired girl dust under any cir...umstances.

PERSONS WHO ARE TALKED OF.

Tom Thumb's widow is melancholy.

Matthew Arnold has gone to Boston.

Gen. McClellan is rich and entertains ...ell.

Gen. Sherman is 64, but can kiss like ...ixty.

Sec. Chandler likes to plow the raging ...ain.

P. T. Barnum never owned a political ...ephant.

Freddy Gebhart, as a sensation, has some...hat subsided.

Gen. Basil Duke's 14-year-old daughter is musical prodigy.

George W. Cable, the novelist, will soon ...esume his public readings.

"Sydney Smith," the novelist, is a ...aughter of Charles Lever.

Howard Kretschmer, the sculptor, is ...aking a bust of Gen. Sheridan.

Mr. Villard is very kind to his old horses ...hich have served him faithfully.

Mathew Arnold's face is not "sicklied ...er with the pale cast of thought."

It is again rumored that the Baroness ...urdett-Coutts is coming to the United ...tates.

Mary Anderson now thinks that the ...rince of Wales isn't such a bad fellow, ...fter all.

King Alfonso is suffering from rheumatism. Alf should carry a horse chestnut in ...is pocket.

Mrs. M. J. Pittman ("Margery Deane") ...again confined to a dark room, with serious eye troubles.

Mrs. Kate Chase (late Sprague) is making a brief stay in Washington, preparatory to returning to Europe.

William Y. Buttes, the cowboy poet, is ... years old, wholly without education, ...d spends all his time on the plains.

Miss Maria Van Zandt, the American ...rima donna, will not employ a manager. ...ut attends herself to all business matters ...d engagements.

James Crow, who died recently in London ...t the age of 81, commanded the steamer "Edinburgh" in 1840, and was forced to ...nd Prince Louis Bonaparte at Boulogne ...hen he made his futile attempt to incite ...he garrison to insurrection.

Theatrical People Say

That Charles Coghlan has $700 and Rose Coghlan $300 a week in their present New York engagements.

That Henry Irving is greatly annoyed by his newspaper talk as to his personal resemblance to Oscar Wilde.

That Clarkson, the theatrical wig-maker of London, has shipped 800 wigs to the Mapleson Company in New York.

That Lillian Spencer, who took a crazy fit ...n the stage recently, is reported as perfectly sane, but doing poor business.

That the Kiralfys have dropped "Enchantment" for the present. They are either unable or unwilling to shelve the "Crook."

That Effie Ellsler has been called in by Brooks & Dickson. They did not have "Courage" enough to keep her out any longer.

That Louise Montague, the 10-cent beauty, was divorced last week in Philadelphia from her husband, Paul Allen, of Lester Allen.

That the actors call the west side ...roadway, New York, "the dollar side ...roadway," because it is tread upon by the ...ue of the Metropolis.

A Kentucky Suggestion.
Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Boston *Post* says that Irving's New York audiences nearly bellowed the ...ads off. Perhaps the acting ...tly.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

"This is my plug cat," said the boarder as he picked up his bootjack and hit a feline in the music-box.

The President should not fail to mention in his message the meritorious services of Col. Mike Sheridan as a pen-painter of picnic pictures.

Henry M. Stanley, the ... called by a ... urging the promotion of P. H. Sheridan to the Generalship and W. S. Hancock to the rank of Lieutenant General.——Gen. Grant has written a letter to Fitz-John Porter reasserting his belief in the latter's innocence and hope of his restoration to the army.——Mr. Massey, of Macon, Ga., was 12 years ago induced to take out what he claimed to be an endowment policy in an insurance company, and when he went to Atlanta to draw his fortune he learned that he held simply a life policy. The Supreme Court decides that he is entitled to no relief, as he should have known what the document was.——The new comet is announced to be visible to the naked eye on the 21st of this month, and it will reach its point of greatest brilliancy about the middle of January.——Mr. Warnock arrived at New York with a coffin which he purchased in Europe, fearing he might die at sea. The coffin was seized as personal property, not in use, and subject to duty.——A contract for 30,000 tons of steel rails at $35 per ton has been made by the Lackawanna iron-mills. A leading manufacturer at Pittsburg refused to compete, and threatens to shut down his works, when his orders are filled.——A meeting of the Republican National Committee will be held at the Arlington Hotel, Washington, December 12, for the purpose of deciding upon the date and place for holding the next National Republican Convention.——Pres. Arthur is elated at the result in New York, but expresses regret at the defeat of Mahone. He had hoped the movement against the Bourbons would bring Republican Electoral votes from south of the Potomac.——The preliminary examination of O. A. Carpenter, on the charge of murdering Zora Burns, at Lincoln, Ill., closed Saturday, the presiding Judge releasing the accused on giving $10,000 bail for his appearance before the Grand Jury. Public sentiment regarding his guilt or innocence is still much divided at Lincoln and elsewhere. While the circumstantial evidence is strong against him, yet no positive proof of his guilt has yet been produced.——The official canvass of the Iowa October State election for Judge of the Supreme Court gives Reed, Republican, 22,174 majority over Hayes, Democratic anti-Prohibitionist.——William and John Jacob Astor, of New York, grandsons of the original John Jacob, are estimated to be worth $70,000,000 each.——Mrs. J. C. Ayer has inherited the $4,000,000 which her husband made in patent medicines. Her daughter, Lillian, is a reigning belle in Paris at the present time.——Saturday being the 400th anniversary of the birth of the great Church Reformer, Martin Luther, the event was celebrated in nearly every country in Europe and in most of the leading Cities in the Dominion and the United States.——It is estimated that 10,000 hunters are killing deer and buffalo in Montana, along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad.——Galveston has authorized a committee to confer with Capt. Eads as to the possibility of getting 20 feet of water on her bar.——The Granite State's hatching house, in Plymouth, N. H., has about 40,000 salmon eggs that were taken from 12 fish. The house has also about 50,000 trout eggs.——Prince Bismarck is said to have suppressed 11 newspapers in Alsace-Lorraine, and and placed 11 others under police control.——John G. Thompson is reported as saying that the $60,000 verdict of Hallett Kilbourne will be set aside as excessive, and that he may finally recover $5,000.——The Boston papers are urging that the next Republican National Convention should be held in that City.——The laborers who went up to work on the Lake Superior section of the Canada Pacific Railway refused to take off their coats and commence operations at $2 a day, or six times as much as an English cotton operative gets.——On the 26th inst. New York will celebrate the anniversary of its evacuation by the British.——There were 20,000 sheep killed by dogs in Ohio last year.——A man has secured $300 in the Pennsylvania Supreme Court for the loss of valuables while sleeping in a Pullman car.——The final report of the Receiver of the Ætna Life Insurance Company of Chicago, which went to pieces in 1871, after the fire, shows that the company was a gigantic swindle.——The Louisville Exposition was closed on Saturday with great ceremony. It has been open 102 days, during which time it has been visited by 800,000 people.——The coal miners of the Pittsburg district have resolved to strike on the 15th inst. unless an increase is accorded them, or the question submitted to arbitration.——The total French land force in Tonquin at the beginning of November is officially stated at 8,650 men, and the naval force at 32 vessels, manned by 4,209 men.——The Republican majority in Pennsylvania is 19,886.——Ex-Sen. Eaton, of Connecticut, is said to be a candidate for Speaker.——It is estimated that the cotton crop will exceed 6,000,000 bales.——There is a prospect of a great strike among the weavers of Manchester, Eng.——A furious gale began blowing Sunday afternoon over the lower lakes, and reached New England Monday. Vessels were wrecked, wharves destroyed, and many lives lost. Full particulars had not been received up to Tuesday evening, but the gale was reported as still furious in the East.——A London syndicate is discussing the project of a ship canal across Ireland.——Fleming, the notorious swindler, is under arrest at Bismarck.——Atty. Gen. Brewster decides that the proposed change in standard time in the District of Columbia cannot be effected except by Congressional action.——Gen. Sherman received a hearty welcome in St. Louis Monday night, several G. A. R. Posts participating.——The American Public Health Association began its 11th annual meeting in Detroit Tuesday morning.——There is great dissatisfaction among the farmers of Manitoba, and unless the Dominion Government gives them relief there will be an active sentiment for annexation to the United States.

SPECIMEN COPIES.

We wish to mail thousands ... copies of the Blade during ... month to persons who ... a good familiar!" The girl's mother ... any or all of ... at last accounts and rap ... a list of ... the ... men copy. There are not ... this country, remote from daily paper ... fields, but what would appreciate the Blade at $1 a year.

... An ... and took a ... was after... was, and de... ...nding render ... down from New ... colt and jerked

A Strange Cat.

What we are waiting with much anxiety to see is a knock-out in four rounds between France and China, but they have as much preliminary trouble about getting at each other as if they were really pugilistic champions.

ILLUSTRATED BIBLE BIOGRAPHY.

Only a few copies of this beautiful $3 book for $1.25, postpaid by mail, remain unsold. Those of our subscribers who have not secured a copy should do so at once. It is an appropriate gift to a friend, and copy should be in every household. To make room for other announcements, we shall soon withdraw this offer. Full description of the book on eighth page.

Correspondence.

NEW YORK LETTER.

The Wealthiest Street in the World—How a Candidate Made Votes—The Fresh Air Fund—Romance of the Horse Show.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade:

NEW YORK, Nov. 12, 1883.

A strange comentary on the way our municipal government is carried on is shown in Fifth avenue. This street, without doubt, possesses more wealth than any other single street in the world. There are hundreds of fine residences there and a great many of them are little less than palaces. For instance there is the magnificent property of W. H. Vanderbilt. The ground cost half a million dollars, and the great house which Mr. V. built cost a round $3,000,000. Then further on is the house of his son Wm. K. which cost, exclusive of the ground, two millions of dollars, and his son-in-law has a residence equally as expensive. Yet these three pieces of property representing, without the ground, seven millions of dollars are only assessed $1,900,000. And these are not the only cases. James Gordon Bennet's house, for which $350,000 has been refused, is rated at $150,000. Robert Bonner pays taxes on a half million in place of the three-quarters he ought. W. H. Vanderbilt's former residence, which is worth $750,000, is rated at $140,000, and the Stewart marble palace, over which so much fuss was made while it was in course of construction, is assessed at a valuation of $500,000. This wealthy street, the wealthiest in the whole world, furnishes the City on the property only about $1,000,000 taxes a year. The whole street is only assessed at $49,449,000, or about one-seventh of what it is really worth. It is no wonder that New York City is in the state it is.

THE ELECTIONS

are over and everybody is glad of it. It has been one of the most exciting campaigns seen for years, and everything known to wily politicians was used to get votes. The effects of one nominee's works may still be seen in the lower Wards. He worked the saloons very thoroughly, knowing what a power they wield. At each place he called up the gang of strikers always to be found hanging around at election times, and while engaged in quenching their insatiable thirst he casually remarked that the proprietor of the place ought to put in stained glass windows, which were so fashionable in the big cafes and restaurants up town. The proprietor, seeing a chance to make his influence pay, said that he could not afford it. "Well, I'll see that it's done, and right away, too," replied the candidate, whereupon the crowd cheered and became solid at once. And sure enough the next morning a paper decorator visited each of the saloons and made stained glass windows of a very dazzling and highly artistic style. It wasn't genuine stained glass. It was done by pasting fancifully colored paper in queer designs over the glass already in. But it had the desired effect. It gave the windows a fine appearance and elected the ingenious candidate by a large majority. The stained glass windows to-day present a sorry aspect however. The paste wasn't strong enough.

INGENIOUS ROBBERIES OF LETTER BOXES.

For some time past complaints have been made that letters containing money, dropped in uptown letter boxes have never reached their destination. The Secret Service men were put to work, and have just discovered how the clever thieves worked. A number of the boxes were "bridged." That is, the thieves would take two newspapers done up in wrappers and shove them into the box through the orifice in front, in such a manner, that one end would be against the back of the box, and the other against the front, just a little below the opening. When a person desiring to mail a letter pushed it under the flap, and as he supposed, down into the box, it went up on this paper bridge and then slid down the incline back to the flap covered opening, where it was an easy matter for the thieves to get it. In this way they could capture every letter mailed and run no risk of detection. The game was played most Sunday afternoons and evenings, for on that day in that vicinity a great many people mailed portions of their weeks' pay received the Saturday night before, to relatives or friends in the old country. It was a very clever job; but the police, while they have not captured any of the pilferers, have scared them so that they have stopped working that part of the city.

A NOBLE CHARITY.

The New York *Tribune* has just published its report of its Fresh Air Fund for the past year and a most gratifying showing it makes. The total receipts amounted to $16,745, of which $14,908 were expended in giving the poor children of this great city a glimpse of a better and healthier life. Some 4,250 little children were taken from the stifling atmosphere of the crowded tenement houses and given a two week's vacation in the country, where they could spend the time out of doors, drinking in the pure air of heaven. Besides this, 5,700 others were taken to spend a day at Coney Island where the pure breeze from Old Ocean could give them a new lease of life. This is one of the greatest and most practical of all our charities, and next year it will be carried on in an enlarged sphere.

CAPTURED BY A NATTY GROOM.

The Horse Show mentioned in my last letter, is still talked of in fashionable circles—not so much, however, the show itself as the romances connected with it. The one most discussed is that involving the petite, black-haired and eyed, swarthy complexioned daughter of one of our millionaires, who will be sufficiently identified by stating that he was recently one of the defendants in a big Western railroad suit, in which the Hon. Roscoe Conkling figured as counsel. The little lady, who is a great favorite in society, attended the show the opening morning, and thereafter went regularly morning and afternoon. She was attracted by one of the ponies stabled in the northeastern row of stalls, and regularly each time visited him and gave him apples and candy, and petted him like a dog. Pony was attended by a natty young English groom, as diminutive in stature as herself. Pleased with her attentions to the pony, the groom took pleasure in showing the little lady every attention every time she visited the stall. It was noticed that the little lady evinced an unusual interest in the spruce little groom, and each time stayed longer in the stall, talking to him rather than caressing the pony. Then it was noticed that while she bought the pony nuts and apples, she also gave the groom a boutonniere—a little bunch of violets—which he wore with evident pride. The surprise of those in the secret increased when when, at the close of the show, the young lady's father, in compliance with her wishes, purchased the pony for her and engaged the natty young groom to attend him. This surprise has since been intensified by seeing the little lady and the little groom out riding together in a village cart, and the further fact that night before last, finding them together in the parlor, the irate father kicked the little groom into the street and will send the girl to Europe.

CHAPUIS.

HAWAII.

A Visit to King Kalakua's Dominions—Lovely Islands in Sunset Sea—Productions, People, Buildings, Customs, Food, etc.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade:

HONOLULU, Hawaiian Islands, Oct. —.

To leave San Francisco, one of the most delightful and picturesque Cities of the world, and America's greatest Pacific Coast shipping and receiving port, and its many attractions and tropical fruits and luxuries, was most hard, knowing that all was but small and insignificant until far-off Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, must be reached, some 26 days distant, yet nothing was left but this monotonous journey of many thousand miles and but a couple of stops to be made and all besides the far-stretching Pacific.

LEAVING PORT.

On the 25th of August, at 6 P. M. sharp, our steamship, the "Australia," left her moorings and cast anchor in the bay until 2 A. M. Sunday, the 26th, when the English mail arrived, this being the cause of the delay. Immediately anchors were taken aboard and we put to sea through the celebrated Golden Gate, or harbor of San Francisco, and one of the safest and greatest in the world.

Our voyage to Honolulu, occupying until the following Sunday—2d, 10 A. M.—being just one week and a few hours, was most pleasant and healthful, with one exception of seasickness indulged in by most all on board the first 36 hours, a natural consequence of a rough sea, when both decks and dining saloon were deserted, and the ship's good doctor was in demand.

SIGHTING THE ISLANDS.

At 5 A. M. land was sighted, and many, or I might say all, were glad, and especially those soon to be at home, and others for the first time going to make a home, and the children became merry and boisterous at the sight of the mountains ahead.

To our left Molokai Island, or commonly called Lepers' Island, was the first noticeable land, anything but pleasant to reflect upon, being the rendezvous of some 900 lepers isolated from the rest of the world.

THE CITY OF HONOLULU.

Our destination, City of Honolulu, was some 20 miles off on the Saba Island. In the course of an hour to our right Diamond Point loomed up in the distance and soon we were in the harbor and in front of the City, when a pilot came aboard and we were landed.

The harbor is a good one, having a depth of 23 feet and accommodation for several hundred vessels, and is protected by a shoal of corals. As guides to the harbor there are several fine light houses and lighted buoys, and others not lighted, which are painted red. Lying in the harbor were many vessels, and the steam frigate "Pensacola," U. S. man-of-war (which gave many a sense of safety) which gave the harbor an attractive appearance.

The intelligence of our coming was conveyed to the City by means of telegraph, from a telegraph station, situated in a fine cocoanut grove, just before we rounded Diamond Point.

LANDING.

I joined a few friends at once, on landing, all bent on seeing all that could be seen. After some little pariance with driver of carriage (here I may mention that there must have been several hundred carriages or more, and all asked Chicago prices) we took a trip up the main streets, and a run of several miles inland, and halted at a Chinaman's well filled acres of tropical fruits, nuts, etc., and here nothing would do but to get a young Kanaka or native boy to ascend a tall cocoanut tree, and drop half a dozen of partially ripe fruit, and these with several ripe ones, together with a couple bunches of bananas and some sugar canes of great size, were placed in our carriage, all costing a couple of dollars. Returning, we stopped at a Mr. Yeager's residence, a fine built frame and eight acres, all complete, the result of six years work upon a barren tract.

Here we were shown an artesian well which is of great value for irrigation purposes, and for furnishing the best of drinking water. All kinds of tropical fruits and plants adorned his once barren acres. A most peculiar tree, called Traabosa, which does not require any care or water, and its green wood burns as well as if dried. It is an excellent shade tree. Some of the fruits here tasted were anything but luscious and eatable, yet natives and old residents thought otherwise. Bidding our courteous friend adieu for his kindness we took our leave.

EXAMINING THE CITY.

From this point we visited the Postoffice, a neat two-story building, decidedly American in arrangement and appearance. The King's Palace, a fine three-story cut stone, costing about $200,000, is enclosed by a stone wall about six feet high, having a length and depth of 800 or so feet. Opposite the same are the specious two-story Government buildings. Nearer town is Queen Emma's Palace, hardly to be called such, a-building two and one-half stories in hight, built some years ago and somewhat dilapidated. Next in order is the Young Men's Christian Association building, a fine two-story brick, and a great credit to Honolulu. At a little distance from here the school house, and home, and grounds for reforming idle boys, who learn farming, which would do well in America. The hospital has our attention next. It is nicely situated and well conducted, and is sustained by a tax of $2 on each person (adult) arriving at the island and remaining 30 days, and also $1 for each time any one leave the Kingdom. Among the

HANDSOME DWELLINGS

are Messrs. Speckels and Judd's, which are very large, and quite American. The former is the first sugar exporter of the Islands, the latter Supreme Judge.

THE STREETS

are not laid out regularly, and are narrow and macadamized with broken iron, stone and slate, the former making excellent streets. Most of the buildings are only two stories high, on account of the frequency of earthquakes, and are built of wood, and that all from California, and of course expensive; yet not more so than in Southern California.

Foreign Consuls are represented here from most every quarter of the globe. All denominations in the spiritual way are represented also, as Chinese and several native churches.

SUNDAY LAWS.

It being Sunday the liquor laws are very stringent and are enforced to the letter. All places are closed except a few absolutely necessary ones.

THE POLICE SYSTEM

is good, some 26 'men-of-wars-men' off of the "Pensacola" having been arrested the day before our arrival.

Telegraph lines are in good working order throughout the City and Island. In fact the City may be called American. Only American money is received. English shillings are no good.

THE "PENSACOLA."

Returning to our ship at 1 P. M., we had lunch, and afterwards got a native to row us over to the "Pensacola," one of our training-ships-of-war, and learned they arrived on the 19th of August from Callao, Peru, after a sail of 36 days and were never fortunate enough to catch sight of a sail.

Our short sojourn on board this vessel was a most enjoyable one. Officers were most attentive to our wants, and showed in many ways during our stay aboard of her, the discipline of all aboard. I learned from Capt. Henry Esker that their next point of destination was Yokohama. We took our departure and she left at 2 P. M., steaming out of the harbor. I afterward learned they had waited for the mail which our steamer brought, and were the first letters they had had in 50 days.

On our return to the City, we made a further inspection into the beauties of Honolulu, and, with carriages paid a visit to

THE HAWAIIAN HOTEL,

a very nice three-story building, which is situated in a very large garden, with all the tropical plants, as in the royal palace, coconuts, pineapples, bananas and many other varieties. The hotel is planned and run on the American plan.

From here we drove through the City's garden and found this spot to be grand and enchanting, and needed only the fairies to make it fairyland itself. Our next journey led by

A ROYAL GRAVEYARD,

and a noticeable circumstance was that feathers were used exclusively as decorations. From here we continued up a fine valley lying east and west from the City, and about seven miles long by one-half wide at the north and narrowing at the end, is called Nuunau Valley. Climbing up one of the hills we made several stops, driver walking. We took soda by the wayside, and by custom got a garland of flowers put about our necks. At last we reached the summit of the hill, which bears the name of Pali. An iron fence here encloses the edge of the cliff to protect one from falling off. Many islands are seen from here on either side, and a beautiful sub-tropical valley below. Clouds cover the upper portion of the valley, and many rivulets are made, and uniting, form one of the means of irrigation.

At this place some years ago the native chief of this island defeated and drove up this hill and over its cliff, 1,100 feet high and very abrupt, the enemy coming from the neighboring islands.

This was one of a series of wars, and was virtually the closing scenes of bloodshed on the islands.

Our trip up here and return required three hours including stops; distance, six miles; charges for party of three, $9. On our return we went through

THE CHINESE PORTION

of Town, which is quite like China Town of San Francisco, yet one noticeable difference is that tin pails are hung out in front of each building. These are to be used in case of fire. Some of the peculiarities of this island are that the Kanaka women ride like men,—straddle,—and the Kanaka ladies ride the same, yet dress better and wear a long scarf of red or scarlet flowing by their sides. Many Chinese have white women as wives and many are well to do and have fine residences.

POI.

A most peculiar dish, said to be of great fattening qualities, is called "Poi." It has three grades, as one, two and three finger, the latter being the best, being of a thicker consistency. It is made from a bulbous portion of a plant called kalo, which is beaten up to a paste. All eat out of the same dish. I learned that the leprosy is caught in this way, yet how true the information is I cannot say.

A FEW PROVERBS

of the islanders may be of interest, as: "*Ma mau kolea kau ahua*," meaning: "Birds of a feather flock together." "*Na hele i ke alamaa wei-ki*," meaning: "He has gone along the untrodden path,"—when one dies.

SPEED THE PARTING GUEST.

Our steamship steamed out of the harbor at 4:30 P. M., and King David Kalakaua came out in his pleasure yacht, and we gave him a hearty cheer. He in return took off his hat, and his crew took up the cheer.

The geographical position of the Islands are 19° to 22° north latitude, and 155° to 160° west longitude.

The most important island is Oahu, or called Woahoo, the second largest, and 40 by 20 miles in area, and a good maritime port. Sugar cane, sugar, and recently the making of taho and banana flour, are the principal products. The Pacific coast of America is supplied from here with its sugar. Honolulu is the capital, population 17,000 or 18,000, and about one-third foreign born. Temperature 77°, seldom over or under. Chimneys are rarely found in houses. Thawiian Kingdom is composed of eight islands. In 1872 the population stood 56,897, and they claim now about 70,000.

The Hawaii Island, the southeastern one of the group, is called by many Owhyhee, and contains the largest and most extensive mountains, and especially the Mauna Loa, having an extensive volcanic crater, and is 13,760 feet above sea, and in 1868 lava poured from the same and flowed to the sea. These islands were discovered by Capt. Cook, on January 10, 1778, and called the Sandwich Islands in honor of the Earl of Sandwich.

R. J. O.

Opposed to Prohibition.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

WINFIELD, COWLEY COUNTY, KAN., November 5, 1883.

As a Republican I believe I have the right to protest against the means adopted by a certain class of fanatics, and also a number of "so-styled" Republican papers, for the destruction of our party. When we look back and see the glorious results achieved by the grand old party, it is enough to bring up a feeling of rebellion against a portion of the "so-called" Republicans of the country, who are either wilfully blind, or else are base traitors to the party. I refer directly to the question of Prohibition. Now I candidly ask, where is there a man, woman or child in all this broad land who cannot see that the question of Prohibition, as managed, is undermining, overthrowing, and completely annihilating our once great Republican party. I am an Ohio boy. I served my country faithfully as a member of Company "I," 192d Ohio Volunteers, and have been as true a Republican as any man in America, having, ever since I became a voter, upheld the Republican standard, with what money and influence I had, and with my straight vote, every time. But, we are not a party composed entirely of Christians and Prohibitionists. There are many thousands like myself, who are temperate and believe in morality, but who can see other thousands leaving our party on account of the Prohibition plank, and farther, I do not for one, believe the question of Prohibition properly belongs in a political platform. Most especially do I protest against the Prohibition press being allowed to call their publications Republican! Better, far better, would it be for the party, if such had no existence, but let them announce themselves as Neutral, or Christian, or Temperance journals, in fact, hoist any banner they please, so that they at once and forever discontinue to sail under Republican colors, while nine out of every 10 Republicans can see that they are traitors and a spies in the Republican camp. The result in this State last Fall and in Ohio this Fall, should be warning enough to all good Republicans. Nothing but the work of a few fanatics and the press gave our enemy the victory. But they are gaining ground all the time because of Prohibition fanatics running our party. The enemy will have the laugh on us, because we allowed a few Prohibition fanatics, and a portion of the press, to hold the reins, and guide our party to disaster and ruin. Perhaps some of the above named fanatics and press may be sincere in their work, and believe they are accomplishing good, but it is believed by many good Republicans that they are bought by the enemy to boldly assert "stick to the ship, she can't go down," but when it has sunk out of sight, the Republican Benedict Arnolds having betrayed their trust, will claim their reward. But beware. They will meet their reward. The head of the Republican party and most of the Republican press in this State last Fall were warned, and warned in time, but they paid no attention, and mark the result. A disastrous defeat, and then they innocently wondered why the dear people went back on the party. Once more, in candor, I ask what heart have Republicans to work, when there are papers sailing under Republican colors who still say "Prohibition is our motto," when they know every time they make the assertion they are striking death blows to the Republican party.

B. L. H.

Pension Frauds.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

A great deal is being said about pensions in the BLADE. Now this article is more for the benefit of J. B. Hall of September 20, and others like him than elsewhise. He calls those that speak against ex-soldiers getting a pension as cowards and Rebel sympathizers. Is this just? He cites us one solitary case of a soldier who has had his pension cut from $6 down to $2. This is conclusive that that soldier was getting more than belonged to him. Does J. B. H. understand the pension laws? All the signatures in Christendom could not take it away if it was gotten honestly and was his due. I tell you, J. B. H., there are altogether too many ex-soldiers just finding out that they were disabled in the war 20 years ago. I have in mind a soldier that said, two years ago, he would be ashamed to ask for a pension; said he went into the war through pure loyalty, but to-day is working every string to get one. Another one is drawing $4 a month, and has not been sick a day since the close of the war, only as whisky has made him so occasionally. Another one within half a mile that got $4 or $5 a month, was not satisfied, applied for more and got it, was detected in fraud and forgery, and you know the sequel. Another that is partly disabled and draws a large pension, but the disease is hereditary through a long line, and every one of the above mentioned men, except one, are good farmers and are able to do, and do, as good a day's work as any of their neighbors. Now, Bro. J. B. H., what will disgust a man if the above recital will not? There is hardly a Town but has more or less of such pensioners in, and the men that free their minds are not cowards, nor are the Rebel sympathizers either, but are *men* and soldiers. Everybody knows there are those that are deserving of a pension. You don't hear any one say that a maimed soldier or one that is disabled so as not to work, is getting too much pension. They should have it; the Government promised it to them when she called for them. I think if J. B. H. and others would take up another side and equalize pensions it would be more satisfactory to readers of the BLADE. I don't see why an officer should have more pension in times of peace than privates.

SUBSCRIBER.

Southern Illinois.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

DAHLGREN, Hamilton Co., Nov. 6.

Receiving many letters from all parts of the different States asking many questions concerning the fruit qualities and water and the yield of wheat per acre, and the advance in the price of land in the last year, etc.

First—I would say we have as good fruit-growing country as any to be found north of the Ohio River. Our little Town of Dahlgren shipped, this Fall, over $5,000 worth of fruit, and at the County Seat they more than doubled this, besides other Towns in the County that ship considerable amounts of fruit, and the fruit no year is a failure, especially not the apples. Some years the peach crop fails, but as a general thing fruits of all kind do well.

Second—As I have stated before, the most of our water is obtained by digging from 12 to 18 feet. The water is mostly soft and pure. The creeks and branches are small, though they generally have sufficient water for all stock purposes.

Third—The yield of wheat is indifferent this year, more so than common. There were some fields that were not worth cutting, though this year has been no criterion to go by. General yields, from 12 to 25 bushels. There have been fields which made 36 bushels per acre in good seasons.

Fourth—The price of land has advanced in the last 12 months at least 20 per cent. There have been several farms sold this Fall, and some for double the amount they were offered for two years ago.

JOHN Q. ADAMS.

Pensions.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

PRAIRIETON, IND., Oct. 14, 1883.

I say every soldier ought to have a pension, and now, while he lives to enjoy it—not wait till disease carries him to his grave and then give his wife a pension to marry on again. Give it to the poor soldier who fought to save our country from ruin. Many poor soldiers are dying daily because they have nothing to help themselves with, when if they had a small pension they could buy medicine for themselves and not be exposed to the storm trying to get bread and meat to keep their families from starving. If a soldier makes application for a pension, why, it is months and years before he gets it, if ever he gets it. I say pension every soldier, especially those that are afflicted.

PRAIRIE FLOWER.

A Good Suggestion.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Oct. 25, 1883.

Why don't you devote a half-page of your paper to the old soldiers, calling it the "Old Soldiers Column," giving them a chance to write army or war reminiscences, G. A. R. notes, etc., etc., in fact making that page a camp fire? By the way, that would be a good name for it.

Yours, S. E. CHANDLER,
Late 24th New York Cavalry.
Box 943, Minneapolis, Minn.

More than Pleased.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

HARTWICK, N. Y., Nov. 3.

Permit me to say that I am more than pleased with the outspoken manner in which you speak of the cruel traffic that proposes to throttle all attempts at the passage of Temperance enactments in Ohio and other States. May God be your helper to speak forth burning words that shall awaken the people. I will do all I can to secure you subscribers at this office.

H. S. BRADLEY.

Pensioning Ex-Prisoners.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

ANDERSONVILLE, TENN., Nov. 6, 1883.

I rise to second the motion made at the reunion of the Prisoners of War Association, held at Decatur, Ill., Oct. 18, that all ex-prisoners should be placed on the pension rolls. I happened to be one of the unfortunate ones who suffered the horrors of Belle Island, Andersonville and Florence for 16 months, and of course I would be personally interested in a law of that kind But aside from that I think it would be nothing but right, and no more than justice for all such to have a total pension. It would be but a very feeble expression of the gratitude and consideration that the Nation ought to extend to these unfortunate men.

I was very much interested in reading Mr. McElroy's description of the re-union refeered to above, and his allusion to some of the scenes of prison life, some of which I remember as though it was but yesterday. No one except those who experience it can form anything like a correct idea of the sufferings both in body and mind of those who were confined in these temporary hells. And when I think it all over I wonder that any of us survive.

Although there were some bad men confined in these prisons, as is shown by the movement which resulted in the hanging of the six "Raiders," yet I am constrained to believe that a great majority of the prisoners represented the very best patriotism and manhood that the Union army afforded. For while many were dying of hunger and had the offer of being released on condition that they would enlist in the ranks of the enemy, they refused, and chose to die in the sand rather than desert the cause they had espoused. This fact, if nothing else, ought to entitle the survivors to some special consideration by the Government. There are quite a number of ex-prisoners in East Tennessee, and I would be glad if we could have a reunion, such as the one described in the BLADE.

J. C. SCRUGGS.

Northwest Missouri.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

GLASSVILLE, Caldwell Co., Mo., Oct. 26.

Your paper of October 18th made you say (editorially) Western Missouri is not yet civilized; Frank James is there regarded as a great man, and the man who denounces him, as a thief and a murderer; is in direct opposition to the sentiment of the community, etc. Do you know that in Western Missouri, people are not civilized? Do you know that the people here regard Frank James as a great man? And, how do you know that the man who denounces him is in opposition to the sentiment of the community? Here in Western Missouri you will find as good society, schools and churches, and I dare say, as few saloons open on Sunday as you will find in your own great City of Toledo.

Our State is solid for the Democratic ticket. (So is your's.) While this is the case, her people do not uphold lawlessness. I am as good a Republican as you are, and besides, live in a County that is always sure to roll up a safe Republican majority, and joins the County where 12 men said Frank James was not guilty. I don't know what those 12 men thought, but they were sworn to give a verdict according to law and evidence, consequently, I was not disappointed when the verdict was announced. This James' bugaboo, indulged in by Eastern journals, has been the means of diverting thousands of the better class of emigrants from our country. We have a country as rich in all the essentials of life, whose resources are boundless—where labor is rewarded and capital finds a safe investment. Any one desiring the facts and figures as to soil, climate, etc., of this great country will receive the same by enclosing stamp to our address.

W. MC., P. O. Box 44.

A Pioneer Republican.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

BETHANY, Nov. 5.

Having been a reader of the BLADE for so many years, I can't do without it now, especially as it has, for the last three weeks, entered heartily in the war against the liquor curse. I regret that so many of our Republican papers keep silent or unite with the liquor party. The Republicans of Illinois are the most consummate cowards in the world—trying the clothes-pin policy. I would rather they would all go over to the whisky side than to try to patch up a compromise by making a Scott Law in Ohio and a Harper's Bill in Illinois. I was a Whig until the Republican party was born. I helped to *born* the Republican party in Logan County, Ill., in 1839; was Chairman of the first Republican County Convention ever held in that County, and continued so for a great many years, consequently I have felt a deep interest in the success of that party till within the last three years. I have worked on the stump and at the polls for it, but now I am done. I am nearly 79 years old, and shall put in the rest of my time for a Prohibition party, the only live political issue now in America. To say that I am delighted with the recent course of the BLADE on this question but feebly expresses my feelings.

WILLIAM M. ALLEN.

Bronson, Kansas.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

BRONSON, Bourbon Co., Kan., Oct. 27.

Bronson is located on the east side of the line, between Allen and Bourbon Counties, on a rolling prairie. It is a railroad station on the St. Louis, Fort Scott & Wichita Railroad, and about 22 miles west of Fort Scott. Bronson is a thriving town, three years old. The Marmaton River is about six miles south, and flows in an easterly direction through Bourbon County, passing through the northern portion of Fort Scott. The Osage River is about nine miles north of Bronson, and also flows in an easterly direction into the State of Missouri, where it unites with the Marmaton. Some of the land in the valleys of the above-named rivers is very fertile. Some of it is not so good on account of the strata of rock being too near the surface. A stratum of limestone rock underlies the surface of this section. In most places excellent water can be found below this rock at a depth of from 10 to 60 feet. Our climate is healthy and the water generally good. The County is well adapted to fruit of all kinds that grow in this latitude. The church and school privileges are good, fuel is cheap, the Summers long, the Winters short and mild. A large number of immigrant wagons pass through this part daily. Most of them go West, showing that the tide of immigration still flows westward.

S. C. GALLUP

Black Hawk's Remains.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

EDINA, MO., Nov. 5, 1883.

I have just read in your issue of Oct. 25, a very interesting article by Mary Black Clayton, in relation to the great Chief of the Sac and Fox Indians, and the Indian war in the Rock River Valley, to which I would like to add by way of correction—that the remains of Black Hawk were not buried on a high hill, but were put away with all the traditional grandeur of his tribe on the east bank of the Des Moines River, in a low bottom, near the northwest corner of what is now Van Buren County, Iowa. They were not however allowed to repose long in the place selected by his people, but were taken away by a doctor who resided in the Village of Bonaparte, some 12 miles down the river, whom the Indians compelled to leave after the theft was discovered. His bones were afterwards burned in a museum at Burlington, they having been presented to Gen. Homstead by the widow of Black Hawk, as a token of her appreciation of his kindness in securing and returning them to his people who were then at the place which still retains the name of Agency, in Wapello County, Iowa.

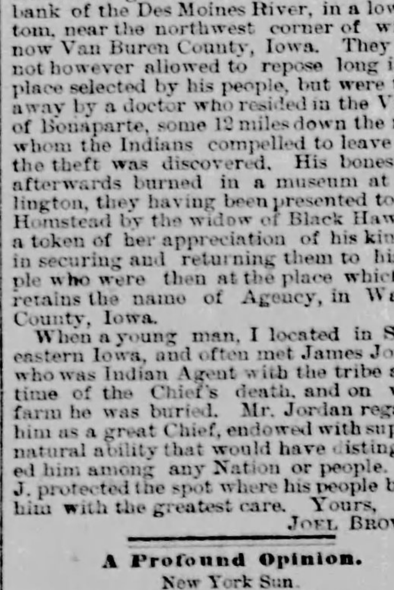
When a young man, I located in Southeastern Iowa, and often met James Jordan, who was Indian Agent with the tribe at the time of the Chief's death, and on whose farm he was buried. Mr. Jordan regarded him as a great Chief, endowed with superior natural ability that would have distinguished him among any Nation or people. Mr. J. protected the spot where his people buried him with the greatest care.

Yours, JOEL BROWN.

A Profound Opinion.

New York Sun.

Butler goes out, and Robinson comes in. What does the prim old Statelet lose or win? She swaps a man and gets a manikin and the proud right of tanning human skins.



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It was originally the idea of Rev. Daniel Wight, of Scituate, Mass., who gave his sketch to the world-renowned artist, **HAMMATT BILLINGS**, of Boston, who perfected it. This great work, the best of the many the great artist has produced, was entrusted to Joseph Andrews, of Boston, confessedly the first engraver upon steel in the world, who gave it the best of his time for eight years, it being with him more a labor of love than profit. From the beginning to the production of the first impression, over

$20,000

Had been expended upon it, and the result was the most elaborate, perfect and beautiful specimen of steel engraving the world has ever seen, with perhaps one exception.

A PARTIAL DESCRIPTION OF THE WORK.

The series, for there are one hundred distinct pictures on the plate, distinct, yet all connected, commences at the right lower corner with the **CITY OF DESTRUCTION**, Christian, alarmed at the impending doom, escaping, his wife and children imploring him stay.

After this are the Tableau to the number of one hundred, as follows:

2. The Pilgrim in rags, on his knees; Bible open.
3. Evangelist comes to the Pilgrim.
4. Pilgrim fleeing for Eternal life.
5. Neighbors looking on, mocking.
6. Obstinate and Pliable sent to bring him back.
7. Pliable persuaded to go with him.
8. SLOUGH OF DESPOND; steps.
9. Pliable's shameful return to the city.
10. Help aiding the Pilgrim out.
11. Pilgrim meets Worldly-Wiseman.
12. Village of Morality.
13. Pilgrim terrified at Mt. Sinai; lightning.
14. Evangelist again meets and reproves.
15. The light over the wicket gate; "Sit lux."
16. THE WICKET GATE; knocks, etc.
17. Pilgrim gladly received at Gate.
18. Beelzebub's dark castle; arrows flying.
19. Good-Will directing Pilgrim on his way.
20. HOUSE OF THE INTERPRETER; the light.
21. The first Medallion.
22. The dusty room cleansed.
23. PASSION and PATIENCE.
24. The Devil pouring water, Christ pouring oil.
25. The valiant man; writing table.
27. Dream of the JUDGMENT.
28. Pilgrim between WALLS OF SALVATION.
29. Losing his burden at the Cross.
30. THREE SHINING ONES at the Cross.
31. Simple, Sloth and Presumption, chained.
32. Formalist and Hypocrisy tumbling over the wall.
33. Take different roads, Danger and Destruction.
34. Christian reclining at Spring.
35. Climbing the HILL DIFFICULTY.
37. Meets TIMOROUS and MISTRUST, frightened by lions.
38. Going back for the lost roll; reading it.
39. Meeting THE LIONS by the wayside, chained.
40. The porter, WATCHFUL, at his lodge.
41. The PALACE BEAUTIFUL.
42. Entering the Palace—the sisters.
43. Christian at a social meal.
44. Christian reposes in the CHAMBER OF PEACE.
45. View DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS from Balcony
46. Putting on the CHRISTIAN ARMOR.
47. Retiring from the Palace Beautiful.
48. In the VALLEY OF HUMILIATION; Apollyon.
49. A hand with leaves from the "Tree of Life."
50. VALLEY OF SHADOW OF DEATH.
51. Meets two SPIES, crying, "Back, back."
52. Deep in Valley; Ditch on right; Quag on left.
53. MOUTH OF HELL, smoke, fire, hobgoblins, etc.
54. Approaching cave of POPE AND PAGAN.
55. The Pope, with emblems, Bible locked, skulls, etc.
56. Seeing FAITHFUL, calls, overtakes, stumbles.
57. The Pilgrims overtake TALKATIVE.
58. EVANGELIST again meets and further instructs.
59. TOWN OF VANITY—VANITY FAIR.
60. Faithful burnt at the stake—chariot of fire.
61. The new convert, HOPEFUL.
62. Overtake BY-ENDS, from town of FAIR-SPEECH.
63. Leave behind, Hold-the-World, Money-Love, Save-All.
64. The delicate "PLAIN OF EASE."
65. The hill LUCRE; the silver-mine; DEMAS.
66. An ancient MONUMENT; Lot's wife.
67. RIVER OF GOD; delightful prospects.
68. Pilgrim reposing on banks of river of life.
69. The stile into BY-PATH MEADOW.
70. Following VAIN-CONFIDENCE; the Pit.
71. Apprehended by GIANT DESPAIR.
72. Pilgrims cast into "DOUBTING CASTLE."
73. Escape from the CASTLE and GIANT.
74. A MONUMENT erected at the stile.
75. DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS; the Shepherds.
77. MOUNT CAUTION; viewing the last scene.
78. MT. ERROR; viewing men dashed in pieces below.
79. A BY-WAY to Hell; door in side of the hill; smoke.
80. MT. CLEAR; a view with perspective glass.
81. Taking leave of the shepherds, with directions.
82. Meet IGNORANCE from Country of Conceit.
83. TURN-AWAY carried off by seven devils.
84. The FLATTERER, a black man in a white robe.
85. Pilgrim caught in net; delivered by a shining One.
86. The Flatterer escapes, losing his white robe.
87. ATHEIST on a Donkey, saying, "No mount Zion."
88. The ENCHANTED GROUND; drowsy.
89. Land of "BEULAH," signifying "Married."
90. The King's ORCHARDS, palaces, gates, fountains.
91. ANGELS in shining robes; converse with.
92. RIVER OF DEATH; no bridge; nature shrinks.
93. Christian begins to sink; Hopeful encourages.
94. The waters grow more and more shallow.
95. Received by angels on the opposite shore.
96. Ascend to Heaven's GATE, amid crowds of angels.
97. Transfigured, they enter the CELESTIAL CITY.
98. Ignorance helped over river in VAIN-HOPE'S ferry-boat.
99. Rejected; conveyed by angels to By-way to Hell.

The whole concluding with **"BEYOND THE GATE OF PEARL,"** at the top, showing the **"MANY MANSIONS IN THE FATHER'S HOUSE,"** with the multitude of the saved, who like Christian, Faithful and Hopeful, have fought the good fight and finished the course.

No written description can give any idea of the magnificence of the conception or the exquisite beauty of the execution of this great picture. It is a delight in an artistic sense, and study for all time for those who have read the immortal allegory. As an artistic ornament it is worthy a place in any collection—as a teacher and illustrator of the perils and triumphs of the Christian warfare, it is incomparable.

It will be observed that the engraving is the entire allegory, presented in life, as nearly as the artist's pencil and the engraver's skill could do it. It is Bunyan's immortal work, so illustrated that those who have read it are given a better idea of its beauties, and those who have not, get the allegory almost as well as though they had read and studied it.

Aside from its use as an illustration of the Pilgrim's Progress, it is of inestimable value as a work of art. There never was published a more delightful picture, considered simply as a picture, and connoisseurs have given their testimony to its value by hanging it upon their walls. It is to be found in the collection of every real lover of art in this country and Europe. The

Engraving was Sold Always at $10.

From this time out it will not be sold in art stores or anywhere else. The BLADE COMPANY **OWN THE PLATE** and are henceforth its publishers. It can only be procured of us, and will be furnished only on the following terms:—

The Plate of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," securely packed, and the Weekly Blade, one year, will be sent to any address upon receipt of $2.00.

Only on these terms can it be had. It will not be sold by art dealers or by agents. **IT CAN BE HAD IN CONNECTION WITH THE WEEKLY BLADE ONLY.**

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Orders for the BLADE and Engraving will be filed in the order in which they are received. The paper will be sent on receipt of the order, and the engraving as rapidly as they can be packed and addressed.

TO OUR PRESENT SUBSCRIBERS.

A BEAUTIFUL HOLIDAY PRESENT!

Those now on our books who desire the plate for Holiday presents may secure it by enclosing $2, and having their subscription to the BLADE extended one year from date of expiration. Which is to say: If your present subscription expires in May, 1884, (or any other date), remit $2, and you will get the Engraving and your subscription will be extended one year from its expiration.

The Blade One Year and the Engraving for $2.00.

Those wanting the plate for Holiday Presents will do well to order at once. Address

"BLADE," Toledo, Ohio.

His Place.

Philadelphia Call.

The question is asked: "A youth is engaged to a young lady whose father 'shuffles off.' What is the youth's place at the funeral?" This is a serious question which demands grave consideration. Perhaps the best plan would be for the youth to take a position about the middle of the procession until he finds out whether the old man died insolvent or not. If by the conversation around him he gathers that the property left behind is unincumbered he can gradually edge up toward the head.

This cut illustrates our beautiful and neatly fitting Combination Vest for Ladies. We make the same for gentlemen. In calling special attention to this Garment, we wish to impress upon the mind the all-important fact that our Magnetic Vest furnishes FULL AND COMPLETE INSULATION! FULL AND COMPLETE PROTECTION TO ALL THE VITAL ORGANS OF THE BODY!! Of the whole range of our Appliances none so fully and completely recharges the blood and revitalizes the nerve centers as does this admirable Garment, serving at once all the purposes of a thick, heavy vest or waist, combining all the pleasant features of the corset, while, at the same time, it is a complete protection against malaria in all its forms, and a positive curative agent of great power for ANY AND ALL diseases of the Thorax and Abdomen. No lady or gentleman with impaired health or weakened constitution can afford to go without this Vest, combining as it does, two of the most important garments of underwear, and at the same time furnishing life to all the tissues, vitality to all the capillaries, and warmth, tone and redoubled strength and power to every organ in the human body. We believe there is no other equal protection against disease and cure for the same now known. We have had experience to warrant all we say of these appliances, and people who have worn them will cheerfully testify to what we publish from their own experience.

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It is no profanation to say that the wearer of this exquisite Garment has been "born again" physically. This is the precise language of hundreds who have worn it and been taken from beds of sickness and pain and restored to complete health in a few weeks or months. Could the reader realize the full force of these facts, none would pass through the rigors of Winter in our climate without this grand safeguard and protection against cold, catarrh, neuralgia, rheumatism, pneumonia, scarlet fever and nervous prostration, from whatever cause induced. In reply to the oft-repeated question, "What diseases do these Appliances cure?" we answer by positively asserting that we know of no disease of our climate these Appliances will NOT CURE except cancer, and in the earlier stages they will arrest and eliminate this terrible blood poison. Magnetism, properly applied, will cure every curable disease, whatever the cause.

Ladies' Magnetic Vest.

This Vest, with the Insoles, comprises in itself, a whole suit, equal to all our other Appliances combined. It is a thing of beauty, light and easy to wear, convenient and close-fitting.

In cases of consumption, paralysis, spinal weakness, locomotor ataxia, and all blood and nerve disorders, it is invaluable. Many persons after wearing this Garment for a season declare they would not do without it for $500. It will repay twice its cost in the health and comfort it imparts in a single month. By sending us correct measures we can send a perfect fitting Garment to any part of the U. S. by Mail or Express. All letters of inquiry—inclosing stamp—will receive prompt attention, and certificates and testimonials from prominent physicians and others will be furnished on application.

Our Magnetic Insoles, i. e. Foot Batteries, will warm your feet and keep them comfortable in cold weather. $1.00 a pair by mail.

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Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption Cured.

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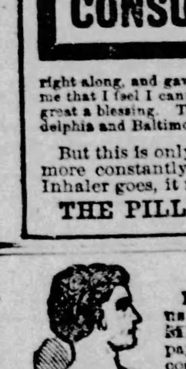

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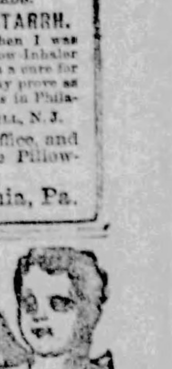

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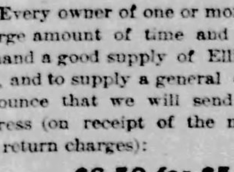

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The Household.

Edited by Miss Emily S. Bouton.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.
2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.
3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.
4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

SOCIAL ETIQUET.

I.

Social success is by no means to be despised. It carries a certain amount of power and influence in the community in which you live that gives a pleasant pre-eminence which is fully worth the effort to obtain, if by so doing you need not neglect what you feel to be of far greater moment. It is not always necessary to have wealth at command, altho that presupposes leisure and the means to exercise a generous hospitality. But I have seen men and woman both, who, without this, by an inimitable grace of manner, both in words and action, won and retained a *prestige* that is exceedingly desirable.

The never failing courtesy that forms so large a part of the pleasure and success of social life seems to belong pre-eminently to some people, while others in the same position, in equally good circumstances, are always, persistently and consistently, boors, to use no harsher term. The sin of ignorance is not theirs, nor is it even carelessness, but unmitigated selfishness—no, *hoggishness*—that is the mainspring of their whole existence, and they have not even the grace to cover it by an outward veneer of polish. These are they who always help themselves to the best of everything wherever they are; who seize the one easy chair in a room; select the largest and best of the fruit that is offered, and the lion's share at that; who help themselves bountifully to the choicest bits at the table, no matter how many are to be served; who monopolize the warmest corner of the room on a cold day; whose creature wants are more to them than all the rest of the world, no matter if that includes those who should be closer to the heart than any personal wish or desire. To such, and they are unfortunately not rare specimens, I have nothing to say. They will belong to the order of swine so long as they exist, ignoring every sentiment of kindness and generosity, and therefore omitting all expression of such in a courteous bearing.

There is, however, another and a very large class whose sins against the laws of social etiquet are simply those of carelessness and ignorance, a lack of thought and observation that renders them oblivious of the proprieties and will stamp them in polite society as those who "have had no bringing up." Others, again, pretend to despise these little courtesies that oil the wheels of life, preventing the friction that sometimes breaks the machinery and causes no end of trouble. They pride themselves upon their plain manners, never saying pleasant things because they will not flatter,—upon what they suppose is manliness in ignoring polite usages—they congratulate themselves, in fact, upon their entire lack of grace in address and the absence of all evidences of tact and good breeding from their conduct in society.

My friend, you who read this, if you have imbibed any such idea as this, get rid of it as soon as you can. If you do not, you will grow—if you have not already—into a most uninteresting, unpopular man or woman, with few friends and no power to win them. An observance of the laws of social etiquet which will help to give you grace and tact, and which includes, at least, an outward expression of kindliness toward those you meet, is what you and every other human being, no matter whether a millionaire or a day laborer, should study and practice.

These are generalities, but written with the earnest purpose of convincing all who read them, whether boys or girls, men or women, of the importance of cultivating a manner that will be a passport for them into any society. Now for a few particulars.

Perhaps there is nothing more difficult to do gracefully than to enter a room which is not crowded, but where a number of people are sitting engaged in a quiet conversation. The newcomer is necessarily at once the cynosure of all eyes, and only perfect self-possession can enable either gentleman or lady to acquit themselves creditably. The extremes of blushing, awkward diffidence or a dashing brusqueness must be avoided. Do not be in a hurry to get in. Wait near the door until certain where the hostess, who should promptly come forward to meet you, is, then step toward her. After you have shaken her offered hand—a ceremony which it is not at all necessary for you to repeat with the rest of the company, it being sufficient to simply bow to the others—and been presented to the strangers, if there are any present, then quietly take the seat nearest you or the one indicated by your hostess. Here again be careful not to hurry lest you stumble or do some awkward and mortifying thing. I shall never forget the entrance of a learned professor into a room where a number of ladies were sitting. It was his misfortune to be extremely diffident, and to be almost entirely a stranger to social usages. He stepped inside the door blushing like a peony, paused when just across the threshold, and looked with agonizing earnestness at his approaching hostess, to whom he hurriedly attempted to make an elaborate bow. Not calculating upon the door swinging back, which, with the malice inanimate things sometimes appear to have, it did, he brought up with a bang against it, and with force sufficient to pitch him forward by the rebound, into the middle of the room. I shall never forget his face on the instant, nor the agony I suffered from the compelled suppression of the convulsions of laughter into which the ludicrousness of the incident, threw me, as well as the others in the room. Poor fellow! The tortures of mortification which he endured from the result of his awkwardness were equal to those of the Inquisition, and yet his intelligence was far beyond the ordinary. I saw him years afterward, when familiarity with society had given him self-possession, and he referred to that experience as one of the most bitter of his life.

A hostess can do a great deal in assisting a guest to make an easy, graceful entrance. She must have that quiet, gentle courtesy that is of itself an inspiration, a cordial manner that speaks a welcome without words, and which helps vastly to put the newcomer at ease, and a watchful eye that quickly perceives the most pleasant disposition that can be made of this addition to her circle.

"But what if one has none of these necessary qualities," says little Mrs. Fidgety, "what then?" What then? Why, cultivate them. You did not perhaps have the slightest aptitude for keeping house and cooking, but it was necessary for you to learn and you learned. Perhaps you hated sewing, but it had to be done and you do it. Nursing was something of which you had a profound horror, but you have spent days and nights over the sick beds of your loved ones, and brought them back to life and health by the perfection of your care. In each of these cases you had a conviction of the importance of your duty, you summoned your will power to aid you and triumphed over all difficulties.

Now this is precisely what you want to do in these social matters. Study to be the self-possessed lady always, to forget yourself in the effort to put others at their ease, and the result will be, without any great modicum of brains or beauty, a delightful hostess and a charming woman.

You will see that I place great stress upon self-possession. I do that because it is one of the most potent factors of success of any kind, in the social, business or political world. The man and woman who can, under all circumstances, hold themselves well in hand are likely to hold others also, and thus gain a victory which otherwise would be impossible.

Etiquet allows a gentleman who is making a brief call to retain his hat and cane in his hands, but umbrella, rubbers and overcoat, when worn, must be left in the hall. Nor must the hostess insist upon taking the first mentioned articles, unless it is from some intimate friend, whom she feels at liberty to urge to make a longer stay. Their retention simply indicates that the call is a ceremonious one, which shall be accepted as such. After bidding the hostess adieu a simple bow to those present when leaving is all that is necessary. Above all things, at any time do not stand and talk, going on forever like Tennyson's brook, and keeping others standing, but when you have made the movement to go—*go!* The same rule applies to both ladies and gentlemen.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Home-made Wall Cabinet.—Take a shallow soap box, such as most housekeepers have who buy soap by the quantity, set up on one of the sides and fit in nicely two shelves. These may be made out of the cover. Paint the box black and then varnish with copal varnish, or if the paint is such as is used for nice articles by cabinet makers, rub it when dry with chamois skin until it has the polish of ebony. Cover the shelves with a dark crimson velveteen tacked on with either silver or gold headed nails. Screw strong rings in the back, and suspend upon the wall. It makes a very pretty cabinet for shells, china, or little fancy ornaments of any kind, and exceedingly inexpensive.

Table Scarf.—Purchase canton flannel (single faced) 1 7-9 yds; hem sides, enough to make it the width of the table and at each end, five inches; take scissors and cut through the hem 4½ inches and about ⅛ of an inch apart. This forms a pretty fringe. Finish both ends of scarf in same way, and place a little above the fringe a bias band of canton flannel (of a darker shade) each edge of which is fastened with some fancy stitch in gold thread. The scarf is 1¾ yds. wide when completed.

Rick Rack Tidy.—Make the braid up in the usual way (a double row of wheels) and cut in strips the length the tidy is to be. Between the strips sew blue or pink satin ribbon, fringed at each end. Or, another way: Make the tidy all of rick-rack and line with silesia. This is easily taken apart when soiled, and is very pretty.—CORRESPONDENCE.

An Inexpensive Hand Bag.—Procure some straw matting, such as is used to enclose tea chests, and mark out a piece about 18 inches long and nine inches wide for the body part, and two pieces for the ends about six inches long and four inches wide, marked in the form of an oval. Of the body part one end must be rounded in the form of a half circle, so as to form the lid. The handle should be about one and a half inches wide, and the length desired. Before any of the pieces are cut, stiff brown paper must be glued on to the wrong side, and over that a lining of cambric must be basted and all three stitched together, and then cut. The edges are then bound with narrow ribbon, the handle put on last, the ends being concealed by bows of ribbon. The hand bag may be fastened with hook and eye or tied with ribbon.—MISS ABBIE KNOLL, Omro, Wis.

Pointed Lambrequin of Seine Twine.—I send it at the request of "F. B. C." Make a chain of 12 stitches. Put a shell of 6 long treble stitches in the 9th stitch of chain—make a chain of 7—shell of 6 in the 1st stitch of chain of 12—turn—chain of 2—shell of 6 between the 3d and 4th of last shell—chain 7—shell of 6 in upper shell—join to the top by a short stitch—turn—ch 3—sh 6—ch of 3—join in 4th stitch of both other chains—ch 3—sh of 6—ch 1—sh 3 in ch of 2 in previous row; turn—sh of 3 in edge of last sh—ch 1—sh 3—ch 1—sh 6—ch 7—sh 6—join—turn—ch 3—sh 6—ch 7—sh 6—ch 1—sh 3—ch 1—sh 3—turn—sh 3—ch 1—sh 3—ch 1—sh 3—ch 1—sh 6—ch 7—sh 6—join—turn—ch 3—sh 6—ch 3—join to 4th of other 2 chains—ch 3—sh 6—ch 1—sh 3—ch 1—sh 3—ch 1—sh 3—turn—sh 3—join with a short stitch in the next space—sh 3 in the same space, join in next space—sh 3 in same space, join in next space—sh 3—sh 6—ch 7—sh 6—join—edge at the top—sh of 4 in each space. Make fringe ⅛ yd. deep or more, putting 2 strands in one place. Have the 3 chains that are joined together on the outside of ribbon that is run in. Repeat these directions as often as is needed for length of shelf.—ALICE.

Honeycomb Insertion—Cast on 18 stitches—knit plain. First row—S 1—k 2—o—n—k 1—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 1. Second row—S 1—k 2—o—n—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 3—o—n—k 1. Third row—S 1—k 2—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 1. Fourth row—S 1—k 2—o—n—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 4—o—n—k 1. Repeat from first row. This is to be knit loose.—GRACIE.

Correspondence.

SOME YOUTHS.—"Ill-Used Reader,"—God requires the same pure, true lives of men that He does of women. His laws were made for all alike. If the picture you have drawn is taken from your life, I think you do wrong to allow your home to be the home of such a man. The home should be the happiest and most sacred place on earth. We are imperfect beings, but we can be happy by making equal concessions and helping each other to overcome our faults; it ought not to be a one-sided affair. We believe woman's first duty is to her home, and so is man's; he has no more right to go from home to find amusement than she has. When both have finished their day's work they should find their chief pleasure in the society of each other. If one is compelled to remain at home the other (if possible) ought to remain there also.

Going about with my husband and helping him in his professional work I have been let into the secrets of many a household, and a great many women have such an experience as you relate. The fault lies greatly in the bringing up of the boys. Mothers have the molding of the child's character until necessarily thrown on the world, and in that time she can instil into the child's mind such correct ideas of the true and good that he will not likely depart from it. We must also work to make the outside influence of the right kind. Let us help each other by giving our ideas and experience in making better homes and in training children. You can get the paper you desire by sending $1 to—MRS. HELEN GOUGAR, Lafayette, Ind., for *Our Herald Suffragist.*

MORE ABOUT NOVEL READING.—"Edelweiss" is surprised that any one in this "enlightened age" should ask if novel reading is injurious?" and I am still more surprised at her (or his) reply. I did not suppose that even the most bigoted religionist would condemn *all* works of fiction—*all* light literature. Is it humanizing to read history; to dwell on the atrocious cruelties of kings and the murderous intrigues of courtiers; What woman can read the life of Henry VIIIth and not feel a fiendish desire to murder him on the spot?

Is it elevating or purifying to one's moral nature to read of the religious wars; to note the delicate manner in which the Catholics whipped, roasted and toasted the Protestants, and how beautifully the Protestants retaliated when *they* got the power? The contemplation of these murders committed in the name of religion, may be instructive to our young people, but will scarcely tend to make them orthodox.

As for biographies, I never could see why it should be considered 'improving' to read the record of another's faults and follies, trials and failures, and often of their final success through sordid motives and by unlawful means. Travels are entertaining, especially the works of Bayard Taylor which savor of romance, but give me the novel, not only the old standard works mentioned by "Elsie" but a host of others. Given a cozy room, a cheerful fire, a bright light and a new novel by one of our best authors, and what more could one desire in the way of comfort? I ought to add no companion, absolutely no sound but the ticking of the clock, and then how delightful to utterly lose one's self in that new world freshly created for us by the author. If "Edelweiss" has not experienced this, then has she or he missed one of the good things of life, for

"Oh! if there be an elysium on earth,
It is this—it is this."

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,"
Who never in his life has read
The works of Irving, Scott or Moore?
"Whose heart has ne'er within him burned,"
When those loved pages he has turned,
Charmed with their legendary lore?

Yes, there are some who cannot see
The 'witching power of imagery,
Created by a noble mind;
So strictly good they dare not look
At covers of fictitious books,
Lest some small devil they should find.

MRS. R. H. BAIRD, Burlingame, Kan.

REGARDING SILK CULTURE.—I will say to those contemplating raising silk, consider well before you undertake it. It is light, pleasant work, but work that requires a good deal of time and patience, and then if any one needs the means at the time of doing the work, it is foolish to go in that business, as I know by experience.

I purchased some eggs last Winter of the New York Silk Exchange, raised some nice cocoons, saved the best and let the moth emerge and raised some good eggs, some annuals, and some bivoltins. The bivoltins I disposed of to a lady in the neighborhood, and she raised some nice cocoons from them. The annuals, 2 19-100 of an ounce, I sent to the New York Silk Exchange last July, but I have never received anything from them. I never heard from them, till in September I wrote to know why they did not send me some word or money. They wrote me a card saying that they received them all right and would like to know if they were annuals. I wrote back that they were annuals. I have never heard since.

I saved three or four thousand eggs, but as we are going to move West and will have no feed for them, I will not try it another year. I would like to get some mulberry cuttings. Has any one got any to spare (not wild ones)? I would like to get a start, but cannot afford to pay $1.25 per 100 at the Silk Exchange.

I raised my silk worms on osage orange, as that was all the feed I had. They did fairly. Never lost any by sickness. They eat hedge with good will, but it is so hard to gather on account of thorns. Can any one tell me how to get scions for grafting? Do you have to take new shoots or old wood, and is it the ends of limbs or center? Please tell me, as I want to try and graft a few cherries and plums, if I can obtain some grafts. State the best time of year to cut grafts and set them. Please answer soon.—KIZ, Box 76, Andalusia, Ill.

Fruit tree grafts are cut at any time after the leaves fall and before the buds begin to swell. They must then be kept in sawdust or in some way to prevent drying. Perhaps some one of the HOUSEHOLD who has been successful in fruit grafting and raising will give us a practical letter upon the subject. It would interest many.—ED.

RAT PROOF HEN HOUSE.—Size 10x12 feet frame. Studding set three feet apart and six feet long, so the body of the house is 5¾ feet from the floor to the joist. Sided up with inch boards nailed on in box fashion, and floor the same, and all tight. Have a joist under each rafter. The gable ends closed with strips 1½ inches wide, nailed up and down to the girders and rafters 1½ inches apart. Roof ordinary. The roosts lay lengthwise of the house on the joist and not over the side for nests by 30 inches, so you can look at nests and not be under the chickens.

Make a door about a foot square even with the floor for the chickens to go in, and instead of a plank to go up on, put dirt there, for the little chicks would part go under the plank, and the hen leave them out doors. I tried it. Let the big door be in the end near the nests, and all shut tight at night. The chicks roost in the draft of air between open work of gable ends. If minks should climb to get in the open work, nail a plank on the edge to the wall and they could hardly pass under and get in on top.—B.

AN ARKANSAS LETTER.—This portion of Boon County is Gaither Prairie and the valley of Crooked Creek which joins it. This prairie is two miles from Harrison, the county seat of Boon County. Traveling from Harrison to Elmwood one can have a full view of this truly garden spot of Arkansas. On the east lies the broad prairie, nicely laid out in well cultivated farms of cotton, interspersed here and there with meadows, and fine orchards now bending with fast ripening fruits of every description suited to the climate. For the most part the white farm houses are near the orchards, and this adds to the beauty of the scene. A little way in the distance are the tall forest trees of the valley, with their beautiful foliage fast losing their deep green color, and assuming the rainbow hued tints of Autumn, for September's watchfires have been kindled on the hills, and she seems more than anxious this fall to combine all her colors into deep red as soon as possible. Far away in the west in the distance can be seen the Gaither Mountain, with its lofty peaks towering towards the skies as though it was formed for a wall of protection over this beautiful scene. In the distance is Sulphur Mountain, solitary and commanding, as though it knew the people of old earth beheld it with pleasure, and all together forms a picture worthy of a better painter than I.

I have lived in Mississippi, where the flower gardens were so beautiful before the war that the northern portion of the State was called the paradise of earth. I have been to Texas, the land that has been called the "Sweet Sunny South." I have seen its broad prairies, hundreds of miles in extent, covered with waving grass, but there one sighs for a change of scene. I soon grew tired of the same sights over again and wished that I could see even a sumach bush to relieve the monotony of the scene. I have been to other places, too, but nowhere have I beheld a more beautiful sight than this combination of mountain, hill and dale, orchard and prairie farms here in Boon County, Arkansas. Truly this is a good country to be in.

Like the rest of you I have had many troubles, but the greatest I have had in life was the death of my little two-year-old boy; the little voice that made the sweetest music I ever heard is hushed on Earth forever, and the Earth seems less bright since he is gone, and though springtime came again, I said in my heart:

"Wild flowers bloom in gladness, and Spring birds rejoice."

There's a void in our household of one little voice, but there is just this glorious thought that consoles us; it is this, that when the spirit left the poor little worn-out body, it soared away to heaven, and now sings in the promised land around the Throne of God. And now I fear my letter is already too long. In conclusion I will say that I hope that

Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away
And love him more in Heaven.

JULIA B. HARRIS,
Harrison, Nebraska.

COLOR OF HAIR.—Through the BLADE of October 11th, "M. E. A." asks what will restore gray hair to its natural color without the use of sulphur or sugar of lead.

There are preparations that will do that, but they are powerful and dangerous. Nervous prostration, paralysis, madness and death are all in them. Abstain from their use as you would from any other means of self destruction. I have an unpleasant memory in regard to a hair restorative. A few years since, an elderly, vain, dressy woman called upon me, and requested that I should make her some copies of a recipe for a hair tonic, as she wished to sell them. I was told that her hair was white before using the wash, but after using was the color that it was when she was young. I made the copies thinking that perhaps the mixture was a nice thing. But after a time I became convinced that it was deleterious, and thought that I would speak to her in regard to the matter. But it was easy for me to think that she would deem me officious, and as no opportunity offered I did not make one, and did not speak till she fell ill, and her illness resulted fatally. I stood by her coffin and looked at the hair parted above the still brow, and could but admit that it was beautiful. As near as I can describe it in words, it was in color a light brown, with a golden tint, and a silken gloss. That youthful head of hair had, in all probability, cut several years from her life; yet I did not reproach myself for my silence, for after the funeral a daughter told me that her mother had been bathing her hair with the invigorator, and that she had said that it hurt her. She knew that it was injurious. Words of caution from me would have been of no avail.

It is a woman's Christian duty to look as well as she can; and it is right and proper to preserve your youthful appearance as long as possible, even if the poet did write,

"Yet none could tell the ills that beauty bring,
And Sedley cursed the form that pleased a king."

And though one in poverty and disgrace said,—

"Had nature formed me black or brown,
I might have lived in rich renown,"

beauty is Heaven's best gift to woman.

Madam De Stael said that she would give all her talent for beauty.

The fountain of youth has often been sought, but never found; and when the frost of years has touched the hair the best thing that one can do is to bear it gracefully. Any resort to artifice is sinful. Perhaps a volume could be filled with an account of the sufferings brought by the use of the fashionable Blondine, that changed hair of any shade of color to a beautiful blonde.—MOSS ROSE, Ky.

ANOTHER ANXIOUS ONE.—May I ask what has become of "Alice?" I was interested in her, and would like to know if she has gone or is going to Dakota. I, too, am a "female woman," but not like "Betsy Bobbett," a "clinger," but on the contrary I am a self-reliant, independent girl, and would like to go out West and seek a better situation than can be obtained in this populous place, where there are so many waiting eagerly for every opening. I have taught school for nearly five years, and would be pleased to receive information concerning teaching school or music in some Western States.

You have all heard the old saying, "What is one man's food is another man's poison," and it seems to me this applies in regard to the servant-girl question as discussed in the BLADE lately. In the country girls are generally respectable, intelligent farmers' daughters, equal to the family for whom they work, and are very different from the majority of the Biddies and Norahs who strive to rule in the nether regions of our City homes. So I do not see the use of wasting words over a matter that depends largely on the family as well as on the girl; but each housekeeper must decide for herself as to how the hired girl must be treated.

I have a sister who is very thin, and as our editor gave directions for reducing flesh can she not tell us about producing it? —KITTIE CLOVER.

If she is well let her eat fat-producing substances such as fat meats, sugar, syrups, cream, etc., and avoid an excess of acids, let pickles alone and vinegar upon her food. Get the best kind of glycerine and take a dessert spoonful three times a day. Sleep all she can, and avoid worry as much as possible. With good digestion this regimen would soon make her plump, unless she has some disease about her.—ED.

nquiries.

Can any member of the HOUSEHOLD tell me where I can get Bible Leaf Clusters, with texts for each day in the year?—AGNES.

Can some one tell me how to clean white fur? I would like to hear from some one that knows how to take care of house plants. I do not have very good success. Mine do not grow as I think they ought to. —MABEL.

Will the editor inform me through the HOUSEHOLD of the proper address of the St. Louis Exchange for Women's Work? I would also like to know if any of those ladies who have tried silk raising on a small scale ever realized anything financially for their trouble. It is my opinion silk raising is like everything else a woman does —very little profit in it for the woman.

If "M. E. C.," who is troubled with chills, will make a visit away from her present surroundings, and have some faith and a good deal of determination to enjoy herself and to rid not only body, but mind, of those horrid chills, I think she will be benefited. —ANNIE BRITTON.

Simply address St. Louis Exchange for Women's Work. It ought to reach that institution.

Please give the correct pronunciation of the word Arrasene, and oblige several readers of the HOUSEHOLD.—ANNIE OF THARAW.

Separate into three syllables thus, Ar-ra-sene, with accent upon last.—ED.

I have come to the HOUSEHOLD for advice. I am 16. When I first commenced reading the BLADE I was eight. My father deserted me at that age, leaving me without a cent. My health is broken. I am not able to perform hard work, have a good voice and would love to learn music, but have not the means. Can any reader of the BLADE advise me or point out a way I can advance myself so I can help mother take care of the younger children, and make a living for myself? I will be glad of a plan from any reader of the BLADE.—A LITTLE CHRISTIAN.

Will some one kindly inform me of a cure for "alopecia of the scalp?"—H. A. D., Austin, Neb.

How do you put up wild crabs?—KANSAS SUN.

I would like some one to fully explain the "precession of the equinoxes?" If "Reader" of September 13 will write me I will give views concerning renion of kindred spirits. —MRS. L. E. SMITH, Gilman, Ill.

Will some one give a recipe for tanning and bleaching drum heads?—MRS. ADA HAYES.

Can the editor or some reader of the BLADE give a recipe for cleaning hanging lamps?—MRS. ADA HAYES.

I wish to know how old an orange tree must be before it will bear, and if it will bear without grafting? If not where could I procure grafts.—MRS. M. SHOWMAN, Clarence, Mo.

Will some of the HOUSSHOLD that have raised silk worms in a small way and are willing to answer questions, send their name to?—MRS. F. D. GOULD, Lee, Mass.

Will "Ray" send the pattern of her quill collar and recipe how to keep hams to the HOUSEHOLD?—EMMA.

1. Give a reliable recipe for making light bread; 2. What will stop a leak in a tea kettle?—MRS. WILLIAMS.

Will any one tell me where I can procure the white strawberry? I would like to try them in North Missouri?—M.

Does any person know whether the sweet potato ever blooms? I have heard that it did but have no proof of it?—ENQUIRER.

Will "June" please tell me if the stain she mentions for kitchen floors can be put on a floor that has spots of old paint on it? Must the oil be boiled or raw, and must it be put on hot or cold? Please give the entire process.—L. M. RANDOLPH.

Will you please tell me where the book "Old Dr. Carlin's Recipes," which you advised "M. C. M." to get, can be obtained? —F.

Send to Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O. Price $2.—ED.

Mrs. "W. A. D.," who made inquiry in the BLADE Oct. 4, in regard to the best musical chart, will find "Prof. G. S. Rice's Musical System" ahead of all others. It consists of three grades, viz: 1st, 2d and 3d., each grade consisting of a chart and book.—S. E. Hamin, Butler City, Kan.

Will some one please send directions for stamping on woolen, the kind of powder used; also directions for making the powder?—MRS. FANNIE CAMPBELL, Boyleston, Ind.

Will some of the readers of the BLADE please inform me if they know of any one raising osage orange trees—of which the leaves are fed to silk worms—in as cold a climate as we have here, which is about 44° north latitude?—MRS. ABBIE KNOLL, Omro, Wis

Will some writer for the HOUSEHOLD tell me how to wash and do up lace so it will look like new?—MRS. N. C.

Mrs. E. D. March is requested to send her full address to Mrs. A. Burton, 348 West Fifth street, Erie, Pa.

If "June" in the issue of the 11th inst., will send her address to this office, a note will be forwarded to her.—ED.

Can any of the sisters of the HOUSEHOLD tell me how I can learn to do my own stamping? Would "Leo," of Glenwood, Ia., tell me how to preserve butterflies, birds, etc. If agreeable, I would like her address.—NELLIE, Box 254, Mitchell, Ind.

Can not one of all our HOUSEHOLD tell how to destroy chiggers? Five dollars would not pay for the trouble they have cost me this Summer, besides the chickens they have killed. They are so small that if one was on your hand you could hardly see it unless it was moving, but they come in such countless numbers that if you were to set your bare foot on the floor of the hen house, in less than a minute there would likely be 100 upon it and the next minute they would be crawling all over you. Have burnt cobs, straw, sulphur, etc., but do not find their numbers much less. I will look for an answer in the HOUSEHOLD.—MRS. H. HARRINGTON.

Answers to Inquiries.

"Constant Reader," here is an explanation of abbreviations and terms used in knitting lace, as I have them:

"K" means to knit plain.

"N" is to narrow, and means to knit two stitches together.

"P" means to purl or seam.

"S" and "B" is to slip and bind, and means to slip one stitch, knit the next, and pass the slipped stitch over.

"TTO" means thread thrown over as if you were about to purl.

"S" is to slip the stitch off without knitting.—RAY.

If the lady signing herself "Jeanna," in the BLADE of Oct. 25, asking for advice in employment, will address Mrs. J. L. Lord, Linden, Genesee Co., N. Y., we will offer a few suggestions wherein she may engage in a pleasant and lucrative business.—MRS. J. L. LORD.

To the party who asked for a cure for the opium habit, we send the following: According to a writer in the *British Medical Journal,*" the opium habit may be discontinued with perfect safety and without discomfort, by gradually reducing the dose of morphia and substituting bromide of potassium in increasing doses." The point is, to keep up the proper proportion between the two drugs, and hence the necessity of medical supervision. It has been said that such modes of cure simply substitute one bad habit for another, but it should be borne in mind that a bromide habit is easily cured, while the opium habit sticks considerably closer than a brother.—LAKE ERIE.

A little powdered sulphur in a little sack hung in the cage so it will hit the bird as it hops around in the cage, and spread a piece of cotton (fleecy side down) over the top of the cage, where the bird is on the roost, and the lice will be on the cloth in the morning. Burn the cloth and use a fresh one each night till the lice all disappers. This is what my mother always uses.—M. K.

If "Dell" will send for the book "How to Use Florence Knitting Silk," she will find in it directions for knitting baby boots and also mittens, stockings, laces, etc. The book gives illustrations of the patterns and makes the directions as plain as possible. Anyone sending two stamps to the following address can get a book: Nonotuck Silk Company, Florence, Mass.

If "Eureticie Price" will send her address, I will furnish the two songs, "Lady Elgin" and "Pass Under the Rod," but I cannot furnish music.—MRS. L. E. PARSLOW, Box 16, Star Prairie, Wis.

Please mention in your letter to Silk Company that you received directions where to send from the BLADE.—ED.

As I do not run a dray, please tell the HOUSEHOLD I cannot answer any more inquiries for air castle patterns. Will cheerfully answer all I have received.—M. L. DRYER, Lowell, Ill.

I wish to thank the ladies of the HOUSEHOLD for the wild cucumber seed sent me, and to say that I have more than I can possibly make use of. Many thanks to the lady in Iowa who sent such an excellent sponge cake recipe. Also, Mrs. Lenhart, who gave no address so that I could write to her.—MRS. W. W. ALLEN, Knoxville, Tenn.

I realize now, as I never did before the fraternal feeling that exists among the readers of the BLADE. It seems that "all the world are kin." I desire to take this method of expressing my thanks to the kind friends in the South, who responded to my request in the BLADE of September 20, too many to answer individually. One kind friend wrote so favorably of South Carolina that my son decided to go there, and started last Monday. I can not be too grateful to this medium that has procured him a pleasant home for the Winter.—MRS. C. C. PARSONS.

Recipes.

Pickled Beets.—"Mollie M." inquires through the BLADE of October 25 for a recipe for pickling beets for Winter use. Here is one: First boil the beets soft, then cut them in slices as you do for table use. Put them in jars and sprinkle on a little coriander and black pepper, then pour boiling vinegar over them and seal the jars. —M. M. T.

Grape Jelly.—Wash the grapes carefully when picked from the stems; put into a kettle of porcelain or new tin, cover with water and place over the fire, stir a few minutes, then pour into your jelly-bag and let drain over night. Next morning measure out 1½ pints at a time of the juice into your preserving kettle and put over the fire to boil. When it reaches the boiling point put in one pint of A sugar and boil until it jells.

I make plum jelly the same way, with the exception that I measure one pound of sugar to one pint of juice.

Crab jelly the same as the plum.

Chili Sauce.—Twelve ripe tomatos, 4 onions, 2 green peppers, 2 tablespoonfuls of salt, 1 tablespoonful of cloves, 2 of cinnamon, 2 grated nutmegs, 1 cupful of vinegar. ½ cupful of sugar. Put the tomatos and onions, after being well chopped, on to boil, with salt; boil slowly for 2 hours, then add sugar and vinegar; boil ½ an hour longer; add spices and chopped peppers; leave on the fire a few minutes then bottle for use. The spices should be ground. If too strong leave out part of the spices.

Tomato Preserves.—Select small smooth tomatos; pare without scalding; weigh the fruit; put the same quantity sugar, ascertained by weighing, into it, and set in a cool place to stand until next morning. Then put over the fire and boil until the juice jells.

I believe that is a sufficiency in the recipe line for once, and probably this will get in too late for the next issue and other recipes will be ahead of these. Next time I write, I will give some of my ideas on fancy work. —BETTINE, Leavenworth, Kan.

Ginger Snaps.—One teacupful of good molasses, cupful of butter and lard, half of each, heaping teaspoonful good ginger. Boil all together about five minutes, set away to cool, then stir in flour enough to roll out. They are excellent. Use baking powder.— VIRGINIA.

Lemon Jelly.—One egg, 1 cup sugar, 1 lemon, piece of butter half the size of a hen's egg. Beat the sugar, egg and butter together, then add the juice and grated rind of the lemon, then cook it over steam.

To Cure a Distressing Disease.—I have learned a cure for that most distressing of all urinary disease, inflammation of the bladder. Symptoms, a constant desire to urinate, accompanied with extreme burning pain, and nervousness which makes one simply frantic. Put 40 drops nux vomica in half a glass of water; take one teaspoonful each hour; syringe the inflamed parts every half hour with hot water; lie perfectly quiet; eat and drink little or nothing the first day, and relief will come in 24 hours.—C.

Can't Cook as Mother Did.

How many a young wife's heart is saddened and happiness scattered because she cannot "cook as mother did." It is strange, sadly strange, and yet we all know it is true. How many a time has the tender-hearted reporter felt his soul bursting with grief as he told the harrowing story of some poor suffering woman, whose cheerful sunshine had turned to dismal darkness just because she could not "cook as mother did." And how it delights the heart of the reporter when he chances to hear of one devoted young wife who is rescued from the gloomy fate of so many, in a manner so simple and easy that the only wonder is that all are not saved. This one to whom he now refers was led a blushing and blooming bride, but a few short weeks ago, to the altar by one of our most promising and prominent young men. He promised to do everything in his power to make her happy, but in an evil hour he made the dangerous discovery that she could not "cook as mother did." He told her so, and from that hour the life-light of happiness began to die out in her once radiant eyes. The bloom that put to shame the fancied perfection of the rose departed from her cheek, the voice that welcomed him to a happy heart and home grew silent as the grave, and the young husband saw that something must be done soon. He asked the sorrowful wife why she was so sad, and she told him because she could not "cook as his mother did," but if she had *Royal Baking Powder* he could say so no longer. Like a sensible fellow, he ordered a dozen boxes at once, and now he says he is afraid that his wife will raise the roof off the house some day. but he don't care, for she is happy.

Insane on Whistling.

Morere, the tenor, has been shut up in an asylum, incurably mad over his pet hobby, whistling. For years he cultivated that hobby, until he was enabled to emit a blast that would frighten the cab-horses on the boulevards of Paris, and drive cornet players wild with envy. Once he was arrested and fined for disturbing the public peace when he had only whistled an air while walking home from the opera —loud enough, however, to waken everyone within half a mile more or less. On another occasion he was singing in "Faust" at the Grand Opera and, having a cold, gave some false notes. The audience hissed. Down he sprang into the orchestra and cried: "Since you have begun to hiss. let me tell you that you don't understand the art in the least. Now, listen." Then he gave a whistle a minute long and loud enough to make a calliope sick. There was no more hissing and the opera went on. At present he believes himself commissioned to learn to whistle loud enough to drown the sounds of a locomotive and all the bells of Notre Dame together, and he practices faith fully 10 hours a day.

Petroleum V. Nasby.

D. R. Locke, Petroleum V. Nasby (Editor Toledo Blade), writes:

I had on a forefinger of my right hand one of those pleasant pets, a "run-round." The finger became inflamed to a degree unbearable and swollen to nearly twice its natural size. A friend gave me HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE, and in 20 minutes the pain had so much subsided as to give me a fair night's rest, which I had not had before for a week. The inflammation left the finger in a day. I consider it a most valuable article for the household.

Cures the Piles Too.

Edonard Reintard, of New York, writes: It gives me great pleasure to say that a single box of HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE effected a complete cure of Piles with which I had been troubled for over a year, and which nothing else that I used would cure.

Inexplicable Terms.

The ex-Empress Eugenie has made a gift to the City of Marseilles of the "Pharo residence." Of course this includes the "splitter," the "coppers," the "cue-pads" and the furniture.

A pure strengthening tonic, free from whisky and alcohol, cures dyspepsia and similar diseases. It has never been equaled. Brown's Iron Bitters.

Can't Do Without Him.

Atlanta Constitution.

It is generally conceded that the old ticket must be so arranged as to include an Ohio man.

"Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete, permanent cure. Hard or soft Corns warts, bunions.

Our Young Folks

CHAT WITH THE LITTLE ONES.

Fellow Young Folks:

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

Poor, good, lively old Mayne Reid! He couldn't stay with us always. I suppose you have all heard before this time of his death in London a few Sunday evenings ago,—yes, the 21st of last month. And many of you have read Mr. Trowbridge's article about him in the November number of *St. Nicholas.* But that article was written before Mr. Reid's death. That reminds me of a similar case about two years and a half old. The editor of the *Youth's Companion* made some comments on Mr. Longfellow, and they were scarcely in print when the venerable poet passed away. Seems like its dangerous to write about an old man these days.

I don't see why every school-house don't let us have a great long shelf full of such books as his, and let us read them instead of studying an old dry school book. They are filled with the same kind of stuff, only a deuced sight more of it, and a good story besides. They are not those vile, sensational stories that cause boys to run away to sea, or go out West and become Indian fighters and cowboys.

Oh, no, if you've got the sea fever just read his "Ran Away to Sea," if that doesn't cure you, yours is a hopeless case. It is true he wrote some books in which the story goes for more than the information, but they are mostly for older readers. But those are not trashy. But when he came down to writing for us young folks, he knew what he was about; he knew what we needed, and he knew the form we liked it in. He knew that he had been over a good part of the world; that he had been a close student of the works of nature; that he had read numerous books about different parts of the world, and that in various ways he had amassed a perfect store house of information. Besides this he knew how to tell what he knew, just about as well as anybody else that ever tried to write for young people. He knew that there was promiscuous literature scattered broadcast over the country for us, and that the best way to fight it was to give us something good that we would like better. His books, the most of them, are not as wild and riproarious as their titles indicate True, he gets his folks into pretty bad scrapes sometimes, but he most always brings them in pretty good condition. His boys sometimes have things happen them that never happen to real boys, but when he describes the country, or animals, or flowers, or trees, or anything in that line, folks say he can always be depended upon.

But maybe I am overdoing this thing. Maybe under the excitement of the moment I am giving boys too exalted an idea of Mayne Reid, I know I've had my imagination wrought up in this way and then when I came to read the author he disappeared. For fear that I may cause some boy to run off to the book store and buy an armful of Mr. Reid's books, and then be dissatisfied, I will quote a part of the introductory chapter to his "Desert Home," and by that you can form a slight idea as to whether you would like him or not:

"There is a great desert in the interior of North America. It is almost as large as the famous Sahara of Africa. It is 1,500 miles long, and 1,000 miles wide. Now if it were a regular shape,—that is to say a parallelogram—you could at once compute it, and by multiplying the length upon the breadth and you would obtain one million and a half for the result—one million and a half of square miles. But its outlines are as yet very imperfectly known, and though it is fully 1,500 miles long, and some places a thousand miles in breadth, its surface is probably not over one million of square miles, or 25 times the size of England. Fancy a desert 25 times as big as England! Do you not think it received a most appropriate name when it was called the 'Great American Desert?'

Now, my young friends, what do you understand by a desert? I think I can guess. When you read or hear of a desert you think of a vast level plain, covered with sand without trees or grass, or any kind of vegetation. You think also of the sand being blown about in thick, yellow clouds, and no water to be seen in any direction. This is your idea of a desert, is it not? Well, it is not altogether a correct one. It is true that in almost every desert there are these sandy plains, yet there are other parts of the surface of a far different character, equally deserving the name of desert. Although the interior of the great Sahara has not been fully explored, enough is known of it to prove that it contains large tracts of mountainous and hilly country, with rocks and valleys, lakes, rivers and springs. There are also fertile spots at wide distances from each other, covered with trees and shrubs, and beautiful vegetation. Some of these are small while others are of large extent, and inhabited by independent tribes, and even whole kingdoms of people. A fertile tract of this kind is called an oasis, and by looking at your map you will see that there are many oases in the Sahara of Africa.

Of similar character is the Great American Desert; but its surface is still more varied with what may be called "geographical features." There are plains—some of them more than 100 miles wide—where you can see nothing but white sand, often drifting about on the wind, and here and there thrown into long ridges such as those made by a snow-storm. There are other plains equally large, where no sand appears, but barren brown earth, utterly destitute of vegetation. There are others again, on which grows a stunted shrub with leaves of a pale, silvery color. In some places it grows so thickly, interlocking its twisted and knotty branches, that a horseman can hardly ride through among them. This shrub is the *artemisia*, a species of the wild sage or worm-wood,—and the plains upon which it grows is called by the hunters who cross them the "sage prairies."

Other plains are met with that present a black aspect to the traveler. There are covered with lava, that at some distant period of time has been vomited forth from volcanic mountains, and now lies frozen and broken into small fragments, like the stones upon a new made road. Still other plains present themselves in the Great American Desert. Some are white, as if snow had fallen freshly upon them, and yet it is not snow, but salt. Yes, pure white salt—covering the ground six inches deep, and for 50 miles in every direction! Others again have a similar appearance, but instead of salt yon find the substance which covers them to be soda—a beautiful efflorescence of soda!

There are mountains, too—indeed one-half of the desert is very mountainous; and the great chains of the Rocky Mountains—of which you have no doubt heard—runs through it from north to south, and divides it into two nearly equal parts. But there are other mountains besides these—mountains of every hight, and sometimes in their shape and color presenting very striking and singular appearances. Some of them run for miles in horizontal ridges, like the roofs of houses, and seemingly so narrow at their tops that one might sit astride of them. Others again of a conical form, stand out in the plain apart from the rest, and look like teacups turned upon their mouths in the middle of a table. Theh teher are sharp peaks that shoot upward like needles, and others shaped like the dome of some great cathedral—like the dome of St. Paul's.

These mountains are of many colors. Some are dark, or dark green, or blue when seen from a distance. They are of this color when covered with forests of pine or cedar, both of which trees are found in great plenty among the mountains of the desert.

There are many mountains where no trees are seen, nor any signs of vegetation along their sides. Huge, naked rocks of granite appear piled upon each other, or jutting out over dark and frowning chasms. These peaks are perfectly white, because they are covered with a thick mantle of snow. These can always be seen from the greatest distance, as the snow lying upon them all the year without melting, proves them to be of vast elevation above the level of the sea. There are other peaks almost as white, and yet it is not with snow. They are of a milky hue, and stunted cedar trees may be seen clinging in seams and crevices along their sides. These are mountains of pure limestone or the white quartz rock. There are mountains again on which neither tree nor leaf is to be seen, but in their stead most vivid colors of both red and green, and yellow and white, running in stripes along their sides, as though they had been freshly painted. These stripes mark the strata of different colored rocks, of which the mountains are composed. And there are still other mountains in the Great American Desert to startle the traveler with their strange appearance. They are those that glitter with the mica and the selenite. These when seen from a distance flashing under the sun, look as though they were mountains of silver and gold."

And thus he goes on, picturing the rivers, lakes and springs, the people and animals, and closes his introductory chapter with this:

"Such, my young friends, is a rough sketch of some of the more prominent features of the Great American Desert. Let me conduct you into it, and show you from a nearer view some of its wild but interesting aspects. I shall not show you the wildest of them lest they might terrify you. Fear not, I shall not lead you into danger. Follow me."

Of course you can do as you choose about following him, but if you accept his invitation, my word for it, it will be time well spent.

In another of his books—"The Plant Hunters"—he gives you an account of the two boys and their guide who went from Calcutta away up into the Himalaya Mountains, and you get so interested in the story that you forget that he is filling you full of information, and when you have read the book are surprised to find that you can tell ever so much about palm trees, and banyan trees, and their fruit, and about bamboo and its uses, and about tigers, and how they are caught, and about deer, and bears, and yaks, and about the lakes and rivers, and crags and peaks, and glaciers, and caves and crevices and ever so many other things.

But don't let me detain you, maybe you would not like this. I once found in a copy of this same book in a public library something like the following, written with a lead-pencil:

"This book is no good. Give us a book like the 'Wild Hunters' where there is a love scene. I am in love with a pretty girl and I like to read such books."

Now, if you are in such a fix as that fellow was, I would advise you to take a different kind of reading till you recover.

His "Young Voyagers" describes the Hudson Bay country, "The Young Yagers" southern Africa, "The Forest Exiles" the Valley of the Amazon, and so on and so forth nearly all over the world, both on land and water.

Mayne Reid was born in the north of Ireland in 1818. His father was a minister and wanted Mayne to follow him in his profession, and educated him with that object in view. But Mayne didn't take to that kind of a life at all. He was determined to see some of the world. When he was 30 he landed in New Orleans. He made a few trips up the Red and Missouri Rivers trading with the Indians. He found things so lovely up there that he took a notion to stay awhile. He lived among the Indians and almost became one of them. He learned their ways and customs, learned how to find his way through the woods and across the plains without ever getting lost. He became wonderfully strong and could run, almost the same as a deer. He hunted bears and buffalos, and just had a gay old time. And all this time he was studying too,—studying the plants and animals, and all the works of nature. He often said afterward these were the happiest years of his life. But he didn't stay around there in one place all the time. He traveled all over the North, West and South, and some say that before he settled down to civilized life again he had been in every State in the Union. He kept up this roving for five years, and then he settled down in Philadelphia and began to throw off these books.

When the Mexican war broke out, he went down there as Second Lieutenant, distinguished himself for bravery two or three times, got wounded a few times, and killed once,—or at least was reported dead, but he soon came to life again. When that war was over he heard of a rumpus that was kicked up over Hungary, so he raised a company and started over there to take a hand with the people who he thought were oppressed, but when he got to Paris he learned that the rebellion had been ended, so he went over to England and settled down again, and wrote more books. He also wrote for the papers and magazines. He started a daily paper, but it failed, as did also a magazine which he started. I guess the publishers got the main part of the profits of his books, as is their custom, so that in his old age he was in poor circumstances, both financially and physically. He had to go on crutches for a long time. He applied to our country for a pension on account of the wounds he received in the Mexican war, and he was granted the enormous sum of $15 a month. Generous nation! Don't it make you feel proud to remember that you are an American? And now poor Mr. Reid is gone, and left a young wife and a little child in poor circumstances.

COUSIN FRED.

It Will Cost You Nothing.

"For what?" For a medical opinion in your case, if you are suffering from any chronic disease which your physician has failed to relieve or cure. "From whom?" From Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard street, Philadelphia, dispensers of a new Vitalizing Treatment, which is now attracting wide attention, and by which most remarkable cures in desperate chronic cases are being made. Write and ask them not only to give an opinion in your case, but to furnish you with such information in regard to their new Treatment as will enable you to get an intelligent idea of its nature and action. *It will cost you nothing, as they make no charge for consultation.*

A King as a Brute.

Good Words.

I have heard Mr. Leitch relate many curious incidents which fell under his notice when at Rome at this time. Of the following I have his own account in writing:

"Among my pupils was Lady Ogle, wife of Admiral Sir Charles Ogle. She was a Roman Catholic, and frequently, when I was giving a lesson, she would be visited by ladies of her acquaintance, including many of the Italian nobility. On one of these occasions the servant announced 'la Principessa Colonna.' She sat down opposite where I was painting, and she and Lady Ogle had a good deal of conversation. Although I knew Italian I paid little attention to what they were saying, till the Princess, getting excited, used the words 'infame' and 'bestia,' and I observed Lady Ogle look surprised, and ask her friend to tell her all about it. 'I was present,' said the Princess, 'and saw it all;' and then she proceeded to relate the following, which I translate as nearly as I can in her own words:

You must know that when the King (Ferdinand II., "Bomba") married the Sardinian Princess at Turin, he stayed for a day or two in Rome on his return to Naples, and his Holiness (Gregory XVI.) was graciously pleased to pay His Majesty a visit of congratulation. On the occasion a very select party was got together at the Neapolitan Embassador's, consisting of cardinals, monsignori, and some of the old noble families. The Pope was very gracious to the new Queen. He had heard of her musical accomplishments, and especially of her great interest in Church music, and as he said she was devoted to Marcello, His Holiness asked if she would have the kindness (*gentilezza*) to sing his favorite, No. 28 of the Psalms. The Queen replied that to do so would be a great honor. In the meantime the King, her husband, was sitting by, sulky, silent and gloomy, with his elbow resting on the piano. The Queen turned to him and said playfully that he must turn the leaves for her. For answer, His Majesty of the two Sicilies rose and kicked the stool from below the Queen, who fell heavily on the marble floor. I need not tell you, dear Lady Ogle, of the scene which followed. The King immediately left without speaking. The poor Queen was carried to a bedroom, and I took my departure, when two great doctors, who had been hastily sent for, arrived I heard that the Pope was terribly shocked.'"

WADLEY, GA.—Dr. H. L. Battle, jr., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters are very popular in this section and give entire satisfaction."

A Scientist After a Yellow Worm.

Baltimore Sun.

A lecturer in an English University is at present a guest of a John Hopkins University Professor. The gentleman has been five months in this country studying the habits of a yellow worm that is found only on the mud flats of the Chesapeake bay and adjacent waters. He now knows a great deal about the worm, and his researches are expected to have very important scientific results. He spent some time at Hampden, Va., and Beaufort, N. C. He has made voluminous notes on the habits and customs of the people to take back with him.

It is well known that Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder has been made for many years without reducing its standard of perfect purity, and that there is not another baking powder in the market that can stand so good a test for effectiveness, healthfulness and freedom from injurious substances. The test is in the family biscuits in the even.

The Real Weight.

A scientific journal says that a fly weighs 17 milligrams. We don't just remember at present how much 17 milligrams is, but if the man who discovered this fact ever loafed around center-field, and had a fly come and repose on the top of his middle finger he would think that it weighed about a ton.

SOLDIERS' CLAIMS.

Every Soldier disabled in service and in line of duty, by wound, injury or disease, is entitled to pension. Widows, Minor Children, Dependent Father or Mother, or minor brothers and sisters of soldiers, whose death was due to military service, are entitled. Thousands of Pensioners Entitled to Increase. Honorable Discharges, and Certificates of Lost Discharges, obtained. Charge of desertion removed. Bounty claims payable to January, 1884. Bounty still due in many cases. Send for ... [illegible] ... Washington, D.C.

A TRIUMPH OF SKILL

Dr. Price's SPECIAL

TRADE MARK

FLAVORING EXTRACTS.

Prepared from Select Fruits. That yields the finest Flavor. Have been used for years. Become The Standard Flavoring Extracts. None of Greater Strength. None of such Perfect Purity. Always certain to impart to Cakes, Puddings, Sauces, the natural Flavor of the Fruit.

MANUFACTURED BY

STEELE & PRICE,

Chicago, Ill., and St. Louis, Mo.,

Makers of Lupulin Yeast Gems, Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, and Dr. Price's Unique Perfumes.

WE MAKE NO SECOND GRADE GOODS.

5

"NEAR THE NOSE."

A HUNTER'S EXPERIENCE.

CHICAGO, ILL., Feb. 22, 1883.

C. N. CRITTENTON, ESQ.:

DEAR SIR: I was a hunter in Idaho and Utah in 1869, and from exposure and thirst I was compelled to drink alkali water, having nothing else for over 35 hours. It saturated my system, bringing out on my face and forehead large red blotches near the nose, which remained for over 10 years.

I tried everything I could find, and had the best physicians in Chicago doctor me for over two years. Finally I tried GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP, and it is a mercy that I did, for six cakes took the blotches all away, and I shall always feel like recommending this soap to the public. I have at all times told everybody of its marvelous cure to me. I remain, yours sincerely,

FRANK G. WELLS

Room 11, 40 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP will eliminate poisonous Skin Diseases when all other means have failed, and will quickly banish lesser afflictions and keep the skin clear and beautiful. The genuine always bears the name of C. N. Crittenton, 115 Fulton Street, New York, Sole Proprietor. For sale by all Druggists, or mailed to any address on receipt of 30c. in stamps, or three cakes for 75c.

German Corn Remover Kills Corns and Bunions.

BACKLOG SKETCHES, ... [illegible] ... Endless Amusement! AGENTS WANTED. Sample paper for stamp. BACKLOG PUBLISHING CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

SILKS FOR PATCH WORK in Endless Variety of Beautiful Styles. Send six 2c. stamps for samples. Yale Silk Works, New Haven, Ct.

A NEW DISCOVERY.

Electricity Used to Light Up the Human Body and Its Advantages.

One of the most valuable discoveries recently made by practical men of science is a means of lighting up the human body by electricity in such a manner that the physician or surgeon can clearly see the field in which he is to operate. The advantage of such a discovery cannot be over-estimated, as it is a fact, admitted even by the professional gentlemen themselves, that they fail to relieve pain because of being compelled to work in the dark; and when treating an internal ailment they are as liable to injure as to benefit the patient with experimental prescriptions. With the new apparatus, however, there is no longer need to grope in the dark, and troubles of the ear, nose, mouth, throat and other organs can be so illumined that the operator can clearly see the minute parts.

The adaptability of the electric light, that is, of the incandescent order, is so apparent that it is a matter of surprise that a man of medicine was not the discoverer of its valuable properties. The instrument, when used upon the human body, may be inserted in various ways. It contains at one end an objective which forms an image of the part examined, the image being recieved by an eye piece. It permits of the illumination of the walls of the stomach and the consequent examination of the same by the aid of lenses. The light is very clear, said to be in no way injurious and shows the parts in their proper colors.

What Ignorance

Not to have heard of the New French Process Soap. No boiling or scalding.

Pretty Fair Luck.

Las Vegas Gazette.

John Quincy Adams, who is well-known in Socorro County, N. M., has sold a third interest in his late find, for $13,000. While prospecting he found his haversack on fire, his prospector's glass having focused the sun's rays upon it. As the haversack contained six pounds of powder, he dropped it and got out of the way. It fell into a crevice, and a large mass of rook was blown up. Adams turned mournfully to gather up what might be left of the effects, and found a vein or silver that the explosion had exposed to view.

Have you taken a cold? You can cure it promptly by using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Reign of Terror Begun.

Dayton Journal.

The Ohio election already begins to bear fruit in the South. The Ku Kluxers revived are celebrating Hoadly's success by notifying the colored men who had begun to accumulate property in Georgia that they must leave. Some have been shot, others whipped, and one or two were killed. The reign of terror is terrible. The few colored men, who under bribe or threats of dismissal from employment, voted the Democratic ticket may now celebrate their work.

Catarrh

At this season of the year everybody has a cold, and some very bad ones. By frequent exposure the membranes of the nose become very sensitive, and catarrh and influenza are epidemic. Relief may be obtained by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

For many years in succession, beginning so far back I don't remember when, I had the catarrh in my head. It consisted of an excessive flow from my nose,

Ringing and Bursting Noises

in my head. Sometimes the hearing in my left ear was affected. Five years ago, about this season of the year, I began to use Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was helped right away, but I continued to use it until I felt myself cured.—Mrs. Eliza H. Caulfield, Lowell, Mass.

Jerome Brownell, merchant and extensive miller at Victor, Ontario County, N. Y., writes: "I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for my catarrh, and it has helped me. I consider Hood's Sarsaparilla one of the best remedies for blood disease to be obtained."

100 Doses One Dollar

"I have been troubled with that distressing complaint, catarrh, and have been using Hood's Sarsaparilla, and find it one of the best remedies I have ever taken. My trouble has lasted ten years, and never could get any relief until I commenced to use Hood's Sarsaparilla."—Martin Shield, Chicago, Ill.

Danger from Catarrh

Depends upon the amount and extent of the Scrofulous infection. Unquestionably many deaths from consumption can be traced to neglected catarrh. There is a violent distress, protracted coughing spells, the eyes weep, the nose discharges copiously, and the head seems about to split.

In such cases Hood's Sarsaparilla corrects the catarrh by its direct action in discharging the poison from the blood through nature's great outlets, so that healthy, sound blood reaches the membranes and is wholesome.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

LOSS AND GAIN.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago
With bilious fever.

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I

Could not move!

I shrunk!

From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign, but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

R. FITZPATRICK.

Dublin, June 6, '81.

CHAPTER II.

"Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1880. Gentlemen—I suffered with attacks of sick headache."

Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner.

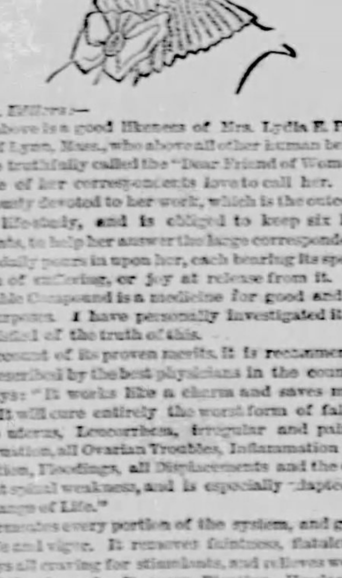
No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure until I used Hop Bitters.

"The first bottle
Nearly cured me;"
The second made me as well and strong as when a child,
"And I have been so to this day."
My husband was an invalid for 20 years with a serious
"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint,
"Pronounced by Boston's best physicians
"—Incurable!"
Seven bottles of your Bitters cured him, and I know of the
"Lives of eight persons"
In my neighborhood that have been saved by your Bitters,
And many more are using them with great benefit.
"They almost
Do miracles?" —*Mrs. E. D. Slack.*

HOW TO GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know *how to get well*, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.

[From the Boston Globe.]



Messrs. Editors:—

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."

It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

It costs only $1. per bottle or six for $5., and is sold by druggists. Any advice required as to special cases, and the names of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. P., with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.

For Kidney Complaint of either sex this compound is unsurpassed as abundant testimonials show.

"Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills," says one writer, "are the best in the world for the cure of Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the liver. Her Blood Purifier works wonders in its special line and bids fair to equal the Compound in its popularity.

All must respect her as an Angel of Mercy whose sole ambition is to do good to others.

Philadelphia, Pa. (2) Mrs. A. M. D.

The only known specific for Epileptic Fits. Also for Spasms and Falling Sickness. Nervous Weakness it instantly relieves and cures. Cleanses blood and quickens sluggish circulation. Neutralizes germs of disease and saves sickness. Cures

A SKEPTIC SAID

ugly blotches and stubborn blood sores. Eliminates Boils, Carbuncles and Scalds. Permanently and promptly cures paralysis. Yes, it is a charming and healthful Aperient. Kills Scrofula and Kings Evil, twin brothers. Changes bad breath to good, removing the cause. Routs bilious tendencies and makes clear complexion. Equalled by none in the delirium of fever. A charming resolvent and a matchless laxative. It drives Sick Headache like the wind. Contains no drastic cathartic or opiates. Relieves

SAMARITAN NERVINE

THE GREAT

NERVE CONQUEROR

the brain of morbid fancies. Promptly cures Rheumatism by routing it. Restores life-giving properties to the blood. Is guaranteed to cure all nervous disorders. Reliable when all opiates fail. Refreshes the mind and invigorates the body. Cures dyspepsia or money refunded.

NEVER FAILS

Diseases of the blood own it a conqueror. Endorsed in writing by over fifty thousand leading citizens, clergymen and physicians in U. S. and Europe.

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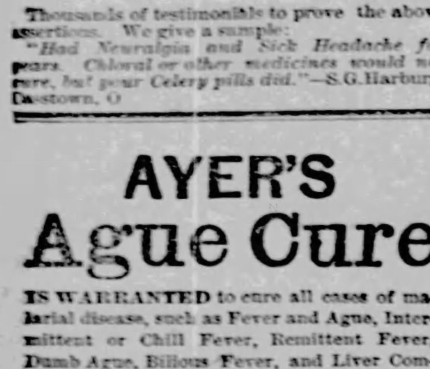
For Testimonials and circulars send stamp.

The Dr. S. A. Richmond Med Co. St. Joseph, Mo.



Thousands of testimonials to prove the above assertions. We give a sample: "Had Neuralgia and Sick Headache for years. Chloral or other medicines would not cure, but your Celery pills did."—S. G. Harburg, Dawstown, O.

AYER'S

Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

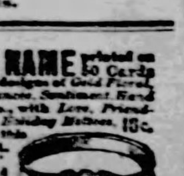
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

CLAIMS FOR Horses Lost

By Officers and Soldiers while in service can be collected under recent act of Congress by applying immediately to T. W. TALLMADGE, Attorney, Washington, D. C., who has had 21 years experience and recommended as reliable by Wm. Lawrence, 1st Comptroller of the U. S. Treasury. Also prosecutes Pension Claims.

YOUR NAME printed on 50 Cards, all new designs of Gold Floral, Remembrance, Sentiment Hand and Bouquet, etc., with Love, Friendship and Holiday Mottoes, 10c. ... 12 ... Agents' ... Northford Card Co. Northford, Conn.



The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Information Wanted.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

"H. R. M." would inquire how to plant tree seeds, such as walnut, chestnut, butternut, locust; maple and evergreens—at what season, and what the best soils for each? Give a clear description of the best mode of planting each.

Will some reader of the BLADE inform me, what advantages, if any, budded apple trees have over grafted nursery stock, and oblige—A SUBSCRIBER.

I saw in last week's BLADE, an article describing Evergreen Millet. Will you or some reader of the BLADE inform me where I can procure some seed to experiment with, in this latitude? also, whether it has been introduced into any of the Northwestern States? I will gladly pay expense of correspondence in regard to it, and for a small quantity of seed.—GEO. W. NOBLES, Racine, Wis.

Please give instructions when to take up celery, and how to care for it for Winter use; how long can it be kept, and how? When one has not a good cellar, how is it best to keep cabbage and other vegetables; also, when must they be taken up? Is it too early now? Would like to do something as soon as possible, as the worms are destroying them.

Will some correspondent tell me what will cure a small, valuable dog of fits?—M. H. Payne's Point, Ill.

I have read with interest the correspondence in regard to Incubators, but being rather dull of comprehension, do not understand, from the description given, just how they are made. D. W. R., of Dexter, Jefferson Co., N. Y., gives a description and an illustration of the plan in the BLADE of May 17th, but to me it seems incomplete; at least, I cannot make one from it. Will some one please give full directions for making the "Common Sense Incubator" I see spoken of in later numbers of your paper? I am very anxious to try one, and cannot get one ready-made near here.—J. S. BIBBEE, Rockford, Spokane Co., W. T.

To "Subscribers."

"S. P. M.," Huron, O., writes: "Subscriber" at Independence, Ia., says he trimmed his apple trees in early March and wants to know what will stop their bleeding. Death and decay of the stub clear to the heart of the tree is the only stoppage I ever observed. Practice trimming apple and pear trees in early Spring, and you insure early death of the tree, for the cut will "bleed," turn black and decay to the core. Trim the apple and pear trees in July and August 1st, when the sap is thickening and forming new wood and new bark, and you can almost see the cut healing over and your tree will live to old age and no "bleeding," and no "sucker" sprouts.

The Dark Brahmas.

The dark Brahmas are not as numerous as are the light, but it is not because they are inferior in any respect. The dark Brahmas are usually a little more compact in shape, and are excellent Winter layers. The cocks of this breed are of magnificent plumage. In fact, there is no more beautiful breed known than this. The hens are splendidly penciled, and when in full feather are as fine in appearance as can be witnessed. The cocks and hens are entirely unlike to a person not accustomed to seeing them. The black breast, black and silver white of the back, and the contrast of plumage of all parts of the body brings out all of the beauty that can be gifted to a fowl. The young chicks, when first hatched, are perfect little beauties, but after a few weeks they pass into the "leggy" stage so peculiar to Brahmas, and for a while they may be said to be ugly; but as they mature and thicken up the long legs seem to disappear, and they become heavy, close-shaped and elegant in all parts. For laying purposes the dark Brahmas, if hatched early in the season, give as large a proportion of eggs as any of the heavy breeds, while their yellow legs and skin give the chicks and fowls an attractive market appearance.

They are harder to breed true to all the requisite points than the light Brahmas, but it is, therefore, more a matter of pride when the breeder succeeds in procuring a perfect specimen. Single birds are to be found in many flocks that may be considered first-class, but to obtain a pair or trio that are well mated for breeding purposes is a different matter. As the breeders of this variety are not so numerous as formerly the difficulty of obtaining "fresh blood" from strange yards is one frequently encountered, and especially as but few of the breeders know how to properly mate the fowls for the best results.

As a farmer's fowl they are hardy and profitable. Crossed with ordinary hens the chicks partake largely of the points of the pure breed, and when properly kept and attended to they produce large carcasses in proportion to the amount of fruit consumed.—*Farm, Field and Fireside.*

Careless Management.

The careless poultry-keeper is often surprised by finding, early on some cold, frosty, October morning, a brood of chicks fresh from the shell. The surprise can hardly gladden the sight of the owner, for there can be no hope of raising them in the inclement weather. If a few survive, they are of small value, always dwarfed and imperfect. This is the result of direct negligence. If the fowls had been kept in confinement, or every hen made to give an account of herself at the morning feed, this trouble might have been avoided. These are the persons who say that fowls do not pay for their keep, and they are only kept around to please the woman folk.

Fowls should not be allowed to steal their nests. They are never so profitable as when kept in confinement—in Summer, in ample yards, and in Winter in roomy, comfortable buildings. The eggs can always be found where they are laid, and there are no late broods coming off at the beginning of winter. I have frequently heard the indifferent poultry keeper remark that it is better for a hen to steal her nest and come off in late Summer. Her brood is then no trouble, and the chicks are all pretty sure to live and grow up. I know better. Experience has taught me that one early-batched chick, well fed and raised, is worth two of these late neglected ones. I do not leave it to the fowls what kind or sort of chicks I shall raise, I like to control this matter myself. I have a choice, and I know which my best fowls are. From them only do I make my increase of stock. Of course fowls kept in confinement are more trouble, but there is no branch of farming that pays better for the outlay than the keeping of fowls. The stock must be right, and then there will be found little difficulty, with a steady application to the business. All the fowl's wants must be supplied. A hen should never be set after the 10th of June, and not then unless it be on eggs of some some small and early-maturing breed. This gives an opportunity for every feather to get full growth in warm weather, after which the fowl takes on fat rapidly. Lean, poorly-kept hens will not lay, and lean, poor poultry is not fit for market. The rule should be to give good keeping at all times and seasons.—*C. B., in Country Gentleman.*

Care of Surplus Corn Fodder.

This year, where there was plenty of rain the season through, as happened in many parts of the country, there was a vast growth of corn sown for fodder. I have had much more than I could stow away in my silo, and have many tons left. No doubt many others have a large surplus, and those who have no silos should take care of it as well as those who have. It will undoubtedly be wanted before next pasturage, and if it enables us all to save over some of our abundant hay, this may come well, in case next season should be so dry that we shall not have a full hay crop. I always like to keep something over, and not to do as some farmers do—see how closely they can run to the wind. Therefore take good care of the corn fodder shocked in the field. There is a great deal through the country that is not well put up, and a large portion of it is either prostrated before Winter, or becomes so much inclined in the shocks as to be nearly ruined. A little care and extra work would save it and shut out the rains. Make large, even shocks, and tie three or four bands around each, one of them well up toward the tips to throw off the water.

I have had several acres sowed with the large Southern corn, at the rate of a bushel or a bushels and a half per acre. Where the soil was rich, it was 10 to 11 feet high, and on weighing different portions, I found it yielded 25 tons to the acre of green fodder. It will dry to about one-half—and 13 tons an acre of dry fodder are not unprofitable. On poorer land, and in an orchard, it yielded only 14 tons. What I did not need for the silo, I have had put in very secure shocks, with three or four bands around each, most of them put on after the stocks were dry and tough. The interior of all these shocks are fresh and green, and will make capital feed for animals when cut up with any power cutter.—*Correspondent Country Gentleman.*

Care of Farm Implements.

Any implement that with good usage and protection will last eight years, will become weak and defective and generally useless if exposed during four years to dews, rain and sun. It cannot be otherwise. Dew is very destructive to all wood, and sun cracks admit rain and moisture to the inferior fibers, to work injury there. To leave implements thus exposed is a direct loss of 50 per cent., a heavy tax. But to state it mildly: An implement which, left unprotected, would last say five years, would undoubtedly last six years if always kept dry and in the shade when not in actual use. This will save one fifth of its efficiency or 20 per cent. A few boards or a straw cover, and attention to having implements always put under is far more profitable than to "work out" the 20 per cent. to buy new ones. Woodwork that must be left exposed, will be greatly benefited by a frequent application of paint, or simply a coat of painting oil, and by filling up all sun cracks, as soon as formed with such oil. The use of crude petroleum tends to the preservation of wood, and may be applied to all unpainted woodwork of implements. Metal surfaces are saved from rust by a thin coat of lard which has been melted with resin—the size of a black walnut to a pint of lard, more or less. This forms a sort of varnish that sheds water and dew. Table knives and forks and other steel articles to be laid away, if rubbed with the slightest film of this lard and resin mixture, will keep bright for a long time. It is easily removed when desired.—*Farm, Field and Fireside.*

About Marketing Honey.

Some one who, if not an authority, is evidently well-versed as to the interests of producers, says that many bee-keepers err in putting their honey upon the market too early in the season, and at too low a price. After reading a few encouraging reports in the bee papers, they fear that there will be a glut in the honey market, and in their efforts to secure the highest price by rushing their honey into the market before there is a demand for it, they often get the lowest price and help to spoil the market for others. Until the fruit season closes, the demand for honey is light, and bee-keepers should govern themselves accordingly. The honey should be well graded, put up in the most attractive packages possible, well taken care of, and placed upon the market when there is a demand at a remunerative price, and not before. There is another point; before honey is shipped away to a large city the home market should be well supplied. Supply the home market first, and if there is any left over, there will be time to sell it at some distant market. One who has never tried it will be surprised at the quantity of honey that can be sold in a home market, especially when an energetic man goes at it in the right manner. Each grocer should be furnished with a neat stand for extracted honey; also a case, with glass front, for comb honey; and unless sold outright to the grocer, he should be instructed to sell the honey at a certain price.

Fattening Different Breeds of Sheep.

It is now stated as a well known fact that in different breeds of the same species, the same fodder may produce very different effects. All experiments, hitherto, however, have failed to show any notable differences of digestive power in such cases; and it would thus appear that the observed differences are due to the varying energy with which the constituents of the body are oxidized. In an experiment with two mature sheep, a Southdown and a Merino, on identical rations, from which identical amounts of the several nutrients were digested, Weiske found that the apparent gain of "flesh" (nitrogenous matters) was greatest in the Merino sheep; but this difference was somewhat more than covered by the greater growth of wool. So far as this single experiment proves anything, it shows that not only the digestive powers, but also the proteid metabolism, of different breeds of sheep, are essentially the same and indicates that the differences in the case of fattening are due to differences in the rapidity with which non-nitrogenous substances are oxidized in the body.

Touching Farm Fences.

The value of farms, including fences and buildings, in the United States in 1880, was $10,177,000,000. In 1860 it was $6,645,000,000 an increase not quite equal to the increase in population. According to the census report, Illinois pays out more money for fences than any other State in the Union. Pennsylvania comes next. There are in the United States 2,00,000 miles of fence, and it has, in all, cost something over $2,000,000,000. During the census year alone $78,626,000 was expended for fencing purposes. The onerous fence tax is causing action in favor of "no fences" in several States. Eighteen Counties in Georgia have abolished fences.

What Is a Car Load?

Nominally a car load is 20,000 lbs. An authority says it is also 70 barrels of salt, 70 of lime, 90 of flour, 60 of whisky, 200 sacks of flour, 6 cords of soft wood, 18 or 20 head of cattle, 50 or 60 head of hogs, 90 or 100 head of sheep, 9,000 feet of solid boards, 17,000 feet of siding, 13,000 feet of flooring, 40,000 shingles, one half less green lumber, one-tenth less of joist, scantling, and other large timbers, 340 bushels of wheat, 400 of barley, 400 of corn, 680 of oats, 300 of flaxseed, 366 of apples, 340 of Irish potatos, 300 of sweet potatos, 1,000 bushels of bran.

What a Physician Says.

CYPRESS RIDGE, MONROE CO., ARK., July 23, 1883.

I have a bright little daughter who will be two years old next month. She has been troubled nearly ever since her birth with a skin disease, which I first diagonsed chicken-pox, but later found it to be some sort of eczema; at any rate it resisted very stubbornly all the different treatments. I procured one bottle of Swift's Specific and gave it to her in small doses three times a day, and in a short while had the satisfaction to see that she was entirely well. I am so well pleased with its effect on her that I shall not only use it in my practice, but I shall administer it to my other children and take it myself.

W. E. BRONTE, M. D.

Who Struck Billy Mahone?

PETERSBURG, Va., Nov. 8.—William Long, a tobacconist, acknowledges he is the person who struck Gen. Mahone in the face during a scuffle at the polls election day. Long explains, that being pressed by the crowd, he (Long) raised his hands to clear himself and get out. As he did so some one struck him violently on the right hand, which caused it to strike Gen. Mahone lightly in the face, which he hoped did the General no serious injury. Long says he had no intention or desire to do Gen. Mahone personal injury. As to his (Mahone's) offer of $100 to know the scoundrel, or assassin, who struck him, he (Long) is the responsible party, and hopes the statement will be satisfactory.

A man suffering from debility and loss of appetite, took two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, gained ten pounds and got well.

A CARD.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 18, 1883.

The undersigned certifies that he held for collection, for account of Thomas Matterface, 12 West Twenty-third street, New York, one-fifth of ticket No. 33,899, Single Number, Class K, in the Louisiana State Lottery, which drew the First Capital Prize of SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, on Tuesday, Oct. 9, 1883.

ALSO,

for account of L. A. Heyer, for Mrs. M. P. Heyer, New York, one-fifth of ticket No. 33,899, Single Number, Class K, in the Louisana State Lottery, which drew the First Capital Prize of SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, on Tuesday, Oct. 9, 1883.

ALSO,

for account of M. C. Mitchell, 3108 M street, N. W., Washington, D. C., one-fifth of ticket No. 24,424, Single Number, Class K, in the Louisiana State Lottery, which drew the Second Capital Prize of TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, on Tuesday, Oct. 9, 1883.

ALSO,

for account of Mrs. L. Woolery, Philadelphia, Pa., one-fifth of ticket No. 24,424, Single Number, Class K, in the Louisiana State Lottery, which drew the Second Capital Prize of TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, on Tuesday, Oct. 9, 1883.

ALSO,

for account of E. M. Flack, Hopkinsville, Ky., one-fifth of ticket No. 59,499, Single Number, Class K, in the Louisiana State Lottery, which drew the Third Capital Prize of TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS, on Tuesday, Oct. 9, 1883.

ALSO,

for account of Wm. Lowery, 124 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill., one-fifth of ticket No. 59,499, Single Number, Class K, in the Louisiana State Lottery, which drew the Third Capital Prize of TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS, on Tuesday, Oct. 9, 1883.

ALSO,

for account of J. J. Meding, Washington, D. C., one-fifth of ticket No. 59,499, Single Number, Class K, in the Louisiana State Lottery, which drew the Third Capital Prize of TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS, on Tuesday, Oct. 9, 1883, said tickets having cost the sum of one dollar each, and that the amounts were promptly paid by checks on the New Orleans National Bank, on presentation of the tickets at the office of the company.

T. M. WESCOAT,
Agent Southern, Texas, and Wells, Fargo & Co. Express Companies, New Orleans, La.

The Sunday School.

David and Goliath.

LESSON 8, SUNDAY, OCT. 25, 1883.

Golden Text.—The battle is the Lord's,—1 Sam. 17: 45.

LESSON TEXT.

1 Sam. 17: 38-51.

38. And Saul armed David with his armor, and put a helmet of brass upon his head; also he armed him with a coat of mail.

39. And David girded his sword upon his armour, and he assayed to go; for he had not proved it. And David said unto Saul, I cannot go with these for I have proved them. And David put them off him.

40. And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had, even in a scrip; and his sling was in his hand and drew near to the Philistine.

41. And the Philistine came on and drew near unto David, and the man that bare the shield went before him.

42. And when the Philistine looked about and saw David he disdained him, for he was but a youth and ruddy, and of a fair countenance.

43. And the Philistine said unto David, Am I dog that thou comest to me with staves? And the Philistine cursed David by his gods.

44. And the Philistine said to David, Come to me and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field.

45. Then said David to the Philistine, Thou comest to me with a sword and with a spear, and with a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel whom thou hast defied.

46. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand, and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee, and I will give the carcasses of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel.

47. And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with the sword and spear; for the battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hands.

48. And it came to pass when the Philistine arose, and came and drew near to meet David, that David hasted, and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine.

49. And David put his hand in his bag and took thence a stone and slang it, and smote the Philistine in the forehead, that the stone sank into his forehead, and fell upon his face to the earth.

50. So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine and slew him, but there was no sword in the hand of David.

51. Therefore David ran and stood upon the Philistine, and took his sword and drew it out of the sheath thereof, and slew him, and cut off his head therewith. And when the Philistines saw their champion was dead, they fled.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

There are two sides to this lesson; the same two sides into which the world has been divided from the beginning. It is well for us to look at each side at both sides, and to bring the two sides into comparison. Here is the case as the lesson shows it.

1. THE WAY FAITH LOOKS AT IT.

1. Showy Equipments are of Small Account (vs. 38 to 45.)
2. Simple Means are Good as Any (v. 40.)
3. God Cannot be Worsted (vs. 46, 47.)

2. THE WAY SENSE LOOKS AT IT.

1. God's Champions Seem Puny (vs 41-42)
2. God's Agencies Seem Paltry (v. 43.)
3. Victory for our Side Seems Sure (v 44)

3. THE WAY IT TURNS OUT.

1. God's Cause Triumphs (v. 48-50.)
2. God's Enemies are Scattered (v. 51.)

1. SHOWY EQUIPMENTS ARE OF SMALL ACCOUNT.

Saul armed David with his armor—a helmet of brass—a coat of mail; his sword upon his armor. David said, I cannot go with these for I have not proved them. And David took them off (vs. 38, 39.) The man of faith doesn't want the rich man's riches, the strong man's strength, the learned man's learning, or the exalted man's position. All of these things are of small account to one who is God's servant, and whose trust is in his Master. These things might be well enough in their way, if they were one's own, and had been by him and found useful in God's service; but in and of themselves they would be more likely to prove a hindrance than a help. A showy Sunday school room, or a large library, or a theological training, or a university diploma, is not to be coveted, as a thing of any special importance in the Lord's work, by one who is called to any emergency without the possession of that equipment.

2. SIMPLE MEANS ARE GOOD AS ANY.

He took his staff in his hand and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook and his sling was in his hand (v. 40.) It is just what one has, not what some one else has, that God is ready to make use of in the hands of one who trusts him. If one only has a twenty-five cent Bible, he can so use it the study of his Sunday school lesson, as to be a better teacher than he could be made by the thousand and one lesson helps which are advertised on every side of him. It is with all the lack and all the disadvantages which others can see in his case, and which contrast with others that a child of God can take hold confidently of any work to which God sets him. The knowledge and skill, and the possessions of any kind, which one now has, are as good for the accomplishment of one's present duty, in God's service, as everything else in the world combined could prove for that same duty.

2. GOD CANNOT BE WORSTED.

The battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hands (v. 47.) He who has faith in God has no fears for God or for his cause. It matters not who is on the other side, or what agencies are at work against God. He knows that God cannot be worsted. He is not in the least bit alarmed over the progress of modern science, or modern skepticism, or higher criticism, or new theology, or liberalism. He is not afraid that the rum power will triumph, or that the Sabbath will be lost, or that the family institution will no longer have its old sacredness. He quietly gets his sling and stones, and puts himself at the Lord's service for a part of the finishing up of this business. And he is just as sure that the Lord's cause will triumph, as he is that there are enemies arrayed against the Lord's cause. That s the way that faith looks at it.

1. GOD'S CHAMPIONS SEEM PUNY.

When the Philistine saw David he disdained him, for he was but a youth (v. 42.) To the eye of sense, the giants are on the Devil's side; and the Lord's champions are insignificent looking fellows. Ten out of twelve of the men whom Moses sent into Canaan, said that they felt like grasshoppers in comparison to the huge men whom the Lord's people would have to battle. And in almost every great conflict since that day the Lord's champions have either seemed like grasshoppers in the sight of the Lord's enemies, or they have felt like grasshoppers in contrast with the giants before them. Every great reform in the world's history has been championed at the start by some single-handed little David pitted against a whole army of Goliaths.

2. GOD'S AGENCIES SEEM PALTRY.

As a dog that thou comest to me with staves? (v. 43.) What petty agencies the Lord doth seem to choose for his work! To think of a horde of Sunday School workers undertaking to influence the moral destiny of a nation! As if the great political parties of this country were to shape their policy at the whine of the temperance women! Shall the play-soldiers of the Salvation army be recognized as a force against influences which all the pulpits of all denominations in the land have been unable to counterbalance? Is it with sticks and stones that giants in brazen armor are to be encountered? How can such methods and agencies be met except with disdain?

3. VICTORY FOR OUR SIDE SEEMS SURE.

Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air (v. 44.) The Devil's giants don't have any doubt about their success. They are all time naming the time for the bone-picking of the last champions of orthodoxy. Goliath proposed to finish up David that very day. It has been a common thing for Goliath's successors to put the date of assured victory about fifty years ahead. "Fifty years hence the Bible will only be valued as a curiosity;" "Fifty years hence, Christianity will be remembered among other old-time follies and fancies." It may be a few years earlier or later; but it can't be a great while before the power of the world's giants is fittingly recognized. That is the way that the eye of flesh looks at it.

1. GOD'S CAUSE TRIUMPHS.

David prevailed over the Philistine, with a sling and a stone, and slew him, and cut off his head (vs. 50, 51.) It makes no difference how big the giant is, or how much armor he has, or what weapons he uses, if he is against the Lord's side, he is sure to come down. And a mere lad with a sling and a stone, on the Lord's side can bring down the giant; then if he wants a sword to cut off the giant's head with, the lad can take the giant's own sword and use that against him. The Lord's enemies may have all the science they can get hold of; they may control all the universities they can found; they may entrench themselves in all the official positions they can get into; they may avail themselves of all the sins of human nature they know about; but the "battle is the Lord's," and in the Lord's battle it makes no difference which side has the heaviest battalions. It is the Lord's side that wins.

2. GOD'S ENEMIES ARE SCATTERED.

When the Philistines saw their champion was dead, they fled. If one of the Lord's champions goes down, the Lord's people are not routed. They often fear that disaster will come to them from some leader's fall; but the result always proves that there is hardly a break in their lines through such a misfortune. But when a champion on the other side fails, his followers are scattered like autumn leaves. And there is a good reason for this. The Lord's cause depends on the Lord and not on any champion of the Lord. Those who have trusted the Lord under one leader, still have the Lord to trust when that leader is gone. But those who trust to an arm of flesh, have nothing left when that arm fails.—*H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.*

News of the Week

Republican National Committee.

ATCHISON, Ks., Nov. 7.—Col. John A. Martin, Secretary of the National Republican Committee, sent out to-day a call for a meeting of the Republican National Committee to be held at the Arlington House, Washington, on Wednesday, December 12, 1883, at 12 o'clock, for the purpose of deciding upon the date and place for holding the next National Republican Convention. The Committee will also elect a Chairman, vice Gov. Marshall Jewell, deceased. The call repeats the language of the resolution passed at the meeting in January last, in which it was directed that the call for the next Republican National Convention shall be so broad and liberal as to invite co-operation without imposing any other tests of fealty of all citizens who are in favor of elevating and dignifying American labor, protecting and extending home industries, giving free popular education to the masses of the people, securing free suffrage and honest counting of the ballots and effectually protecting all human rights in every section of our common country, and who are willing to support the nominees of the Convention.

The call also repeats the basis of representation in the next National Convention, and the manner of electing delegates is fixed by the adoption of the following order:

"The Republican National Convention of 1884 shall consist of four delegates at large from each State and two delegates for each Congressional District. The delegates at large shall be chosen by popular delegate State Conventions, called on not less than 20 days' published notice, and held not more than 20 days before the time fixed for the meeting of the National Convention. The Republicans of the various Congressional Districts shall have the option of electing delegates at separate popular delegate Conventions called on similar notice, and held in the District at any time within the 15 days next prior to the meeting of the State Convention, or by sub-divisions of State Conventions into district conventions, and such delegates shall be chosen by the latter method if not elected previous to the meeting of the State conventions, all district delegates to be accredited by officers of such district convention. Two delegates shall be allowed from each Territory and from the District of Columbia similarly chosen. Notices of contests shall be given to the National Committee accompanied by full printed statements of the grounds of contest, which also shall be made public, and preference in the order of bearing and determining the contests shall be given by the convention according to the dates of the reception of such notices and statement by the National Committee. A full attendance of members is earnestly requested.

"J. A. MARTIN, Secretary."

G. A. R. Reception to Gen. Sherman.

NEW YORK, Nov. 9.—About 1,000 members of the Grand Army of the Republic tendered Gen. Sherman an informal reception this evening. Gen. Henry A. Barnum presided. Gen. Sherman made a long address. After thanking his old comrades for the hearty welcome, he said he had responded to the call, although not customary to celebrate one's own funeral. He would rather meet old soldiers face to face than any of the Vanderbilts or other nabobs. Gen. Sherman spoke of the war and its results, and added: "Since the close of the war a new generation has sprung up. Boys not then born are now voters. The destiny of the Nation has been taken out of our hands. We are now comparatively a small minority. As well, however, that we should assemble together and keep alive the patriotism of those days, the memory of the hardships endured, the memory of the dear companions whose bodies lie beneath Southern battle-fields. It is well to tell the story of those days over again to each other and to tell it to your children and children's children at the fireside, that they may know how the country was saved and who saved it. At one time I doubted the advisability of forming or keeping up such an organization as the Grand Army of the Republic, but I am now convinced that you did well in organizing such an organization."

Whisky's Victims.

FORT WORTH, Tex., Nov. 7.—J. W. Fleming, formerly greenback political editor of The Age and Progress, was shot in the head and instantly killed by E. L. Cunningham. Both had been drinking, and, upon meeting each other in a store, quarrelled.

DEADWOOD, Nov. 7.—Wilson, who killed Kitty Clyde, is still alive, but little hopes are entertained of his recovery.

OMAHA, Nov. 7.—At Blair, Jay Butcher, a hard character, was shot and killed by Chief of Police Brooks, Butcher had been complained of by his wife for drunkenness and abusing her. He resisted arrest, and having made an attempt to draw his revolver he was shot dead. The coroner's jury, exonerated Brooks.

MARYSVILLE, Nov. 7.—Silas Shively asks for a divorce from Jennie Shively, alleging gross neglect and fraud in the marriage contract; and Nancy E. Lyons asks one from Elias C. Lyon, because of drunkenness and neglect.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 8.—Rev. Father Crowley, pastor of the Church of the Atonement, has been suspended by Archbishop-elect Elder, and forbidden to perform the duties appertaining to that of a priest. His weakness for the cup was great, and it seemed despite his most earnest efforts he was obliged to succumb to its enticing ways. It was not willful on his part, but nature evidently determined that he was to be one of the victims of strong drink.

The Missouri Cyclone.

SPRINGFIELD, Nov. 6.—Workmen are busy to-day clearing away the debris left by yesterday's storm. Mrs. Aiken, reported among the injured, died at midnight, and three others are not yet out of danger. In the country west of here it was severe. The farm house of Jerome House was blown away and his wife is reported still missing. Mr. Ingler and Mrs. Strong are thought to be mortally wounded.

The storm also wrought serious damage in the country east as far as can be ascertained. It traveled about 50 miles, its force being expended chiefly in this vicinity. A number of farm houses were blown down. The list of persons dangerously injured is probably complete as reported. Citizens responded liberally, and it will not be necessary to go outside for assistance. Damage to property in the City and vicinity $150,000.

The Terror of the South.

JASPER, Fla.—Mr. Boardman W. Wilson, traveling for A. G. Alford & Co., dealers in Firearms and Cutlery, Baltimore, was prostrated here, with the "break-bone fever;" he asserts that in his own, as well as in the case of others, the only thing found to relieve this painful malady was St. Jacobs Oil. This wonderful pain-cure has the endorsement of such men as Ex-Postmaster General James, Senator Daniel W. Voorhees, and an army of others.

Surrender of Indians.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 6.—Adjutant General Kelton received a dispatch from Gen. Crook confirming the surrender of the Chiricahuas to Lieut. Hunter at Silver Creek, Arizona. The Indians are stated to have come upon the reservation before but were obliged to scatter to the mountains to avoid the attempt of Mexicans to surround them. Geronimos, a son of Chatlos, and his family, are among the submissive Indians.

A Liberal Millionaire Dead.

EVANSVILLE, Nov. 6.—Willard Carpenter, the wealthiest man in this section of the State, died this morning. He was born in Strafford, Orange County, N. Y., 1808, and came to this City in 1837. He was noted for his gifts to this City, among which is the Willard Free Library, now nearly completed. To his energy and perseverance is due the construction of the Wabash & Erie Canal.

It is a fact that Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts of Lemon, Venilla, Orange, Rose, Nectarine, Almond, etc., are the finest flavors for cake, puddings, ices, creams and pastry that can be made. There are no poisonous oils or ethers in Dr. Price's Flavors; they are made from select fruit and aromatics, and have their natural taste.

Bulldozed.

DANVILLE, Nov. 6.—After the Mayor's proclamation announcing arrangements for preserving the peace and stating those arrangements were deemed complete and reliable, Wheeler, acting Chairman of the Liberal Coalition party, and Geo. P. Cabell, Chairman of the Democratic party of the City, requested the Mayor, as an additional means of preserving the peace, to forbid the assembly of men of either party, white or colored, at public speaking, parade or procession till the 8th inst, These orders were issued.

A message from Gov. Cameron was received by City Sergeant Wood last night, stating that he (the Governor) had ordered troops to Danville from Richmond. Capt. Wood replied, after consulting leading citizens, it was not necessary to send troops. This morning the Richmond Light Infantry Blues and a section of the Richmond Howitzer came from Richmond. A piece of artillery was planted on Main street, near the Arlington Hotel. Coalition Judges of Election having declined serving, others were appointed. Very few negros voted; not more than a dozen votes were given at one Ward where they have a large registered majority.

STAUNTON, Va., Nov. 6.—Two negros were shot this morning by a white man, one of them dangerously. Intense excitement was occasioned by the shooting, and great crowds of whites and blacks gathered and things looked threatening, when the Mayor arrived and appealed to the people to disperse quietly. He said from all he could learn the shooting was entirely unprovoked and the man should be punished to the fullest extent of the law. He asked both races to act peacefully, and assured them there should be no bulldozing about the polls. If any attempt was made to have voters interfered with, all his power should be brought to bear to protect every man in his right. His speech had a most happy effect, and both crowds dispersed, good feeling restored and voting proceeded quietly. The Mayor refused bail for the murderer. The Democrats claim the shooting was an accident. The other party attribute it to drunkenness, added to feeling occasioned by the Danville affair.

NORFOLK, Nov. 9.—The white people of Southampton County are apprehensive of an outbreak of negros. Telegrams were received from Portsmouth asking for assistance in the event of trouble, and the Mayor has a posse of citizens ready if a summons comes. Yesterday a drunken negro told a servant in a white family that at 12 o'clock last night a thousand negros intended to slay every white in Southampton County. The whites at Newsoms, Franklin, Boykins and Branchville sent scouts to learn what was going on.

It is noticeable that not a negro has been seen in the usual places. This gave additional color to the report, and women and children were taken to the woods and guarded.

Telegrams state that negros who work at the railroad stations have not been seen since yesterday afternoon. The people are preparing to defend their homes. Thus far no trouble is known of. It is impossible to say whether there are just grounds existing for the excitement. Southampton County was the scene years before the war of a bloody slave insurrection, and it is not improbable that traditions of that time have something to do with the prevailing apprehensions.

Ben's Program.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 7.—The Commercial-Gazette this evening telegraphed Gen. B. F. Butler for his views on the result in Massachusetts, and asking for his program for the future. The following characteristic reply was received:

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 7.—9 P. M.—An answer to your question is easy as to the cause of the result in Massachusetts. Last year I had 134,000 votes. The largest vote ever polled was in the Garfield election of 1880. Garfield had 165,000, Hancock 112,000; total 277,000. This year the vote is 313,000, of which I have 152,000. This enormous increase has been caused by the freest use of money, fraud, and corruption by my opponents. More votes have been cast than will be in the next Presidential year. The 8,000 or 9,000 plurality of my opponent was more than lost in Boston. Massachusetts is, therefore, surely Democratic, if I make another State canvass without further gain. When a man has increased the Democratic vote from 112,000 to 152,000 in three years is there any need of an answer to your question what my program will be? I am pleased with the result. I would rather have my vote than to be elected by 135,000. In that case it would then be said, "Massachusetts is a Republican State. She has a large reserve vote which in a Presidential election will come out."

Now we have had them all out and measured them, and in the next Presidential election, with a judicious platform and popular nomination, we should keep all Republican men and money at home to take care of Butler, instead of sending both to Ohio and Indiana to corrupt those States.

BENJ. F. BUTLER.

Congressman Desendorf on the Virginia Election.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 7.—Hon. J. G. Desendorf, leader of the Virginia Straightout Republicans, said to-day: "I am pleased with the result in Virginia. Of course I am truly sorry, however, that the Republicans mixed up with Mahone and thereby lost their votes. It is better to throw away votes than to give them to such a despot. Mahone is a dangerous ruler, and it places the freedom of the people in jeopardy to recognize or give power to such men. We could elect a straight Republican ticket in Virginia if the Mahone party were out of the field. The colored people to a man are Republican, but where there is a split in the party we cannot elect any Republicans. I will support the next Republican candidate for the Presidency, and am a Republican in every principle, but not of the Mahone character. I would vote for Pres. Arthur if he were nominated, although he has tried to crush me in this campaign, but there is not the least probability that he will be nominated. The riot in Danville was caused by the incendiary speech of Mahone's man, 'Simms.' However much that may have hurt the Mahone ticket, it would have been defeated anyway. It would have been successful, probably, had it not been for the Straightouts. It's dead now."

Mr. W. C. Browning, lawyer, Judsonia, Ark., says: "*Samaritan Nervine* cured me of epilepsy."

The Fat Girl's Body Sold by Her Husband for $100.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 6.—David Moses, husband of the fat girl who died here about 10 days ago, has sold her body to Dr. Alexander Hill, of this City. The body will be disinterred in a few days. Immediately after the funeral ceremonies the weeping widower, who seemed overcome with grief while the interment was taking place, called at Dr. Hill's office. He told the doctor who he was and added, "I want to sell my wife's body. It will be stolen anyhow." The doctor told him he would give him $100. Moses snapped at the offer, and the bargain was at once concluded. Dr. Hill stated to-day that he wanted the body for dissection, and more especially for the skeleton, which he will have articulated and placed in his office. Moses, who went to New York after the burial, will be here in a few days, and be present at the disinterment of his bride of a month, who in death as well as in life is a source of profit to him.

Don't Miss It!

Wells' "Rough on Rats" Almanac, at druggists, or mailed for 2c. stamp. E. S. WELLS, Jersey City.

The Meanest Man in Indiana.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 6. — Tippecanoe County lays claim to the meanest man in Indiana. It is alleged that Alexander Fulk, with his wife and three children, came to the City, intending to go to Tennessee. They arrived at about 11 o'clock at night, stopped in the depot of the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Road. All their earthly possessions were in a basket, which also contained their food and a bottle of milk for the infant.

About midnight a constable arrived with an attachment for $20, said to be due from Fulk, and the officer proceeded to levy on the basket of provisions and the bottle of milk, which he bore away. The mother pleaded for the milk for her child, but the man, whose name was not learned, took away the entire outfit. The train came along about the same time, and as Fulk had bought tickets, he and his family went on their way to Columbus, Tenn. He reported to the ticket agent that he had but $5 with which to get to his new home.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE For Alcoholism.

Dr. J. S. HULLMAN, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "It is of good service in the troubles arising from alcoholism, and gives satisfaction in my practice."

Chief Ju and Charley M'Comas.

CHIHUAHUA, Nov. 6.—The Apache Chief Ju, pursued by Mexican cavalry, endeavored to jump a gulch, missed it and then killed himself.

Charlie McComas is in the hands of three frontier Americans, who are holding him for a large ransom.

Hale's Honey of Horehound charms away a cough, cold or influenza without any bad effect.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

Organized Fraud.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9.—Under previous instructions from the Attorney General, Corkhill, the United States District Attorney, has nearly completed the number of cases of frauds upon pension claimants for action of the grand jury. He has received a large number of fraudulent circulars and letters explaining the use made of them. He is desirous that soldiers or their friends having copies of such circulars, or knowledge of such attempted frauds will at once send him full information, and be particular to send the number by which the claim in each case is known at the Pension Office.

The Attorney General in a letter to the Secretary of the Interior on the subject of the appointment by the Commissioner of Pensions of a person to aid the United States District Attorney in the investigation of all claims for pensions and bounties, in connection with which charges are made against the attorney, and which he shall desire to present to the Grand Jury, says such appointment cannot be made to examine cases where the offenses charged are not offenses against the United States; but the District Attorney, in his letter to you includes cases where these pension agents make formal applications to the Pension Office, well knowing that the claims they present are fraudulent.

The Second Auditor's report discloses a frightful condition of organized fraud against the poor and helpless, who have either served their country themselves and live maimed and broken down in health, or who have left destitute widows and children, all of whom are now victims to these designing bad men, who rob them of their little savings and earnings under color of gains they are never to have, and overload the public departments with work that hinders necessary progress in their proper business.

WHEELING, Nov. 8.—A man calling himself Dr. Davenport has been operating here as a pension agent and medical examiner for several weeks. His manner of working was to get names of applicants for pensions or for increase of the pensions they are already receiving, and call on them, offering to report their applications favorably to the Department. He said, as a matter of form, a medical examination would have to be made. He represented himself as a representative of the Department from Washington, and, as he was a good talker, succeeded in swindling several dozen old soldiers and soldiers' widows. A Justice of the Peace, who is also a member of the G. A. R., got on his track and had a trap set for the wily Doctor, but he was too wary and decamped with several hundred dollars. He is believed to be an old hand at the business.

Gen. Grant to Fitz John Porter.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7.—Gen. Grant has addressed a letter to Gen. Fitz John Porter, which concludes as follows: "As long as I have a voice it shall be raised in your support, without any reference to the effect upon me or others. Your restoration to the army simply I would regard as a very inadequate and unjust reparation, while men, one at least, have been restored to the army because of their gallantry and wounds, after conviction and sentence not only to be dismissed, but to be confined in the penitentiary, and when there is no doubt of their guilt, and given all their pay for the years they were out of the service. I can see no reason for your having less. I hope for your thorough vindication, not only by Congress, but in the minds of your countrymen."

Booming the Generals.

COVINGTON, Ky., Nov. 7.—The Garfield Post of the Grand Army of the Republic adopted resolutions last night declaring that in view of the eminent services of Lieut. Gen. P. H. Sheridan, and especially his bravery at the battle of Winchester, he should be promoted to General, and that Maj. Gen. Hancock, for like reasons, especially his bravery at Gettysburg, should be made Lieutenant General. The resolutions are to be transmitted to the Headquarters of the Kentucky of the Grand Army of the Republic, and thence to all Department Headquarters in the United States for concurrence by all Posts. When returned it will be sent to Congress with a proper explanatory letter.

"Dr. Benson's Pills are invaluable in nervous diseases." Dr. Hammond, of New York.

Steel Rails for $35 per Ton.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 7.—The announcement that the Lackawanna Iron Mills had taken a contract for 30,000 tons of steel rails at $35 per ton, occasioned considerable talk among those interested in the industry here. Thomas M. Carnegie, of the Edgar, Thompson and Pittsburg Bessemer Mills, in an interview, said they could not manufacture rails at that price, and as orders on hand would not keep the mills running longer than the first of January, they would probably be compelled to shut down. By stopping the mills at Homestead and Braddocks nearly 5,000 men would be thrown out of employment, and the coke trade materially interfered with.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Its record of forty years is one of constant triumph over diseases of the blood.

South Dakota.

YANKTON, Nov. 7.—That portion of Dakota south of the 46th parallel voted yesterday on the ratification of the Constitution at Sioux Falls Convention, in September. The proposition is to present to Congress this winter and ask the admission of the south half of Dakota, which contains 250,000 people. There being no general election in the Territory a light vote was polled. Gov. Ordway and his followers inaugurated a vigorous war against the Constitution about a month ago and kept it up until the last day. Returns come in slowly. Incomplete figures from 15 of the 48 Counties are in. The Constitution thus far is 2,000 ahead.

A Duel With Swords.

MEXICO, Nov. 8.—In a duel in Chapultepe, outside the City this morning, between Degheest, of the Mexican National Bank, and Oliver, a French merchant, the latter was killed and Degheest badly wounded. Swords were used. The parties are well known. The trouble was caused by a dispute over seats at the race Sunday, at the British Minister's. Two American ladies and Degheest left their seats to promenade, when Oliver and two ladies occupied them. A quarrel ensued between Degheest and Oliver, and the former called the police, and had the latter ejected. The incident caused several challenges to Degheest. He had another duel arranged for to-morrow. Intense excitement prevails among foreigners.

The Lion Story Exploded.

LONDON, O., Nov. 6.—Some waggish fellows at Lafayette, full of sport, made what they call a "bull-fiddle," by stretching a sheepskin over a nail-keg, through which they put a thong of raw-hide, and by the use of a bow and rosin they could produce the sound which alarmed the people and sounded like a lion's roar. This they carried around at night, and when in a good place gave the fiddle a tuning, sending terror to those who heard its beastly noise. This is absolutely the whole and the last of the startling story of the escaped lion.

Skinny Men.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility. $1.

Cattle Disease.

CHICAGO, Nov. 7.—Several cases of a contagious disease known as swell head have developed among the cattle of the stock yards. The first scientific examination of the disease was made to-day under the direction of the United States Treasury Cattle Commission, and it was decided that the disease was the result of the lodgment of microscopic plants in the teeth, when the disease extends to the jaws, and nearly always proves fatal. It can be communicated to man.

*The woman who seeks relief from pain by the free use of alcoholic stimulants and narcotic drugs, finds what he seeks only so far as sensibility is destroyed or temporarily suspended. *No cure was ever wrought by such means*, and the longer they are employed the more hopeless the case becomes. Leave chloral, morphia and belladonna alone, and use Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Wild Cat Killed.

TIFFIN, Nov. 8.—Yesterday afternoon as Mr. Wagenhouser was burning brush just west of the City in his woods he saw a wild cat run from a brush pile, and was successful in shooting it after trying to kill it with the aid of his dogs. It weighed 25 pounds when killed, and will be stuffed and put on exhibition at Rush McFarland's Museum.

Dr. Benson's Skin Cure consists of internal and external treatment. Removes humors at same time.

Is a Woman a Person?

BOSTON, Nov. 7.—At a meeting of the Governor and Council to-day George L. Ruffin, a colored lawyer, was nominated for Judge of the Charlestown District Court. November 29 is the day appointed as Thanksgiving Day. It was voted to ask the opinion of the Supreme Court as to the legality of Mrs. Clara T. Leonard's membership in the State Board of Health, Lunacy and Charity.

Coughs, Hoarseness Sore Throat, etc., quickly relieved by BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. A simple and effectual remedy, superior to all other articles for the same purpose. Sold only in boxes.

EXCURSION INCIDENTS.

How a Body of Politicians Were Revived and Discovered Something Valuable.

The Tammany excursion to the late State Convention at Buffalo were surprised on their return trip last Friday by the introduction into their midst of two attractive looking cases marked in a bold, running hand, "Tippecanoe." This laconic inscription somewhat troubled the placid breasts of the leading district leaders, who were on the alert to capture the scalps of lagging County delegates, in retaliation for their having appropriated Tammany's thunder.

As the train steamed out of the Rochester depot, a young man gently touched the shoulder of Hon. John Kelly, and gesticulated in the direction of the cases aforesaid. Mr. Kelly at once took in the situation, and, linking the arm of the young man, went forth to investigate the secret of the mysterious boxes.

"Tippecanoe!" exclaimed the well-known leader, "why, I know him and Tyler, too."

"Yes," ejaculated delegate Plunkett, "we were bosom friends. 'Tip' was a good old soul, and so was Tyler, too.

These bursts of extempore wit had th effect of bringing the different delegates to their feet, and one and all let loose their funds of pungency upon the "Tippecanoe" case.

"Let's open them!" suggested a delegate, and in the space of 57½ seconds the contents of the cases were undergoing critical analysis, when it was found that "Tippecanoe" was a preparation far superior to any now, or ever known to the public. As the delegates slaked their assimilated thirsts, they one and all praised "Tippecanoe" and Tyler, too, while complimentary remarks were made by such adepts as the Hon. John Kelly, George W. Plunkett, William H. Hullihan, Sen. Treanor and many others. It was generally conceded that "Tippecanoe" had the effect of infusing new life and energy in the ranks of the assembled warriors and clearing their intellects after the very severe physical and mental strain incident to the convention, so that while it was considered at first simply a palatable drink, proved to be a preparation which not only refreshed, but was unquestionably the best remedy known for dyspepsia, and assimilation of food, stomach disorders, general functional derangements, constipation, tired feelings, malaria, blood disorders, skin eruptions, loss of energy, feeble appetite, bilious headache, etc. The combination of a delicious drink with a wonderfully efficient remedy is as gratifying as it is rare.

The above truthful incident regarding the new preparation which is being introduced to the public, and is certain to supercede all "bitters," is taken from the New York *Standard* of a recent issue. "Tippecanoe" is prepared by Mr. H. H. Warner, of Rochester, N. Y., who is known to every man, woman and child in the land as proprietor of Warner's Safe Cure, better known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. In addition also to "Tippecanoe," Mr. Warner is just introducing a Safe Rheumatic Cure which he personally guarantees to cure 95 per cent. of all rheumatic affections. The popularity of the Safe Cure, together with the high personal standing of Mr. Warner, make this the most complete and responsible guarantee possible. The peculiar name of "Tippecanoe" is, as we learn, adopted to prevent the fraudulent imitations which always follow meritorious articles. Its principal ingredients were used by the Harrison family in those early days and became famous for efficiency at that time. The terrible revelations made by modern health statistics indicates that something must be done to check the ravages of disease and stop untimely deaths. Thousands of persons are dying annually from no other cause than thoughtless neglect. The slight symptoms of uneasiness, headaches, constipation, stomach derangements, mal-assimilation of food and other similar troubles are often considered of too little importance to require attention or treatment. They are therefore permitted to continue until the health is broken, the constitution wrecked and the life exhausted, when by a timely use of the right remedy health might be secured and life prolonged.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

EXPLOSION—GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.

LONDON, Nov. 7.—There was an explosion at 8:30 this morning in Monkfield colliery, Lancashire. One hundred and ten miners were in the colliery; only six have thus far been rescued.

NOON.—Twenty persons have been rescued, some badly hurt. It is impossible to estimate the number of persons killed. Parties are searching for the missing miners. Searchers traverse a distance of three-quarters of a mile before reaching the scene of the explosion.

LONDON, Nov. 7.—The disaster happened at Moorefield Colliery, not Monkfield. Thirty more men have been rescued. The shaft has become blocked, many of the miners imprisoned thereby, and little hope of rescuing them. The saved were taken through Whiney Hill shaft, a mile from the blocked shaft.

HE MADE IT PAY.

MADRID, Nov. 8.—An ex-army officer states Zorilla made $75,000 on the Bourse during the excitement consequent upon the recent military revolt, and that 44 regiments and 3,000 officers were involved in the movement.

I WAS TRAVELING LATELY IN THE JUNGLE, and the constant exposure to extreme heat and dampness, followed by chilly nights brought on a severe cold, which quite destroyed my voice for a few days, and then settled into a hard cough. I procured a bottle of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant as soon as possible, and it gave me immediate relief, and soon removed the distressing symptoms. One of my friends who had been suffering with a cough and severe pain in her lungs, was persuaded to try the Expectorant, and after taking less than half a bottle, found herself quite well. We believe Dr. Jayne's Family Medicines are the most valuable that have ever been introduced into Burmah.—*Rosa Adams Bailey, of the Baptist Mission, Rangoon, Burmah.*

Republican Gains in Nebraska.

LINCOLN, Nov. 8.—Returns from three-fourths of the Counties in the State and unofficial estimates from the remainder indicate the election of Reese, Republican Supreme Judge, by 8,000 majority. The Board of Regents are elected by 15,000. Crawford, Democratic, is elected Judge of the Seventh District. Others, except Broaty in the First, are Republicans. Republican gain over last election nearly 10,000, taking the vote for Judge as a basis.

King's Evil is a twin brother to Scrofula. *Samaritan Nervine* cures both of them.

O, Moses!

BALTIMORE, Nov. 8.—Moses, the husband of the fat woman who died recently, it appears called several times the day of her death, on Dr. Hill, offering his wife's body for sale, which was finally bought on the importunity of Moses, who gave as a reason for the singular transaction that he was in great poverty and needed money. The remains will not be taken up until December.

Send a 3 cent stamp to Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., for a set of their beautiful album cards.

Pennsylvania Election.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 9.—Official returns received from every County except Monroe, Philadelphia, Sullivan and Wyoming, give Niles 16,732, Livesey 19,705. The majority of the official returns of the missing Counties will not make a change of more than 200 or 300 votes.

KIDNEY

Bladder, Urinary, and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Gravel, and Diabetes are cured by

HUNT'S REMEDY

THE BEST KIDNEY AND LIVER MEDICINE.

HUNT'S REMEDY

cures Bright's Disease, Retention or Non-Retention of Urine, Pains in the Back, Loins, or Side.

HUNT'S REMEDY

cures Intemperance, Nervous Diseases, General Debility, Female Weakness, and Excesses.

HUNT'S REMEDY

cures Biliousness, Headache, Jaundice, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Constipation, and Piles.

HUNT'S REMEDY

ACTS AT ONCE on the Kidneys, Liver, and Bowels, restoring them to a healthy action, and CURES when all other medicines fail. Hundreds have been saved who have been given up to die by friends and physicians.

Send for pamphlet to

HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, R. I.

Trial size, 75c. Large size cheapest.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

News of the Week

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

BOSTON, Nov. 9.—This morning Officer Kimball, hearing a woman's cries from Bartlett Place, entered No. 1, and in the corner of the room was an occupant of the tenement named Mackintosh, suffering from severe bruises. His wife was in the middle of the room with her forehead broken in two places and otherwise bruised. Close by her lay Mrs. Frank Barkley, severely cut about the face. Mrs. Mackintosh may die. Frank Barkley, husband of the woman injured, but separated from her, was arrested as her assailant.

SOMERSET, Ky., Nov. 10.—James Truxtill, charged with a brutal outrage on Mrs. Coombs, a married woman, near Clio, was arrested several days ago and privately taken to be identified by his victim. This was done yesterday, and this morning Truxtill's body was found hanging from the Cincinnati Southern Railroad bridge over the Cumberland River. He had been taken from the officers and thus disposed of by a mob.

NEW YORK, Nov. 11.—The steamship "Tallahassee," of the Ocean Steamship Company of Savannah, Ga., sailed from that port Friday with 3,200 bales of cotton and a quantity of turpentine and verine. She had a crew of 47 men and 13 passengers. While off Highlands, at 6:45 o'clock in the evening, she was discovered on fire in the forward hold. Every effort was made to extinguish the fire, but without success. Capt. Wisher ordered the engineer to run full speed. This was done, and the burning steamer arrived at pier 45, North River, this city, at 10 o'clock last night. The process of docking her took an hour. By that time fire engines were on the pier and a fire steamer beside her. Passengers were landed and the firemen went to work. Early this morning she is still burning among the cotton, but it has not spread aft to where the turpentine and verine are. The loss will be heavy, but fully covered by insurance. The "Tallahassee" was an iron vessel, launched a year. Before disembarking, the passengers united in writing a letter in praise of the coolness and courage of the officers and crew.

JOLIET, Ill., Nov. 10.—This city now boasts of a runaway girl. Miss Mary Dandorf, 13 years of age, left her home several days ago and has not been heard of since. Her mother administered a gentle punishment and sent her to school. She never came back, and the mother reported the case to the police to-day. She was deeply grieved at the unexpected disappearance of her daughter, and at times grew almost frantic. No clue of the missing girl's whereabouts has yet been discovered.

JACKSON, Miss., Nov. 6.—The election in this County passed off quietly. The Fusionists carry Hinds and Madison Counties by large majorities. The only disturbance in the State as far as heard from was in Cassiah County, where Wheeler killed Matthews. Matthews went to the polls with a pistol in his hands. He received 24 buckshot in the face. There is intense excitement at Hazlton, Cassiah County Seat. The Governor ordered the Capital Guards to that point.

PETERSBURG, Nov. 6.—During a difficulty in the Fourth Ward precinct, Senator Mahone was struck in the face by an unknown person. There was considerable excitement, but the Police restored order.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, I., Nov. 6.—Chas. E. Dix, cashier of the Savings Bank of this City, shot himself through the head this morning, and died instantly. He was 29 years old, and had been in the Savings Bank since 1875. His parents reside in Salem, Mass. Accounts in the bank are all straight, and there is no cause for the act except temporary insanity produced by long sickness.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Nov. 6.—George Fick, of Dunkirk, suicided yesterday afternoon by hanging. He was nearly 75 years old and had been employed in the Erie Railway freight office for 20 years. Becoming too old to work, he cared no more for life. He leaves a comfortable property.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 6.—William Sayers, a lad about 17 years old, met with a singular and fatal accident near his home at Quaker City, this county. He was on a bridge and set his gun down on a timber with the muzzle against his breast, and while in that position his foot slipped on the trigger and the weapon was discharged in his abdomen, disemboweling him. He lived only a short time.

LOGANSPORT, Ind., Nov. 8.—Williams, editor of the Logansport Advertiser, was shot last evening by a young man named Geo. West. The trouble arose over Williams' claiming West had been too intimate with the editor's wife. The men met on a public street after dusk and the quarrel was renewed. West fired one shot from a revolver at Williams, the ball lodging near the heart. The victim cannot live. West is in jail. The latter claims Williams had threatened his life, and had taken a rifle to his office with which to kill him.

MADISON, Nov. 8.—The entire roof, inside walls and iron and stone columns of the new south wing of the capitol fell at 1:40 P. M. Barney Higgins and Wm. Edger, of Madison, were killed instantly; Wm. Jones, boss mason, of Milwaukee, had his skull fractured and died; James Dowell, mason, Madison, both legs broken and will probably die; Wm. Rose, Sheboygan, badly injured; James Kelly, Madison, leg broken and badly injured; Miles Maxwell, Janesville, injured in the head; Ed. Barnes, Madison, badly injured; Arthur Lynch, Chicago, badly injured; Mike Sewank, Madison, since died; E. Page and J. O. Page, Middleton, badly hurt; Patrick O'Doughlin, Wm. Burhess, Ed. Kinsella, Cyrus Scheck, Henry Didrich, John Clark, Nelson Buest, Pat Cary, Ed. Gleason, were also hurt.

The cause of the accident is somewhat uncertain, but the most plausible theory is that the heavy iron pillars supporting the roof and second story balcony sank into the plank on which they rested, thus pulling the sound wall outward, which in turn caused the roof of the entire wing to fall in. The columns were made of large pieces of boiler iron rolled into circular form, stove pipe fashion, the jointures not being bolted together.

LULING, Tex., Nov. 7.—At 12 last night 100 armed masked men quietly surrounded the house in which was confined John L. Martin, who yesterday confessed to murdering, through jealousy, his wife, the daughter of Rev. Newton. The guards gave Martin up on demand. All night long previous to that moment the murderer had been protesting he ought to hang and wanted to hang, but while being carried away he groaned piteously and prayed for mercy. At 2 A. M. another large body of armed men went to the Constable's house and asked for the prisoner. They left instantly when informed they had been preceded.

Martin's corpse was discovered to-day hanging to a tree in the outskirts.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 8.—To-day at the farm house of H. Clay McGee, 10 miles south of this City, his children returning home from school found the lifeless bodies of their father, mother and elder sister lying upon the floor. McGee had evidently killed his wife, shooting her in the breast with a shot gun. He shot his daughter in the back, then swallowed morphine. The house being isolated, the neighbors were not aroused, and the bodies consequently lay until discovered by the children late in the day.

The immediate cause is not known. McGee is described as a man of violent temper. He was a prosperous farmer, having come into the vicinity several years ago from Kentucky, where it is said he once killed a man. There were six children, some of them married. Mary, the murdered daughter, was 20 years of age. Another daughter, the wife of Mr. Sands Hopkins, member of an old family here, was accidentally shot and killed by her husband some months ago. McGee was 45 or 50 years of age.

IDA, Mich., Nov. 8.—Mrs. Christ. Nichols, wife of a wealthy farmer living two miles north of here, took strychnine on the afternoon of the 7th. She seemed to be in her usual health and her husband was in the house about 20 minutes before she died and did not observe anything unusual in her actions. A few minutes after he went out she was observed to go out the back door and take a drink of rain water. She then began preparations for supper. Her baby of about seven months began to cry and an older child brought it to her, but she refused to take it and said she didn't want it any more. Her head then dropped on her breast and she told the children to call their father, she had taken poison and would soon die. Her husband came at once, but she couldn't speak. He lifted her and laid her on the bed and she died immediately. For the past two or three years she has had great fear of coming to poverty, and the poor crops this year have had a very depressing influence on her. It is thought that she must have been suddenly insane. Her domestic relations were very happy and she was highly respected by her neighbors. She leaves a family of five children. Upon examination a paper which had contained the strychnine was found. It had been procured to poison rats. She must have taken enough to have killed four persons.

CHICAGO, Nov. 8.—The police this afternoon arrested 12 members of a thoroughly organized gang of shoplifters. They included the leader, a woman known to the police as "Mother Wier," her two sons and two daughters. Over $2,000 worth of stolen goods were recovered. The estimated peculations of the band, nearly all of whom are women, amounted to $10,000 or $15,000 within the past few months. All are fine-looking women, elegantly dressed. Their method of operation was for a couple of women to enter a carriage with one of "Mother Wier's" sons as coachman and go shopping among the larger stores till the carriage was filled with plunder, when it would be taken to a place of deposit. One of "Mother Wier's" daughters lately returned from New York, having served a term on Blackwell's Island.

NEW YORK, Nov. 9.—Albert Veiospil, the Hungarian, who, August 5, clubbed John Lutuski, a fellow countryman, to death in Allegany County, Pa., and escaped, was captured to-day in Brooklyn. He was working in a sugar refinery under an assumed name. The murder excited great commotion at the time. He confesses the crime, and says he killed Lutuski because he insulted his wife.

CALDWELL, Nov. 11.—Idaho Camp was thrown into a feverish state of excitement early this morning by the discovery of the dead bodies of Brassfield and Bryan in an unfinished hotel, with the evidence of a life-and-death struggle about them. The men had sold a large stock of pelts and hides Saturday and were supposed to have had the money on their persons, but they had deposited all except $300, which, together with their personal property, was taken. The murder was committed by two notorious character, Sage Brush Jack and Whistling Kid, with car coupling pins. The murdered men were asleep in their blankets, all the lodging houses being full. The murderers were captured at a late hour this evening.

EAST SAGINAW, Mich., Nov. 11.—Burglars broke into the office of Darmstaetler's brewery about 3 o'clock this morning. Two men were asleep in the office, and the burglars made hasty exit, shooting William Rosa, who was sleeping on the lounge, through the breast, inflicting a dangerous wound.

CLEVELAND, Nov. 12.—During a furious gale last night, Joseph Lamb, night watchman at the woolen mills on Wilson avenue, making his rounds examining upper doors and windows, was blown off the outside stairway and hurled across a narrow street to the ground, 30 feet, with such violence his back was broken. He subsequently died.

CHICAGO, Nov. 11.—Some time ago a man of elegant presence and ministerial air, calling himself E. F. Barton, opened a hotel, which he styled the Baker House. The place was supplied with a bar, but its license was soon revoked and Barton was forced to retire. Shortly after he turned up at a quarry on Lake Superior, and representing himself as a great geologist, was sent out with a gang of men, but the proprietor soon discovered that he had the wrong man and let him go. Barton then went to Prince Arthur's Landing where he met Judge Laird, owner of the quarry property, and talked geology in such a way that the Judge advanced him money to go to New York for the purpose of organizing a stock company, with a capital of $500,000. He succeeded in disposing of some $50,000 worth of stock, and forgetting to return to Judge Laird, opened a furniture store, representing himself as a wealthy mine owner, and all went well until officers appeared, and he was forced to flee. Now it is ascertained that Barton's real name is Browning, and that he was formerly a minister in Iowa, but swindled a number of people there, and was arrested, but escaped. The Judge recovered his stock books, and will commence an action against the ex-minister.

GREENSBURG, Pa., Nov. 12.—West Lebanon, Indiana County, was the scene Saturday evening of a brutal double murder. William Samer, an old and respected citizen, had an altercation with his son Joseph about putting a kitten out of the house, when the son drew a revolver and shot the father in the hip. The old man then fled, but was followed by his son who fired a shot, the bullet crashing through the father's brain, killing him instantly. The patricide then returned home and killed Bella Kelley, a servant girl, then fled, but was captured last night. Great excitement prevails and threats of lynching are freely expressed.

Minor Mentions.

The Rush Medical College, of Chicago, has the brains, liver, kidneys and a portion of other viscera of Zora Burns. The analysis is to determine whether or not she had been taking drugs to procure an abortion. It will require 10 days to make the examination.

At Newcastle, Pa., while Jas. Egan, Andrew McBride, Wm. Troy and Martin Bollister were working on a scaffold at Reis Bros.' Furnace, the supports gave way and the men were thrown to the ground, 80 feet below. Egan was killed instantly, while McBride and Troy received severe internal injuries, probably fatal. Bollister escaped with but slight bruises.

Albert Wilkie, a prominent society man of Bloomington, Ill., has come to grief. His employers, Bruce & Brown, wholesale confectioners, have discovered that he is a defaulter between $2,000 and $3,000, which he expended in foolish extravagance and fast living. Wilkie is respectably connected, having relatives wealthy and prominent in society circles in Cincinnati and Lexington, Ky. He will be prosecuted.

A variety actress, known as Lily Dale, playing in Holland's Theater at Dallas, Tex., left there Friday dressed as an old woman. Since then it has been discovered that certain parties with whom Lily has been associated have lost $5,000 worth of diamonds, and the girl is accused of having stolen them. Lily came from some place in Illinois, and telegrams have been sent to St. Louis, Chicago and other places for her arrest.

Gen. Sherman.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 12.—Several Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic waited on General Sherman at his residence to-night and serenaded him, the United States Arsenal Band furnishing the music for the occasion. Some 500 veterans were in the procession, and about as many more outsiders were present. On appearing, in response to the call, the General was cordially greeted. Ex-Governor Thos. C. Fletcher made a brief speech, tendering the most hearty welcome to their old Commander.

In reply, he said he was glad to see so many of his old comrades present, and thanked them for their hearty greeting. He had returned to St. Louis with the intention of making it his home and expected to spend the remainder of his days here. He referred to his former visits here, notably in 1861, when the growlings of war made every man suspicious of his neighbor. He was called on by the President to fulfill his oath of office to defend the country from foreign and domestic enemies, and he appealed to his assembled comrades to attest the fact that his oath had been fulfilled. He said Pennsylvania was the Keystone State when the Union was a single arch resting one end on Massachusetts and the other on Georgia, but with the prosperity of the country had grown into a grained arch dipping into the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, with Missouri the keystone of the vast arch. He was too old to share with his listeners the pleasures of life, but should watch them from the retirement of his home. He would welcome friends from Louisiana as well as Massachusetts and form the common union that would endure forever, as they proposed the country should live together. St. Louis had many cherished memories, and he hoped that all would join hands together and go till they received the last call. He thanked the veterans present, and extended the freedom of his house to them at any time they chose to call. A general handshaking followed, and after three hearty and enthusiastic cheers the party retired, and the General and two or three friends took carriages and drove to the Olympic Theater, where they participated in the welcome to John McCullough, the actor.

Death at the Age of 121.

ST. PAUL, Nov. 12.—Mortimer Daneher, aged 121 years, died at the residence of his son in Derrynane, Lesueur County, Minn. Mr. Daneher was the last surviving brother of a remarkable family, which, for downright longevity, surpasses anything in the records of modern times. Not only this, but in another County Mr. Daneher's mother died in the 101st year, his eldest brother at the age of 108 years, his second at the age of 117 years, 7 months and 20 days, and himself soon after at the age of 121 years. The father was the shortest-lived of the family, having died at the age of 80. The combined ages of the three brothers reached 346 years; including the mother, 445 years, and taking in the father, 526 years. Mr. Danener has been a remarkably healthy and active man, never having been really ill in his life. Lately, however, he has, through sheer old age, been confined to his bed more or less, but was never ill—even got up and dressed himself on Wednesday last. The gentleman came from County Clare, Ireland, and could speak nothing outside the Celtic tongue of his ancestors. Mr. Daneher possessed the full use of all his faculties till the very last.

An Aged Groom and a Youthful Bride.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 11.—Last night a man named Graham, 82 years of age, was married to a young woman in her twenties, on Pike street, this city. The street gamins, boys and girls, in the neighborhood surrounded the place with tin horns and other instruments and serenaded the couple. They also threw a cart load of bricks through the windows, which incensed the groom, who called the police. The groom is wealthy, and presented the bride with valuable real estate.

New Jersey Official.

TRENTON, Nov. 10.—Returns from all but two Counties in the State, give Abbott, Democrat, 6,678 majority over Dixon, Republican. Parsons, Temperance Candidate, polled about 6,000 votes. Miner, National candidate, about 3,000.

Furious Storm.

PETOSKEY, Mich., Nov. 12.—Yesterday about noon the wind changed round into the west and by the middle of the afternoon a violent gale was blowing. In the forenoon O. M. Chase, Superintendent of the State Fisheries, accompanied by C. H. Brownell, his assistant, and George M. Armstrong, foreman of the Petoskey hatchery, went over to Harbor Springs to give some final direction about the shipment of spawn. They chartered a Mackinaw fish boat manned by Moses Detwiler, his sons George and Charles and nephew George, all experienced and brave seamen. At 3:30 P. M. the party left the harbor on the other side, in spite of earnest remonstrances, to attempt the perilous passage. When about half way across the boat was seen to capsize. Although it seemed impossible for a boat to live in such a sea, a volunteer crew made a desperate attempt to rescue two of the party, who could be plainly seen from the shore clinging to the boat, but they were unable to reach them on account of a blinding snow storm and a heavy sea, and were hardly able to get back themselves. About 9 o'clock the Detwiler boat, with one of its sides crushed in, was driven on the beach at Bay View, but none of the bodies have yet come to land.

At 1 this morning the new City docks, Bell's dock, Rose's dock and the Bay View dock were swept out. Pound and gill nets in the bay are destroyed. The loss, individually and of public property, is very large.

Mr. Chase was very popular with our people, and his loss to the State cannot easily be made good. Brownell and Armstrong were strangers, having recently come to the City, and leave, the former a wife and two small children, and the latter a wife and one child. The Detwilers were sober, respectable and respected. Moses Detwiler leaves a wife, and George a wife and two children.

TORONTO, Nov. 12.—Dispatches from various points in Ontario indicate that the storm last night was very severe. At Hastings the spire of the Roman Catholic Church was blown down and the church otherwise damaged. Sawmills were unroofed and fences blown down. At Belleville Robertson's block was unroofed and other houses damaged, and chimneys, fences and trees blown down in all parts of the City. The gale was accompanied by lightning, thunder and a fearful down pouring of hail. When the gale struck the Metropolitan Hall, in which the Salvation Army meeting was being held, the rattling of the scenery caused by the wind created a panic and three women fainted. A rush was made for the stairs down which a great many people tumbled. No one was severely hurt.

The light ship at Colchester foundered at her anchors. Fears are entertained for the safety of Capt. Forrest, the only person on board. The schooner "Nemesis" is ashore near Bayfield, and the crew saved.

MONTREAL, Nov. 12.—A terrific wind storm raged all day, doing immense damage. A frame house at Rougerant was blown down, and an old woman and girl severely injured, the former, it is thought, fatally. All traffic on the river is suspended.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—There was a fierce gale here to-day, and great damage done. A scaffolding fell and a number of laborers were severely injured. A large tree was blown down on a passing street car, crushing through the roof and breaking windows. No passengers were sitting in the front of the car, where the tree struck, but the driver was slightly injured. A galvanized roof in Brooklyn was blown off and fell on the roof of an adjoining factory, in which a number of girls were at work. The roof was crushed in, and the ceiling, plaster and walls fell in, but no one was injured.

PORT JERVIS, Nov. 12.—This section was visited by a fierce gale, with rain and hail. Much damage is reported.

BOSTON, Nov. 12.—A severe gale prevailed throughout New England this afternoon, and in this City the wind attained a velocity of 35 to 40 miles per hour. The mercury has gradually fallen, registering 28° at midnight. A chimney on a four-story building on Leverett street, was blown over in the street, burying in the debris Lilla A. Mather, seven years, and Fred Pettingill, same age. The girl is probably fatally injured; the boy escaped with slight bruises. In other portions of the City windows were demolished and fences blown down, but no further personal injuries.

In Chelsea, a large brick wall was blown down, crushing the adjoining building.

At Bangor, Me., the elevator of the Ovington Ice Company, was demolished. Another ice house at Brewer was blown to the ground. The schooner "Adelaide" was taken by the gale and lifted high upon the bar of the river.

Portsmouth reports a terrific gale during the day. Four fishing schooners are ashore. They will probably come off slightly damaged.

On Shrewsbury Narrow Gage road a car containing seven persons was lifted bodily from the track and overturned. No one hurt.

250 Families Homeless.

SHENANDOAH, Pa., Nov. 12.—Fire broke out at noon in the United States Hotel, a large three-story frame on the corner of Maine and Center streets. The wind was blowing a hurricane at the time, and continued during the afternoon. The building was soon enveloped in flames, which were communicated to the adjoining buildings north of Center street. The flames were then communicated to a block on the opposite side of the street. At 3 o'clock 16 street fronts were destroyed, including the United States Hotel, Odd Fellows' Hall, Academy of Music, Herald office row and Opera House, and the Morning Herald and Saturday Evening News offices.

Assistance was telegraphed for, which was responded to from Pottsville, Ashland, Girardville, Tamaqua, Mahoney City and other places. Over 250 families are homeless, having lost everything. The loss is estimated at $750,000 to $1,000,000. It is impossible to give the amount of insurance, but it is supposed to be large.

Three serious accidents happened. A young man named George Henton, on his way home attempted to jump on a passing engine and had both legs taken off, and will die.

A special meeting of the Council and citizens was held this evening, and the following appeal to the public drawn up:

"A terrible holocaust has swept the town, 250 families are houseless, and the most of them have lost their all and are without provisions or change of clothing. The weather is bitter cold and a strong northwest gale is still blowing. Everything possible for their immediate relief is being done, but we must have help. Who will aid us, and give at once?

"A Relief Committee, with John Colters as Treasurer, has been appointed, and will receive all contributions, supplies, clothing or money a generous public may be charitable enough to send."

Baby Fed to a Dog.

TROY, N. Y., Nov. 12.—A boy named Smith yesterday found blood on the ground around a dog-kennel. He told his mother, who made an investigation and found a towel clotted with blood and pieces of human flesh near the kennel, and the footprints of a woman. Examination showed that the blood was that of an infant, abortively born or killed after birth, and thrown to the dog to devour. Our citizens are much excited over the horrible affair, and the Coroner is endeavoring to trace out the perpetrator of the crime.

Female Lynchers.

GREENSBURG, Pa., Nov. 12.—A mob of outraged citizens made an attempt to lynch Jacob Noble, who inflicted fatal injuries on John C. Aultey at Scottdale, Sunday night, with a hatchet. He is a bad character, and his purpose was robbery, as Aultey was known to have a large sum of money on his person. Noble was captured at a neighbor's house, and the women in the neighborhood forced their way to him with clothes-lines, but the officers succeeded in landing him safely in jail.

Passed Her 113th Birthday.

GALENA, Ill., Nov. 12.—Mrs. Bridget Doody, who is living with her son-in-law, a Mr. Sharp, in Mineral Point, Wis., is probably the oldest person in the United States, having passed her 113th birthday. She was born in Waterford County, Ireland, and came to this country about 50 years ago. She can see well without the use of spectacles, is able to be about the house, and frequently walks out to visit a neighbor or friend.

WHERE $10,000 WENT.

"National Bank of New England, East Haddam, Conn., Oct. 30, 1883. James M. Fetter, Esq., Cashier Kentucky National Bank, Louisville, Ky.: Dear Sir—I inclose you for collection Henry College Lottery Co. Ticket No. 79,928, Class 2, October 25. Mr. Chas. W. Smith, of Haddam, Conn., the owner of the inclosed ticket is advised by letter and by telegram that the ticket has drawn the prize of $10,000. Please collect and remit by draft on New York. Respectfully yours, Thomas Gross, Jr., Cashier."

"Louisville, Ky., Nov. 3, 1883. Received of the Henry College Lottery Co., in full payment of Price Ticket No. 79,928, October 25, the sum of Ten Thousand Dollars ($10,000). Kentucky National Bank, per J. S. Green, Collector."—*From Louisville Courier Journal.*

Call for the New French Process Soap, and don't let your grocer impose on you by substituting an imitation. Get the genuine.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

Darling's jewelry store, Simcoe, Ont., was robbed of $12,000 worth of watches and jewelry, Tuesday night.

Mrs. Belva Lockwood has been notified that the charges against her in the Pension office have been withdrawn.

Dr. Mary Walker is working persistently to be reinstated to her old position in the Pension Bureau, but Sec. Teller is inexorable.

For violation of the statute against public sparring, Sullivan and Slade were arrested in St. Louis, although Gov. Crittenden was a spectator.

Charles Wilson, a painter, shot and killed Kitty Clyde, an actress, at Deadwood, and then shot himself. Jealousy was the cause. They had been living together as man and wife.

A. J. Kirby cut a poplar tree in Jackson County, Ala., a few days since, which was six feet 10 inches in diameter at the trunk, and from the tree he made 10,000 feet of lumber.

Commodore Wilkes says there is no truth in the Ogden, Utah, dispatch, published a few days ago, announcing the death near there of his grandson from starvation and exposure.

Gen. Longstreet, fearing the rescue of Kuklux prisoners, has requested the authorities to appoint additional guards to accompany them from Atlanta to the Albany, N. Y., penitentiary.

Gov. Crittenden, of Missouri, in a proclamation, recommends the adoption of the railroad standard, or what is known as the "central time," by all corporations and citizens of the State.

A disposition is noted among Knights Templar organizations to show less fealty to the Grand Encampment. This tendency is said to be due to the belief that the Grand Body has deteriorated.

A party of 65 negros at Mount Mourne, N. C., captured Lawrence White, colored, and hanged him. A few days before White killed a colored man named Frazier. White was under arrest when captured.

The latest returns from Virginia increase the Democratic gains. Reports from all but two Districts give the Democrats 23 Senators, Coalitionists 15. The popular majority in the State will probably reach 30,000.

The Missionary Committee of the M. E. Church appropriated $28,000 for general missionary work in Naples, and $12,000 for the purchase of real estate there; $23,000 was appropriated for general work in South America.

The salary which Mr. Geo. W. Ristine receives as Commissioner of the California pool is $5,000 per annum. Mr. Ristine's wife is a daughter of Homer Page, esq., of Milan, O. She is a niece of the great inventor, Thomas A. Edson.

The Rev. J. P. Poland, until a few weeks since presiding elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church north in Arkansas, created a sensation Monday by marrying a colored girl named Eliza Miliabey. He was divorced from his second wife a month ago.

Lewis R. Redmond, the famous illicit distiller of South Carolina, who has served two years of his term at Auburn prison, is to be transferred to the penitentiary at Columbia, on the recommendation of a surgeon. Redmond has become an expert shoemaker.

The Dr. Lovejoy who betrayed Mrs. Wiley, the Chillicothe, O., bride at Connersville, Ind., last week, is sought for by others than Mrs. Wiley, having six wives to his credit in various parts of this country. Upon each wife he has bestowed a different name, as his.

Mississippi election returns are nearly all in. The joint Legislature stands 130 Democrats, 25 Republicans and Independents. The Democrats elected 11 out of 12 District Attorneys. The disturbance in Copiah County was the only one reported in the State election day.

The latest account of the cyclone at Springfield, Mo., says four more persons died from the effects of injuries—Mrs. Pennington, Jeff. Edmondson, Wm. Ilger, and an infant son of John Champieux. This makes 11 deaths in all, and two others are not expected to live.

Great interest was manifested throughout South Carolina in the result in Virginia of the election, and when the news of Mahone's defeat was received in Columbia the enthusiasm of the people was unbounded. The Columbia Flying Artillery fired a salute in honor of the event.

Wm. G. Stephens, of Chicago, has prosecuted George C. Hicks, of Chicago, for selling him for $5,000 cash and $15,000 in notes, a patent for corking steam up in the boiler flues at night, so it can be immediately used on opening shop the next morning, claiming that the scheme don't work.

The President has so amended Civil Service Rule No. 8 that it now distinctly prohibits the appointing power alike in every department and in every postoffice and custom office from making any discrimination in selections for appointments by reason of any political opinion or affiliation.

Mrs. Nathaniel Greene, of Newport, R. I., celebrated her 100th birthday Thursday. She is wealthy, liberal, and in the full enjoyment of all her faculties. She is the widow of the late Nathaniel Green, who was a son of the Revolutionary Gen. Greene.

Argument has commenced in the United States Supreme Court in the suit brought by the heirs of the late Sarah Ann Dorsey, of Louisiana, for the purpose of setting aside the will by which Mrs. Dorsey left her property to Jefferson Davis. It is maintained testatrix was subject to undue influence.

It is stated a large proportion of the sawmills on the east shore of Lake Michigan will shut down within a week. This action is caused by the low price of lumber, and the fact that the sawing season has already been long as usual. The closing of mills will practically close navigation, as it will leave the vessels little to do.

At Camanche, Tex., Sunday night, while the Sheriff was absent, 50 armed and masked men battered in the jail door with a heavy pole, overpowered the guards after a hard struggle, and taking out the two Bailey brothers, hanged both to a tree in a grave yard a mile from the Town. It is not stated what the Baileys were charged with.

Judge Advocate Gen. Swaim says that since the publication of the fact that renewed efforts were being made to secure a pardon for Serg't. Mason, hundreds of letters and petitions have been received at his office. Some of the communications are unique and positive in their nature. They are not confined to any particular section, but come from every portion of the United States.

The Executive Committee of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, now holding its annual session at Des Moines, Ia., has voted to raise $25,000 for the establishment of the first woman's periodical in India. David C. Cook, the Sunday-school publisher, has given a $2,200 Cottrell steam printing press to the American Mission Press in India. This will be the first steam printing machine, except those in Government use, in India, and will soon be on its way.

Ah Yon Can't Become a Citizen.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—Ah Yon, an intelligent Chinaman, speaking English fluently, applied to United States Commissioner Osborn for naturalization. He said that he had been here many years. He was accompanied by a young lady who said that she was his Sunday school teacher. Judge Addison Brown, of the United States District Court, declined to issue a certificate of naturalization on the ground that Ah Yon was not eligible to citizenship.

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The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, WEDNESDAY, Nov. 14, 1883.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Loans, decrease	$1,609,700
Specie, increase	1,843,300
Legal tenders, increase	11,700
Deposits, increase	3,206,600
Circulation, decrease	7,800
Reserve, increase	1,503,300

The banks are $1,750,775 below lawful requirements.

To-day's reports up to the latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is loaning at 2@2½ per cent. Prime mercantile paper, 5½@7 per cent. Bar silver, 110⅝. Sterling Exchange firm—actual business done at $4.82 for long and $4.84¼ for sight. Government Bonds firm. State Securits quiet. Railroad bonds strong. Stocks—After 11 o'clock the market was quiet and firm. Changes unimportant.

Government Bonds—4½s, coupons, 114¾; 4s, 122¼; 3s, 100¼ bid; Pacific 6s, '95, 130 bid.

The following will show the change in Government bonds during the past week:

	Nov. 13.	Nov. 6.
4½'s, coupons	114¾	114⅝
4's "	122⅛	121⅞
3's, registered	100¼	100¾
Pacific 6's of '95	130	130

TRADE.

The general merchandise movement, East and West, has been of only moderate proportions. The industrial situation has undergone but little change.

THE MARKETS.

On Tuesday of last week No 2 red wheat was worth 103c in this market; on Wednesday 103½c was the value; on Thursday it noted 104c; on Friday it marked 103c; on Saturday 103c was nominally the price, and on Monday 103 was nominally the price, showing the same value as on Tuesday.

There has been but little change in opening and closing prices of either cash or future delivery wheat for the week ending yesterday. Some little effort was made during the week to create a speculative feeling that would result in free sales, but trade dropped into the same old rut in which it has moved for some weeks past. It will be a most difficult matter, considering the volume of wheat in sight, to put prices sharply up. Speculators may create a temporary excitement, but as there is nothing in the present situation to induce free purchases more than there has been for a length of time, wheat cannot be put up to much higher figures that will hold. The monotony surrounding business will only be broken when the visible supply shows diminution. Prices of wheat have been entirely at variance with the views of most grain men. The receipts of wheat have been large within the week, and until they grow less a strong upward movement can hardly be anticipated. The heavy receipts are accounted for by the fact that much of the winter wheat, 1883 crop, has not been of the best quality, and farmers are selling it closely. Values are certainly very reasonable at present, and stronger markets will be noted, but not until the consumptive demand is more than receipts at leading points. Corn has held fairly well up during the week.

At to-day's session of the Toledo Produce Exchange there was a light market for cash Wheat, at steady prices.

Sales No 2 red Wheat to-day	18,000 bu
" " " " yesterday	35,500 bu

No 2 Red Wabash Wheat, 103⅛c, ⅛c advance; Lake Shore do. 106¼c, ¼c off; No 3 Red Wheat entirely neglected; Rejected Red Wheat, 70c for Wabash.

White Wheat—Two sales of No. 1 Michigan at 108c.

For future delivery there was only a moderate business in No. 2 Red Wabash Wheat. Market but little altered.

	Nov. bu.	Dec. bu.	Jan. bu.	Feb. bu.	Mar. bu
Sales to-day	.....	56000	62000	.....	.....
" yesterday	.....	16000	69000	.....	.....

Seller December, 105¾c, and to close 105c, ¼c higher; seller January, 107c, fluctuated, and closed at 106⅛c, ⅛c off; seller May, 113¾c, ⅛c better.

Cash Corn—limited trade—market unchanged

Sales Cash Corn to-day	4,000 bu
Sales Saturday	20,700 bu

No 2 Corn, 53½c; Rejected Corn, 52c.

For future delivery, trade was of small proportions.

Sales to-day	35,000 bu
Sales yesterday	25,000 bu

Seller December, 51¾c; seller January, 50⅝c, ⅜c up; seller May, 52⅛c, ⅛c off.

Oats—But little done. No 2, 31c; No 2 white, 31½c; seller November, 31c.

Clover Seed active—nearly all for future delivery: Prime cash, $6.75; No 2 6.25@6.20; seller December prime, $6.75, then $6.70; Prime, January, $7@6.75, latter to close.

Rye—No 2, 50c.

General Produce.

BUFFALO, Nov. 13.—No sales reported this forenoon; prices nominally unchanged. Canal freights lower; wheat, 4¼c.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 13.—Oil—Market irregular and fairly active; opened at 115c, advanced to 115⅜c, broke to 114⅛c, and closed at 114⅜c.

DETROIT, Nov. 13.—Wheat—Cash, 106c; November, 106c; December, 106c; year, —c; January, 107½c; No 2 red, 103⅛c; No 2 white, 96¼c. Receipts, 17,000 bu; shipments, 8,000 bu. Corn neglected; No. 2 cash, 55c. Receipts, 5,000 bu; shipments, 2,000 bu. Oats quiet; No 2 white, 33¾c; No 2, 31c. Receipts, 14,000 bu; shipments, 15,000 bu.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 13.—Corn—mixed and yellow unchanged at 60c. Oats quiet but steady at 38½c. Pork firm at $11.75. Lard firm; tierce, $8@8.12½. Bulk meats—shoulders scarce at $5.10; long clear and clear rib at $7.20. Bacon—shoulders, $5.25; long clear and clear rib at $8.50; Hams, sugar cured choice canvassed at 16½@17c.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 13.—Flour quiet and unchanged; family, $4.75@5.00; fancy, $5.25@5.75. Wheat dull; No. 2 Red, 104c. Corn steady at 50½c. Oats firm at 30½c. Rye steady at 60c. Barley dull; extra No. 3 Fall at 60@62c. Pork quiet and unchanged at $11.50. Lard firmer at $7.50. Bulk meats steady and unchanged. Bacon steady and unchanged. Whisky firm at 113c.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 13.—Wheat lower; November, 95¼c; December, 96⅛c; January, 97¾c; May, 105⅜c; receipts, 90,960 bu; shipments, 6,800 bu. Corn easier; No 2 at 52c; rejected, —c. Oats lower; rejected, —c December: No 2, 28½c. Rye improving; No. 1, 56¾c bid; No 2 at —c. Barley higher: No 2, 60¼@60½c; December, —c; extra, 50½c bid, 50¾c asked.

CHICAGO, Nov. 13.—Wheat—Regular lower; 95⅝c November; 95⅞c December; 97¾@97⅞c January; 95¾@98⅝c February; 105⅛c May. Corn lower; 49c November; 48⅝c December; 48c January; 48¾c year; 51⅛c May. Oats steady; 28⅛c November; 28⅞c December; 28⅛c year; 29c January; 32⅜c May. Rye at 56⅛c. Barley at 61½c. Flaxseed at 136½c. Pork lower; $10.92½ November; $10.92½ December; $11.65 January; $11.77½ February; $10.92½ year. Lard irregular; $7.52½ November; $7.47½ December; $7.47½ year; $7.60 January; $7.70 February.

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—Flour—Receipts, 39,000 bbls; sales, 13,000 bbls; market very steady, and moderate export and home trade demand. Wheat—Receipts, 7,000 bu; market ⅛@¾c higher; later ruled easy, and lost most of the advance; fair speculative trading; No. 1 white, nominal; sales, 280,000 bu No 2 Red, December, 112¾@113¼c; 1,048,000 bu January, 114⅞@115⅛c; 1,648,000 do February, 117@117⅝c; 128,000 bu do May, 121¾@122c. Corn—Receipts, 1,000 bu; market ⅛@¾c higher, and afterwards lost the advance and declined ⅛@¼c; mixed western spot, 59@62c; futures, 60@62c; sales, 460,000 bu. Oats—Receipts, 48,000 bu; market unchanged; western, 35@43c; sales, 210,000 bu. Beef quiet and firm; new extra, $11.50@12.00. Pork quiet and firm; spot, mess, $12.00@12.50. Lard a shade higher; steam rendered at $8.00. Butter firm and in good demand; western at 10@32c; Pennsylvania creamery, 33@34c. Cheese firm at 2@12½c. Sugar dull and nominal. Molasses quiet and unchanged. Petroleum firm. Rice firm fairly active. Coffee firm and quiet. Freights firm. Turpentine steady at 37½c. Rosin quiet at $1.50@1.55. Tallow dull at 7@7¼c for western. Eggs firm at 28@29½c.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 13.—Flour steady, with fair local demand; Howard street and western superfine, $3.00@3.50; extra, $4.00@4.75; family, $5.00@5.75. Wheat—western opened firm, closing easier and dull; No 2 winter red, spot, 107¾@108c; November, 108@108⅛c; December, 109⅜@109½c; January, 111¾@111⅞c; February, 114⅛@114⅜c; March, 117¼@117½c. Corn—western dull; mixed, spot, —c; November, 60c asked; year and January, 57¾c asked; steamer, 53@53½c. Oats strong; western white, 38@40c; mixed, 36@38c; Pennsylvania, 36@39c. Rye quiet at 63@67c. Hay dull and unchanged; prime to choice Pennsylvania and Maryland, $14.00@15.00. Provisions—Quiet; mess pork, $12.75. Bulk meats—shoulders and clear rib sides, packed, $6.25@7.75. Bacon—shoulders, $6.75; clear rib sides, $8.75; hams, $15.50@16.50. Lard, refined, $9.20. Butter firm; western packed, 10@23c; creamery, 24@32c. Eggs firm at 28@29c. Petroleum unchanged; refined, 8⅜@8½c. Coffee quiet; Rio cargoes, ordinary to fair, 11½@12½c. Sugar dull; A soft, 8¼c. Whisky steady at 118@118½c. Freights to Liverpool per steamer unchanged; cotton, 11-64d; flour, 1s 9d; grain, 6d. Receipts—Flour, 6,000 bbls; wheat, 37,000 bu; corn, 4,000 bu; oats, 7,000 bu; rye, 500 bu. Shipments—Wheat, — bu; corn, — bu. Sales—Wheat, 351,000 bu; corn, 38,000 bu.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 13.—Flour unchanged; family, $5.00@5.10; choice, $5.50@5.60, fancy $5.70@6.00. Wheat lower but fairly active; No. 2 red, 100⅛@101⅜c cash; 101¾c November; 102⅛c December; 100⅜c bid year; 104⅜c January; —c February; 106⅜c March; 110⅜c May; No. 3 red, 94⅛@96c. Corn lower and slow; 44⅜c cash; —c November; 43⅛@43¾c December; 42⅛c year; 43⅜c January; 46⅛c May. Oats lower; 26@26¼c cash; —c November; 26½@26⅜c December; 26c year; 27⅜c January; 31⅛c May. Rye lower at 52½@53c. Barley dull at 5@70c. Lead dull at $3.70@3.75. Corn meal firm at $2.15. Flax seed steady at 134@135c. Hay lower; prairie $8.50@10.50; timothy, $10@15. Bran steady at 61 at mill. Whisky steady at 114c. Butter at —c. Eggs at —c. Pork slow; jobbing at $11.50. Bulk meats quiet; long clear, $6.45; short rib, $6.40; short clear, $6.65. Bacon steady; long clear, $7.75; short rib, $7.75@8; short clear, $8.00. Lard better at $7.50. Receipts—Flour, 6,000 bbls; wheat, 49,000 bu; corn, 29,000 bu; oats, 16,000 bu; rye, 10,000 bu; barley, 16,000 bu. Shipments—Flour, 9,000 bbls; wheat, 18,000 bu; corn, 7,000 bu; oats, 3,000 bu; rye none; barley, 2,000. Hogs—Active and higher; Yorkers, $4.35@4.40; packing, $4.60@4.85; heavy, $4.75@4.85; receipts, 4,300; shipments, 200. Cattle scarce and in good demand for best grades, but none offered. Receipts, 800.

Live Stock Markets.

CHICAGO, Nov 12—Hogs—Receipts, 26,000 head; shipments, 3,000 head; market strong and 10@15c higher; packers and shippers buying freely; mixed packing, $4.00@4.50; heavy packing and shipping, $4.50@5.00; light, $4.20@4.70; skips, $3@4.00.

Cattle—Receipts, 6,000 head; shipments, 1,900 head; market 10@15c higher; exports, $6.50@7.00; good to choice shipping steers, $5.60@6.20; common to medium, $4.00@5.40; range cattle 10@15c higher; grass Texans, $3.50@4.30; Americans, $4.00@4.85.

Sheep—Receipts, 1,500 head; shipments, 1,100 head; market a shade firmer; inferior to fair, $2@2.50; good, $3.00; choice, $3.60.

EAST LIBERTY, Pa., Nov. 12.—Cattle—Receipts for to-day, 819 head; market active and prices 15@25c higher than last week.

Hogs—Receipts to-day, 7,860 head; market active; Philadelphias, $4.90@5.10; Yorkers, $4.25@4.60.

Sheep—Receipts to-day, 760 head; market firm and prices a shade higher than last week.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 12—Cattle—Market slow and common grades ⅛@¼c lower; better grades unchanged; best beeves, $5.62½@6; first quality, $4.75@5.25; medium, $3.25@4.00; ordinary, $2.25@3.00; most sales at $3.75@4.37½; receipts, 3,658 head.

Swine—Fair supply and only moderate demand; receipts, 6,304 head; quoted at $5.50@6.87½.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 3,156 head; market quiet; sheep, $3.00@5.00; lambs, $4.00@6.00.

BUFFALO, Nov. 12.—Cattle—Receipts to-day, 920 head; consigned through, 85 cars; market active and a shade higher; offerings mainly fair to medium; good to choice steers, $5.50@6.00; good shippers, $5.65@5.85; fair to medium, $4.65@5.20; light butchers, $4.25@5.00; butchers cows, $3.00@4.00; mixed butchers, $3.40@4.25; fat bulls, $3.65@4.25; stockers, $3.25@4.10; Canadas, $3.50@4.25.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 6,000 head; consigned through, 6 cars; demand fair and prices higher; fair to good western sheep, $3.50@4.10; choice to fancy, $4.25@4.75; western lambs, $3.00@5.00; Canadas, $5.00@5.25.

Hogs—Receipts, 10000 head; consigned through 48 cars; fair demand at lower prices; good to choice Yorkers, $4.50@4.60; light and mixed, $4.25@4.40; good medium, $4.65@4.75; choice heavy scarce at $4.90@4.80; pigs, $3.50@4.00; a number of cars unsold; prospects fair.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—Beeves—Receipts for two days, 5,100 head, making 10,570 head for the week; smallest weekly supply this year; market active and firm and $1@2 per head higher, common and ordinary grades showing the largest advance; extremes, $4.75@6.75 per cwt. live weight, for natives; $4.45@4.85 per cwt for Texas and Colorado stock; exporters used 70 carloads fair to prime steers.

Sheep—Receipts for two days, 12,300 head, making 43,550 head for the week; market active and higher; sheep, $3.75@5.00 per cwt; lambs, $5.00@6.25.

Swine—Receipts for two days, 14,800 head, making 46,875 head for the week; market dull for live at $4.25@5.00 per cwt; 5 carloads sold at $4.31¼@4.87½.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 12.—Hogs—Market firm; common and light, $3.75@4.60; packing and butchers, $4.45@5.00. Receipts, 4,500 head; shipments, 678 head.

Miscellaneous.

COAL.

No change to report in prices. Both anthracite and bituminous in good supply at distribution points.

HIDES—LEATHER.

Market for hides inactive and values unchanged. Leather in fair demand at leading points.

WHISKY.

Whisky at Louisville and Cincinnati is going into consumption to a fair extent at unchanged prices.

HARDWARE, ETC.

General hardware was fairly active during the past week. Nails have been marked down 15 cents per keg. Pig iron is in fair consumptive demand.

LUMBER.

Toledo yards doing satisfactory business for the season. Good stocks to select from. Prices unchanged. Cincinnati—Demand largely for hardwood. Yards well supplied.

FISH.

The salt water fish trade is light, and is expected to be slow until after the holidays. Prices of codfish and mackerel are weak. Lake fish, mostly herring, are being caught in large numbers. Prices are fair.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Boston—Boot trade about over in wax and kip. Split boots and shoes, a few piecing out orders are coming in. Women's pegged and grain goods are being placed to a fair extent by jobbers. Women's kid and goat slow. Rubber goods in active demand. New York—Trade moderate. Philadelphia—Trade slow. Chicago—Boots and shoes in moderate request. St. Louis—Movement moderately large. Cincinnati—Very quiet. Toledo—Trade in good condition; movement satisfactory.

DRY GOODS.

The past week was a quiet one in the dry goods trade, but an improved trade is looked for during the present week, as stocks in the interior have become somewhat broken. The replenishing of these will without doubt give a more ceerful look to business. Dry goods of all descriptions are low in value—seldom so low as at present. Recent failures have resulted in cautiousness on the part of merchants, so that trade generally is on a sound basis. Collections are good. The present quietness in the jobbing demand is not on account of lack of business, but because of a determination to purchase no goods in advance of wants. Stocks are being gradually but judiciously reduced.

RICE.

We note the following from Messrs. Dan Talmage's Sons & Co.'s Annual Review of the Rice Culture in Louisiana, dated November 8, 1883: The crop of 1882-83.—Quantity—Owing to overflow, worms and harvest storms, the crop, instead of 300,000 bbls as expected, was only 231,800 bbls, or 8,000 bbls less than the year before. Quality—The crop averaged fair to good—a grade lower than the previous season. Prices—The market opened at 6¾@7c for good to prime, and gradually declined to 5⅛@5¾c in December. From this lowest point of the season, prices advanced to 5⅞@6⅜c in February, and with but little fluctuation were maintained to the close of the crop. The season was profitable on all legitimate operations, but unsatisfactory to speculators. The crop of 1883-84.—Planters having received high prices for rough, put in a large crop. Early rice turned out well, but later planting suffered from drouth, and the "light" rice resulting will reduce the quantity, which is now estimated at 240,000 bbls. Enough has been marketed to indicate the crop to be of more than ordinary excellence. The consumption of rice has increased to such an extent that heavy importations of foreign have been necessary to supply the demand.

Notes.

After all the reports the cotton yield of Texas will be a very good one.

Corpus Christi is now supplying the greater part of Texas with fish and oysters.

A mill for the manufacture of straw paper and boards is contemplated at Grand Rapids, Wis.

In less than 30 years the manufacture of paper in the United States has increased from 11,650 to 726,000 tons.

The attempts of the Piegan Indians in Montana at agriculture have proved a complete failure.

There is a standing reward of $2,000 in Nebraska for the discovery in that State of a paying vein of coal.

The peanut crop throughout Virginia has been greatly benefitted by the recent rains, and an average yield will be made.

West Andover, Ashtabula County, O., is said to have the largest creamery in the world. It works up the milk of 1,500 cows daily.

Some years ago a Charlotte, S. C., man grafted a twig of English walnut tree in a black walnut tree, and this yeor the tree was loaded with two kinds of walnuts.

Sugar cane and apple trees are still in bloom at Helena, Montana, and lemon trees are in full bearing on the top of Mullan pass, according to the Helena papers.

The cotton-mills of Canada are now looking to curtailment of production, if not the temporary closing up of their establishments altogether, as the only means of improving a greatly depressed market.

The amount of cotton seed produced in the United States annually is placed at 170,000,000 bu, and average price 13c per bu—equal to $22,000,000. In its conversion into oil is employed $10,000,000 capital and 25,000 people.

The Surveyor of Customs at Greenport, L. I., reports that 91,550,000 menhaden were caught in the waters about Long Island during the past three months. The value of the fish was $400,000. The fish made 274,650 barrels of oil.

Oakland, Me., make more scythes than any other place in the world. Last year it made 28,000 dozen scythes and 17,000 dozen axes. The town also has a woolen mill that turns out 40,000 yards a month, and talks about a cotton mill, all run by water power.

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To all soldiers who are in any manner disabled by reason of wounds received or disease contracted while in the service. Widows, children, mothers and fathers entitled if soldier has died from wounds or disease. Many claims even recently allowed are under new laws lately passed, entitled to be INCREASED. REJECTED CLAIMS successfully prosecuted where others have failed. Thousands of soldiers or heirs are yet entitled to receive more BOUNTY. HONORABLE discharges and pensions to deserters by Act of August 7, 1882.

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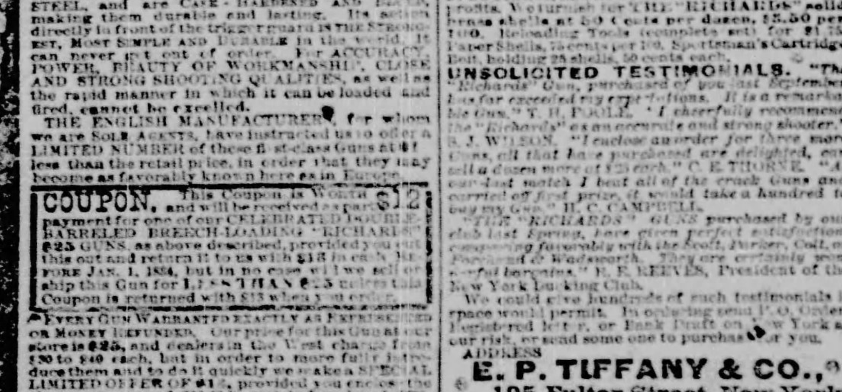

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